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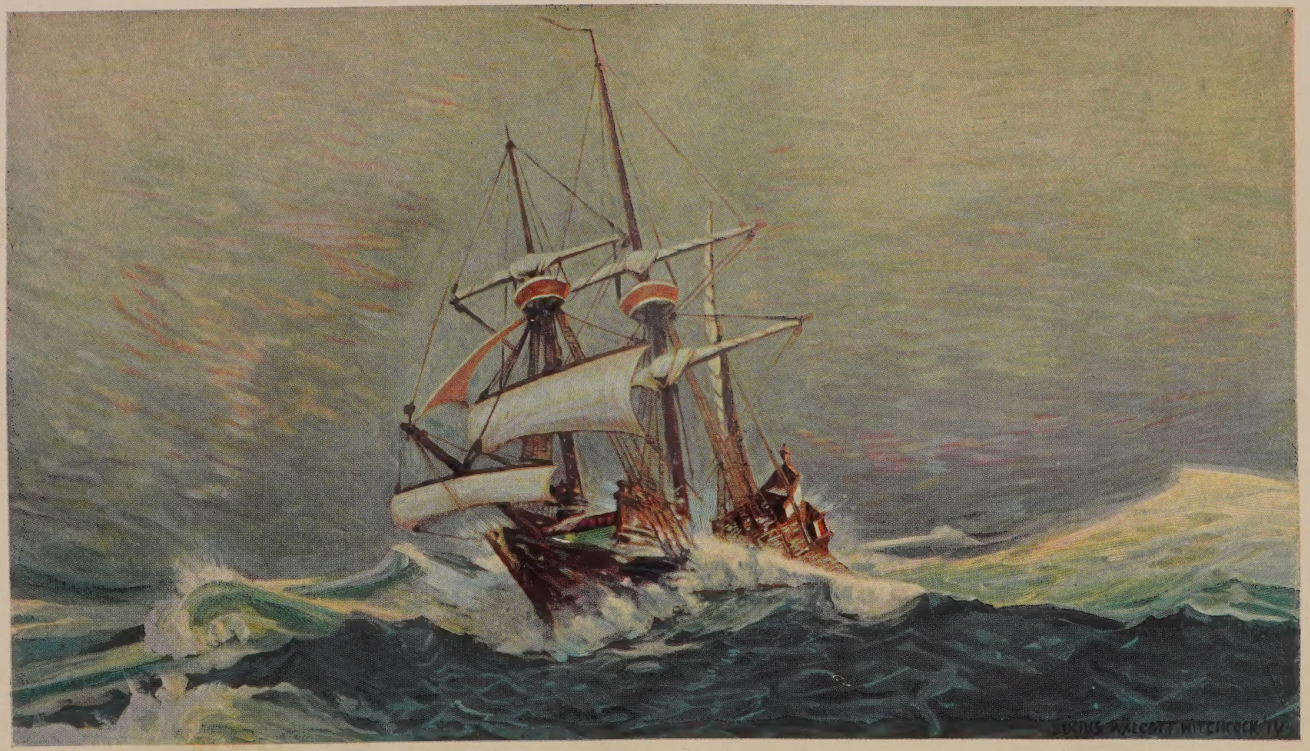

THE STORM-TOSSED MAYFLOWER

No ship of state, no argosy of the sea, ever bore a cargo so precious to humanity as did this lone Pilgrim ship – the Mayflower.

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The Founding of a Nation

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS
THEIR VOYAGE ON THE MAYFLOWER
THEIR EARLY STRUGGLES, HARDSHIPS AND DANGERS, AND THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

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AS TOLD IN THE JOURNALS OF FRANCIS BEAUMONT, CAVALIER

BY
FRANK M. GREGG

VOLUME I

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To my Wife

A patient and kindly critic
A pilgrim in faith and courage

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Foreword

This story is a narrative-history of the Pilgrims of Plymouth. Though not entirely in accordance with popular traditions, which in many instances are erroneous, it is in accordance with historical facts.

To thoroughly understand the historical setting, it is essential that one discriminates between the Pilgrims and the Puritans, often confounded in the popular mind as being one and the same, when as a matter of fact they were entirely different. To properly interpret these differences one must understand that the colonists of the Mayflower were Englishmen of the period of 1608. Whilst the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay colony (Salem and Boston) were Englishmen of the period of 1628. The name "Pilgrims" was given to the Plymouth colonists by Governor William Bradford, who was a passenger on the Mayflower. The name "Puritans" was applied to the church and state reformers of all classes in England in the early part of the seventeenth century by the supporters of the court and king.

When the Pilgrims fled from England to Holland in 1608, the Stuart dynasty had not fully developed its despotic theory of the divine right of kings. The commoners at this period were still loyal. The Pilgrims, themselves, attributed their persecutions to the bishops of the established church and not to the king. But in 1628 Kings James I and Charles I had denied many of

the ancient rights of the English parliament and people; and disloyalty was rife throughout the nation.

It is evident, therefore, that the men of these two periods were not impelled by the same motives. The Pilgrims came to America to enjoy religious freedom. The Puritans came to America to enjoy political as well as religious freedom. Considering the conduct of the two colonies in after years toward the mother country, it is reasonable to assume that at no time during the life of the Plymouth colony could the Pilgrims have written the Declaration of Independence. On the other hand, at almost any time between 1628 and 1776 the Puritans could have framed that famous document of political freedom.

One fundamental difference between the Puritans and the Pilgrims was their attitude toward the Church of England. While the Puritan did not agree with all the forms and rituals of the established church, he steadfastly refused to leave it. His attitude was that the church could be reformed more quickly from within than from without. Even that sturdy old Master Puritan, John Winthrop, on the eve of sailing for America issued the Yarmouth Declaration, swearing his lasting allegiance to the "dear mother church." The Pilgrim on the other hand first separated himself from the established church and then, rather than worship contrary to his conscience, was compelled to leave his native land.

The term "Separatists," which was so contemptuously applied to the Pilgrims was literally true. It is also true that his first thoughts of democracy grew out of this church dissension. While still living in England, the Pilgrims gave expression to the broad principle that

the people did not require a bishop of the established church to select their preacher, but on the other hand they were perfectly capable of choosing their own. This doctrine so startled King James I, that he exclaimed, "No bishop would soon mean no king!"

Not only did the Pilgrims and Puritans differ in the fundamentals of church, but in matters of state as well; for the Pilgrims held that church and state should be separated. Any respectable man in Plymouth could be a free man and vote whether he was a member of the congregation or not. Captain Miles Standish, one of the most prominent men of the colony, was never a member of the church. The Puritans of Salem and Boston, however, vigorously held that only members of the church had the rights of free men and the power to vote. In their minds the church and state were one. The result was that the Pilgrims had a liberal form of government, whilst the Puritan developed a theocracy sternly despotic.

The liberal spirit of Plymouth was never better demonstrated than during the witchcraft frenzy which for a time completely prostrated its more powerful neighbor. While Salem and Boston were hanging witches, Plymouth would have none of it. When Dinah Sylvester told her story in the court at Plymouth, of how she saw her neighbor, Mrs. Holmes, in conversation with the devil in the form of a bear, she was promptly found guilty of slander and was ordered to be publicly whipped or pay Mrs. Holmes five English pounds. Some years afterward a second case was tried in Plymouth but the accuser was laughed out of court. These were the only two cases of witchcraft in this colony.

The social position of the Pilgrims was of little con-

sequence. They were a simple country folk. Governor William Bradford, the one great authority of these people, says of them, "They were not acquainted with trades, nor traffic, but had been used to a plain country life and the innocent trade of husbandry." For twelve long years they had labored together in Holland. Without means to carry forward their exodus into the American wilderness, they turned to a company of London merchants for aid. Their only collateral was the pledge of the labor of their hands for seven years in the forests. After many grievous disappointments they sailed on one ship. Most of them were without arms, and their poverty was so pressing they did not even have extra leather soles for their shoes. Yet it fell to the lot of these men, who lived in log huts and fed upon the bread of corn, to found a nation.

On the other hand the Puritans included many of the gentry. Some even were personages of wealth and influence. When Governor John Winthrop and his Puritan associates sailed for Massachusetts Bay from Yarmouth, April, 1630, there were ten vessels in the fleet. Ample food was aboard. There were numerous sheep, swine, cattle, and horses. Everything had been provided to make the colonists comfortable and contented in the new country. If John Josselyn, who was in the colony in 1635, is to be believed, the total value of the cargoes of this Puritan fleet was upward of one million dollars – immeasurable wealth compared with the bankrupt voyagers of the Mayflower.

That the Pilgrims and Puritans were not one and the same has long been recognized by students of American history. But the average person still thinks of them as one people. The Pilgrims and the Puritans had many

points of similarity: both were men of the Bible; both were men of exacting consciences; both wished reforms within the established church. Failing in this the one party, weak and friendless, fled to Holland and thence to America, where for eight years it strove in the wilderness to perfect its state and church. When all was in readiness for the opening of the second chapter in the struggle for democracy, the Puritans strong and self-reliant, sailed into the quiet waters of Massachusetts Bay, prepared to carry on the work. Though laboring under different conditions and harboring other ideas, both were Englishmen striving for freedom.

It has been necessary to go into details of the variances and similitudes of these two peoples, since it is essential that the reader put aside many erroneous traditions and prejudices to intelligently interpret this story. It is only necessary now to remember that the Pilgrims were Englishmen. They feasted and fasted, entertained and were entertained, they laughed and cried, they played at games, they loved, they sang, they hated, they committed crimes – in fact they were human. But being ruled by their consciences, they were fearless in the right and sternly set against the wrong.

Much of the history, romance, and tradition now existing in the minds of the American people is founded upon Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Unfortunately this poem was written several years before the discovery of the lost manuscript of Governor William Bradford entitled *History of the Plimoth Plantation.* In the light of the material extant at the time, no doubt the historical facts of this poem were accurate. In the light of the Bradford manuscript it is far from being so. Longfellow had no

means of knowing that his hero, John Alden, was not a member of the colony, but was a cooper by trade, who was picked up on the docks of Southampton and went on the voyage to America under a year's contract. Priscilla Mullins was the daughter of Master William Mullins, a London merchant, who was an adventurer in the voyage. Her father, mother, brother, and servants all died in the "great sickness," leaving her alone. The bridal journey on the bull's back, so graphically described, historically was impossible as there were no cattle in the colony until several years later.

The Mayflower brought over some of the noblest of men and women, and likewise some whose characters were not above reproach. It is now fully established that there was a family aboard whose subsequent history might cause sociologists to classify them as degenerates. The father, a quarrelsome man, was hung for murder. The son had a large family which he was unable to support. One grandson was a worthless character and a constant expense to the community. The treasurer of the colonists, who purchased the supplies for the voyage, refused to make an accounting of the funds and died leaving his records in chaos. One of the men betrayed his associates, became an embezzler, and was driven from the colony. Thus was humanity both at its worst and best on this momentous voyage of the ship Mayflower.

There were two separate factions on the vessel. One contingent came from London. Governor Bradford speaks of this group as "strangers thrust upon them." The inference being that as the London merchants supplied most of the funds, they also insisted in sending some of their own choosing as colonists. The other

contingent was the party of Englishmen from Leyden in Holland. These were the real founders of the colony. They were the strong and trustworthy men. Living under the leadership of Reverend John Robinson in Holland for twelve years, they were thoroughly embued with a democracy of church government, unknown to any other body of Englishmen. Though they had long lived in the midst of the city of Leyden, they were not a part of it. Reverend John Robinson occupied a large house with extensive grounds. Within these grounds were built small cottages in which many of the people lived. The records of Leyden bear evidence of the goodly character of this group. I refer to the remarks of the Dutch burghers of Leyden on the quarrelsomeness of the French protestants, at the same time pointing out that their English brethren were never in court and were law abiding citizens. The best evidence extant, that government of the people and by the people came out of Leyden, is the letter of Reverend John Robinson read to the colonists on shipboard just before sailing from Southampton. If every other scrap of testimony on this fact were lost, this letter suggesting and advising the purest democracy is sufficient to identify the founders of this commonwealth. "The Compact," signed in the cabin of the Mayflower, which is the foundation of our democracy, undoubtedly originated in Leyden and not in London.

From this historical statement, we turn to the romance of the narrative: Francis Beaumont, the narrator, is a literary character. There was a real Lora Standish, but not a Lora Brewster. Wherever Beaumont speaks of himself and events that affect him alone, that part of the story is fiction; but whenever he asso-

ciates himself with the acts of the colonists that part is in the main recorded history: for instance, the breaking of the ship's beams, the signing of "the Compact," the three voyages of discovery, the planting of the colony in the great clearing, the building of the houses, the burning of the common-house, the discovery of the columns of smoke from the fires of the savages, the various meetings at the common-house, the great sickness, the deaths, the coming of Samoset, the visits of Massassoit, the dread of the savages, the first harvest festival, the coming of the ship Fortune, the great famine, and other incidents of a similar character.

These events are all told chronologically with one exception, i.e., the entrance of the Mayflower into Plymouth Harbor. The date of the first attempt of the ship to gain the harbor was the fifteenth of December, old style. In the story this event has been placed on Christmas Day. With this exception the story follows the history almost day by day.

The motif of the narrative is to have some one else besides the interested parties tell the story of the courage and hardships of these enduring people: an epic of tragedy, self-denial, romance, famine, pestilence, death, and heroism unsurpassed in the annals of man. This great story belongs to the people and not alone to the student. It was impossible to have one of the Pilgrims tell his own story without creating standards which the average person would not follow, or, if he did he would put them aside immediately as being false and artificial. A liberal cavalier seems to be the plausible character to relate the narrative. Creating his own atmosphere and color, no one dare say nay to his statements, nor does he grate upon the minds of the hero worshipers of the Pilgrims.

Leaving my Ancestral Hall

It was a summer's day with the sun filtering through the leaden panes of the mullion lattice windows, filling the hall with light and gray shadows. The rays from the outside world touched my crimson velvet cape which I wore loosely around my shoulders, making its color grow warm and brave. This was my natal day, likewise the day I entered into manhood.

I was kneeling before a shield, which, somewhere in the dim past, had been hung upon the walls of our ancient castle by a bold and worthy ancestor to inspire those who came after to ever keep the name Beaumont unsullied in the purple of the court or in the din of battle. Besides me was my French hat, with its curling feather showing white upon the floor worn smooth by the feet of ancient and honorable men. I looked up at the shield with its field emblazoned with lilies and a lion rampant. On all sides of me were the pictures of stern and grim faced men, bidding me to take my vows properly and maintain them as a Beaumont should, even unto death.

With the pride of my people stirring within me I arose and placing my hand upon the lion, that I might be embued with its courage, I leaned over and kissed the lilies that I might be instilled by their gentleness. Drawing my sword as my ancestors had done before me, since the time that King Edward crowned a De Beaumont, king of the Isle of Man, I made a vow that

I would play the part of a true and courageous man, wherever my lot should fall. I was alone, for no person was ever with a Beaumont, at this sacred devotion. I looked up into the ceiling where the oak timbers, carved and enriched with many strange and curious figures, had grown dark and soft with age. My eyes swept down the great hall with its fluted shafts of oak, its cedar panels with armorial bearings; and the great fireplace flanked by brass fire dogs and other trappings.

On the drive outside the door I could hear my horse stamping nervously to be off. With my sword dangling at my side I walked slowly around the room, bowing low to a determined faced ancestor looking out of the shadows of another century. Being my favorite Beaumont, I bent my knee to him, a favor which I would grant no man alive unless it be King James; then walked quickly across the room, out onto the lawn where my father and brothers were awaiting to give me a willing God-speed. The tender graces of a mother I had not known for some years. Though my home ties were endearing, they were more easily broken than if I had had to say farewell to a loving parent. Throwing my leg across the saddle I mounted and with a low sweep of my hat, bade adieu to my kinsmen and likewise to my youthful fancies.

My lot was that of a youngest son of one of the proudest families in Leicestershire, counting its relations amongst royalty and its age by centuries. Since I was shut out of hopes of becoming heir to the family estates, the church and the army alone were left me as fields of action. Being one and twenty, with a strong body and a long arm, I promptly turned my back on the peaceful walk of the clergy and chose the career of a

soldier. The ancient roof, to be sure, offered me a covering, but I fancied something besides eating, sleeping, drinking, and dancing was to be my lot.

With youthful dreams engaging my mind, I rode across England, coming to the shores of the sea. For the first time looking upon the expanse of waters in my innocence, I grew fearful for our fields in Leicestershire as I conceived that the low shores would sooner or later waste before the waves letting the flood loose upon our island.

These fancies I soon forgot as the Dutch lugger carried me across to Flushing, where I was to serve my apprenticeship in arms. This was one of the cities which the good and thrifty Queen Elizabeth had exacted from her Dutch allies for certain loans of money made when they were hard pushed in the war against Spanish control. Being, in a sense, an English city, it was necessary for English soldiers to guard it and I held the commission as an officer of a company.

Though lacking knowledge of an officer's duties, I was well aware that I was safe in my ignorance for the present, since there was a truce between the Spaniards and the Dutch. Landing within the city walls, I was hailed as a recruit from home, who was to be plucked of his effects. This my fellow officers promptly did until I was as poor as the poorest of them. In exchange for my property, I was shown the ways and habits of a soldier in a rough but perfect manner.

There was barely a handful of English soldiers in the town under the command of Charles Blount, Baron Mountjoy, a nobleman from Devonshire a few years older than myself. By the grace of our ancient families he was captain of the company, while I was a lieuten-

ant. The rank and file, however made up for what the commissioned officers lacked in age and experience. For of all the bold and untrammeled vagabonds, that I had ever seen, this band was the worst. They were a hardy and seasoned lot, who fought for the Dutch one month and the Spanish the following; changing masters so often, they frequently forgot whether to shout their battle cry in goodly Dutch, or in the language of the Dons. They would sack a town, storm a citadel, or clamber over an embankment onto the pikes of an enemy with easy indifference, just so long as they were assured that their pay was forthcoming at the appointed time. Such grisly adventurers made me proud of my command and I soon loved them in their audacity and hardihood.

While we had not serious warfare to carry on, still we were compelled to maintain strict military discipline to keep the leash securely on our dogs of war. Our main diversion was an occasional Englishman of wealth or birth happening our way whom we would immediately make an officer of our company. This honor was celebrated by festivities at the charge of the new recruit in which men and officers joined alike. Sometimes the quondam soldier was made to do guard duty, and so long as he stayed with us we kept him busy until he tired or his funds were exhausted. Stripped of his easy honors, he was sent on his way, while we looked across the sea and waited impatiently for a new arrival to break the monotony of the daily routine.

As I have said, Baron Mountjoy, or Charles Blount, was captain of this company in Holland, because he was a young scion of an ancient family of Devonshire.

Besides having natal misadventures in common, we were of one mind on many other things, so that we soon grew into each other's likings. In the midst of foreign people we were forced to amuse ourselves, driving us to form cliques within our command, Blount and I pairing off together. The blood of youth soon cemented our relations into a friendship of more than passing nature.

Time hanging heavily on our hands, Captain Blount and I made excursions to the surrounding towns. I must confess our object was one of diversion; pleasing our vanities, rather than absorbing the more stable embellishments of manners and mind.

On these excursions, we frequently met in the streets of Amsterdam runaway Englishmen, who, not content with the king's church, separated themselves from their native land and came to this country to establish a religion of their own. Blount pointed them out to me at first. With their gray clothes and grayer looks, I soon came to know them and would promptly cross the street rather than meet them face to face.

We had several of these Separatists around Beaumont Hall; but they were soon driven out of the country, having designs upon the church established by the king. These Separatists were a stubborn lot, for no sooner were they established in Holland, than they began sending pamphlets of a seditious nature secretly into England, preaching their doctrine of the rights of the individual against the divine rights of the king. This audacity brought them into trouble in England and Holland, as it should; for I was well drilled in the doctrine that the commonality had no rights except those granted them by their king and his nobles.

In the spring of 1619, Captain Blount and I rode through the green valleys and flowering lowlands of this half sunken country into the city of Leyden. Set in the midst of a low plain which had been rescued from the bottom of the sea through the great patience of the people, the green pastures like running waters lapped the walls of the city, overflowing into the streets beyond. The River Rhine which both of us looked upon with admiration, we were told, found its beginning in the mountains of Switzerland, where it flowed with dash and vigor among the high cliffs and wild deserts of that distant country.

At Leyden the Rhine River entered into a more slothful existence, divided into many branches it flowed slowly through the city, making many waterways which these thrifty people used for floating their commerce. Our dirty kennel in the center of the street with its mud and sickening odor was unknown in this country; moreover, there were walks of brick and stone close to the houses. Hammered stone bridges were over the waterways, giving a sense of security, which we did not possess when trusting ourselves to the wooden structures in our own country.

Then the houses of Leyden were past our belief. We looked upon the rows of brick houses with dooryards of growing grass in amazement, having never seen such a number of clean and wholesome homes in all our travels. As an Englishman I would not confess it to another, but within me I felt that Leyden had no equal in all the shires of England.

We could not understand how this great wealth could grow out of the making and bartering of goods. The

multitude of people who thrived upon this exchange of things, however, left us no opportunity to even argue that sooner or later the commoners must go back to the halls of the nobleman from whence they came and again seek his protection. This wealth from trading, I am sure never occurred to Blount, and I am free to confess, never entered my mind before.

For several days we wandered through the streets of the city envious in our hearts, that it was not in England instead of in Holland. Coming into a little square, in the cool of a May evening, we stood in the presence of a cathedral. Barbarians as we were, we were struck by its beauty. As I stood in wonderment a strange feeling came over me, as with a flash my mind was illumined and I saw the graceful lines and symmetry of form of the building as a living thing. From whence came this strange power stirring me so deeply? My own thoughts are that it was direct from the soul of the man who, in years gone by, dreamed out this creation of mortar and stone. Into this man's mind there came a message from his soul, a spark from the infinite; then he dreamed a dream in which he saw a beautiful inanimate thing. As his heart beat strong, his fingers traced out his conception stroke by stroke in a great arched window flanked by towers with tapered roofs. With artful grace he piled stones on each other, straight and turned, plain and curved, narrow and broad, with such order and profusion, that the massive structure became as the delicacy of a piece of lace. I am loth to admit however that the only points in common between this ancient master dreamer and myself were our soul sparks. Though he had long since gone his way, I fancied his

spirit lingered in his work and for a moment lighted mine, so that I, too, caught a glimpse of his conception and stood looking on the dull stones in admiration.

While we were gazing at the cathedral an elderly man with gray hair and dignified mien, accompanied by a maiden dressed in gray and white, came around the turn of the street into the square. At my first glance I saw he was a renegade Englishman of that hateful class called Separatists or Brownists. Not having the least sympathy for them, in fact the greatest contempt, I started across the street. Perhaps the influence of the cathedral was still upon me, for happening to glance at the face of the girl, I hesitated. In her dress of gray with a white shawl thrown around her shoulders and a hood of light texture hiding circles of brown hair within its folds, she was indeed a comely figure. Stopping, again I stole a glance at her, forgetting my anger against her people.

Surely my heart must have been mellowed beyond belief, for I not only waited for the two to come up to us, but turning, watched them until they passed out of sight.

Blount too was fascinated, exclaiming, "An English beauty."

"More than that, a gentlewoman," was my reply.

Events which decide me to leave England

War times were pressing hard upon us. The great truce of many years between the Dutchmen and the Spaniards was drawing to an end. Since I fancied the profession, my time was wholly given over to drilling my company and watching the repairs on the fortifications. With pleasurable pride I walked around the walls, examining the water ditches and gates and planned ways of defense when we were at blows with the enemy.

Our ammunition was in store and the men were tugging at their leashes, when my career in Holland was abruptly ended. The change came through Blount and was not of my own making, for as we were walking upon the walls one November day in 1619, a messenger from England came to us, handing my comrade an envelope laden with many red seals.

With anxiety I stood and watched my companion as he tore open and read the contents. I saw the lines of his face soften and his eyes fill with tears as he turned to me and said, "Beaumont, I must be away for England; my brother has been accidentally killed."

Without thinking, I heartlessly replied, "Then Blount, you are the Earl of Devonshire."

Bowing his head without further reply, he bade the messenger to await him in our quarters while we walked on in the cool air to give the new earl time to think.

It was during this walk that the earl suggested that I return with him to England, which of course did not meet with my approval, the fever of war being loose in my veins. At our quarters he pressed me harder than ever, saying there would not be an outbreak between the Dutch and Spaniards. I resolutely held my ground until he pleaded that it would be a kindness to him for me to go, then I began to waver. When he promised to return to Holland in case of war, I gave in. Packing my chests, I shortly accompanied him aboard an English coaster on the way to Devonshire.

Landing at Harwich, we took horses to far-away Plymouth, where we came in due time spattered with mud and wet by autumn rains. It was a short journey thence to Devonshire Hall where we arrived unannounced. Having been so long on the journey, the earl could only go alone to the manor church and pay his last respects to his brother over a newly laid stone in the floor.

Devonshire Hall was not as ancient as Beaumont Hall. It was patterned after the letter H, in honor of King Henry. This was the custom in the times of the Henries, so that a nobleman could go to court and bowing low would say, "Your Majesty, I have builded my house after thee."

It was a rambling house with thick walls, half timber, half brick, with cut stone around windows and doors, seated in the midst of a forest of oaks and elms, which stretched away for miles with only a clearing now and then around a great house or mayhap a few fields of a country gentleman's estate. Landscape gardening had penetrated even to this distant shire, walks being laid out and lined with hedges. In my fancy I

thought it a gentle spot, where the grass carpeted the earth with softness in the spring time and the song of the winds played upon the leaves in midsummer with infinite sweetness. Truly it was a pleasing and noble habitation in the midst of all these growing things.

If the environment without was goodly, the life within the hall was also a merry one. The young earl was not burdened with the cares of this world, nor did he fancy those around him who were. So while the common people labored about us, we ate, drank, played with dice wildly, and slept as little as we could. In a word, we lived the life of gentlemen of the time, leaving nothing undone in our fierce pleasures, which could be accounted as unsociable by the other members of our noble class.

Some of the retinue would abide indoors and so besot their stomachs with ale that they knew little of the outside world. Though I admit I played my part in this riotous living, still I loved to mount my horse on mornings, when hoar frost was on the grass, and follow the dogs until the freshness of the forest air set me in a quiver with its life. The sound of a hunter's horn to this day makes me prick up my ears, like an old dog, and sends my fancy back to the valleys and fens of Leicestershire and Devonshire.

Now and then on a wet day I would explore the village of workers who toiled to produce what we in the hall used so extravagantly. Since there were no markets at which the earl could buy food, clothes, and the necessities, he must of certainty have them made and provided in his own village. This consisted of low thatched roofed cottages not far removed, in which dwelt the hardy men and women of toil.

Tom Scott was the smithy, and a better man never set a piece of iron to a red heat. Childlike I was interested by the flying fire and thought him a salamander until I stood in the sparks and found them harmless. Tom put irons on the hind feet of my horse and renewed them from time to time so that I came to know him particularly.

Beyond the smith shop was the saw pit where men ripped off planks for mending and building, while the wood yard was close by with beams and fire-wood piled in orderly fashion. Coming into the village of low thatched houses, I always found the baker, the brewer, the miller, the dairy man, and all the other people, who toiled for us in the hall, hard at work.

Frequently I stopped at the dairy, for the splashing of the great churn, as it worked under the power of a horse that went round and round, was heard six days of the week and the seventh if needs be. Beyond were the sheep pens and sties for pigs, and overhead cots for pigeons. For you must understand that squabs for the pan and birds for pies were delicacies which everyone desired and was pleased with, if set down piping hot before him. The slaughter pen was nearby where the neat cattle were killed in the fall and salted away for winter's use. Being far from markets, our provender all came from this village of workers who were glad of a place to labor, eat, and thrive; two virtues which we in the hall could not lay title to, since we neither labored, nor were we ever falsely accused of being thrifty.

The work in the still-room was always pressing, to meet the constant drain on the wine-cellar, where were stored barrels of home-brewn ales and shelves of cur-

rent, cowslip, and elder wines; likewise vinegar and pickles of walnuts and ground vines. A portly man was the brewer, also a wise one, as he went amongst his copper vats testing and tasting his products. We counted him an important man too, and happy was the nobleman whose brewer was the best.

It was to this extensive establishment that the earl and I came fresh from Holland. Following the practice of the times, my comrade accepted his household as he found it. This included several gentlemen, who, though having incomes, lived in the Hall as followers of the earl. Among the gentlemen, who came by inheritance to my old companion, was Louis la Valle, a slender, fanciful youth, whose style and tongue I disliked from the first. He occupied the brown lodgings next to the earl's, from whence he was compelled to move, to make place for me. This of course was distasteful to him, and he made no effort to conceal his ill temper. As I was big and strong and he was not of my weight, I pretended not to see his slights, irritating him more than if I had seized him by the throat.

Our community being small, I did not have the opportunity of keeping away from La Valle, both of us being deep in the hunting, shooting, drinking, and gaming. Unless he was winning with dice, he was ill tempered and once or twice we had words, which were soon forgotten on my part, but still lingered with him.

On Christmas eve when the great yule log was being drawn in by the people, amidst cheering and hilarity I happened to tread upon La Valle's foot. In an instant he was aflame and would have drawn his sword, but for the interference of mutual friends. The earl

gave La Valle notice he must withdraw himself from the Hall, but I begged Blount to let him stay.

The earl being young and unmarried naturally was the center of many social festivities. There were noble ladies in plenty in Devonshire, who would have been proud to have come under the shelter of the Hall as its mistress. Among the ancient families where there were such aspirations was that of the Stuarts. Being the earl's companion in heart as well as in arms, I accompanied him on his visits to the fair ladies. In the Stuart household was one Arabella, a young lady of particular grace and peculiar fascination.

The earl having his fancy set on another sister, the Lady Arabella and myself were left to spend our evenings together. As a matter of fact I became very much attached to her, as she was both gracious and beautiful; singly these graces were confusing enough to any youth, but together were irresistible.

The fates seemed to be against my peace of mind as well as body, for this gentle Lady Arabella was one on whom La Valle was disposed to lavish his attentions. This did not deter me in the least, however, from going with the earl frequently and many times alone to the Stuart Hall. During the spring and summer of this year of our Lord, sixteen hundred and twenty, the fair Lady Arabella and I were much together; and I aver with quickened pulse that it was a great pleasure for me to be with her. In fact our attachment was fast growing into an affection. I can best explain an unexpected change in my life by giving certain details, as I remember them, which I truthfully set down as they occurred.

One evening in September, 1620, the earl and I rode

up to Stuart Hall to visit our lady loves. Lady Arabella was particularly fair in the candle light in her colored silks and satins. The wind being from the warm earth, we walked upon the terrace in the air until she suggested we try a dance which had just arrived from Paris.

In her laughing mood she declared, "Sir Francis, since you have been to Holland you must know the new step."

"Nay, nay, Lady Arabella," I answered, "it is a long journey from Holland to Paris, so this new dance did not reach me ere I left Flushing."

"Then you must admit, it should have reached you." With this bit of feminine philosophy I was dragged to the center of the floor.

I shook my head and again protested, "Lady Arabella, I am ignorant of it."

"Then I will teach you," she said laughingly.

My awkwardness fulfilled my statement of a lack of knowledge of the new dance; for in my confusion I stepped on her slipper tearing a diamond shoe rose from its fastening. Picking up the jeweled trifle I offered it to her. Instead of taking it she bade me drop it in my pocket and give it to her after our dancing lesson. The exercise making it uncomfortably warm indoors, we again took refuge in the open air. It was one of those delightful nights with a golden moon flooding the hilltops and forest with its seductive light. The gentle air stirred the leaves of the elm and oaks into song. Lady Arabella and I walked upon the terrace in this entrancing world until the earl announced he was departing. With a kindly pressure of her hand I bade her "Good night" and rode away.

Turning into the drive at Devonshire Hall, I happened to put my hand in my pocket. With an exclamation of surprise I drew forth the diamond shoe rose. As the earl did not hear me, I dropped the bauble back into my pocket, determining to return it to its fair owner on my next visit.

The narration of this incident brings me to Monday evening, September fourteenth; the day and the date are so firmly impressed upon me, that I have no hesitancy in giving them as being accurate, without resorting to further proof than my own memory. We were seated at the table in the feasting hall. The great white candles flickering in their sockets were shedding a dim light over a row of red-faced men. Flushed with good food and much drink we were indifferent to everything except our own pleasure. Someone suggested playing dice. Instantly we were alive. It was like throwing a lighted match into gunpowder to suggest gambling to this crowd of roysterers.

The palm of my hand burned with desire to shake the illusive pieces and send them rattling along the boards, so beset was I with gaming. To suggest was to act. For a few moments we played furiously until the first excitement gave way to the stolid indifference, which comes to a man who plays with chance.

Mugs of ale were drunk to steady our nerves, and now and then an oath came from a loser. La Valle was playing badly and was losing steadily. To quiet his nerves he drank freely until the fumes of the liquor made him quarrelsome. Whilst Dame Fortune frowned on La Valle, for some reason this night she smiled upon me, so that from time to time I dropped my winnings into the pocket of my coat.

One of the players, being filled with pride at his own skill, ventured a handsome sum upon his cast; reaching into my pocket I threw a handful of coins carelessly upon the table. There was a peculiar sparkle in the midst of the silver. La Valle's eye caught the unusual light, and before I could prevent him, he reached across the table and picked up Lady Arabella's shoe rose.

Seizing a candlestick he held the precious bauble up to the light. Recognizing it he turned and threw it into my face saying, "I gave it to Lady Arabella, she gave it to you; now you take it back to her with my compliments."

Dazed by the sudden attack, I sat undecided whether to push the matter or wait until morning. La Valle did not give me an opportunity to decide but instantly sprang to his feet drawing his sword. The other players rushed between us endeavoring to stop the fray. As the quarrel was not of my seeking, I could do no less than draw my sword and await the attack.

La Valle who was an expert swordsman was for fighting at once in the hall. I had no objections to trying the issue with swords, but preferred good light for the work. My antagonist, however, would brook no delay. He stormed and threatened me until I bade the men clear away the table.

This obstruction being out of the way, a circle formed in the middle of the room. Men on all sides held up lighted candles that we might see the better to cut each other's throats. There was no desire of either of us to withdraw now, nor could we have done so, and ever lived in the presence of these hard faced men.

La Valle was one of those swordsmen, practiced in the art of fencing according to the French method; it

was advance and retreat, thrust slyly and quickly, steal upon a man and with a turn of the wrist cut open his side or arm. It was a fashion I never fancied though I must admit for practical purposes it was effective. My idea was a slash and a blow well aimed and delivered hard. If you are after a man's life my schooling was not to sneak it away, but advance boldly and take it.

Physically, we represented our respective ways of fighting; La Valle was tall, slender, and quick as a cat. There was no doubt but if I let him close to me, he would run me through the body with ease and pleasure. On the other hand I was big of body, heavy in muscle, and steady on my feet, but in spite of my strength I was fearful of the outcome of my English training against his French strokes. But let the outcome be what it may, I felt I must fight and die like a Beaumont.

The circle narrowed as La Valle came forth with his sword ready for the fray. As I closed in, he began his French antics, moving this way and that, until I could hardly tell by the dim light whether he was advancing or retreating. I stood watching my antagonist closely making no effort to follow him, shifting my position, however, from time to time so as to face him.

Now that the fumes of liquor were out of La Valle's head, I think, he was not so anxious to fight in the dark; but we were both in the ring of battle and dared not give way. As we turned and shifted, he sprang at me and with a thrust tore a hole in my coat. If my sword hand had been as quick as his, I could have ended matters there and then; but he was out of harm's way ere I could get in a stroke.

I was not at the work long before I discovered one of

La Valle's friends playing tricks with the candle which he was holding. When La Valle faced him his friend held the candle high. But as I edged around this same candle would be lowered so that it shown full in my eyes, partially blinding me. This foul trick only angered me, and I rained blows on my antagonist, until I was brought to my senses by feeling a sting in my left wrist and saw the blood dropping from a cut.

It was my second escape. I grew calm as I knew full well the next few minutes would decide the fight. Closer and closer La Valle worked in toward me, like a tiger about to spring upon its prey. Fortunately the rogue with the candle was at my back and I so maneuvered to keep him there as I was now playing for my life.

Slowly, slowly my antagonist moved around me, looking for an opening. Just as carefully I kept on guard. I could hear the men breathing heavily. I have vivid recollections of these crucial moments. My mind was clear and my arm as steady as though I was feasting instead of fighting desperately. I was keenly alive to the fact that it was my courage pitted against La Valle's skill and confidence. I could see the working of my antagonist's mind by the nervous movements of his eyes, and even before he sprang at me, he told me his purpose by the sudden contraction of his muscles. Moving quickly and freely he came at me with a lunge, which I was helpless to ward off. I felt the prick of my flesh as his sword tore through my greatcoat. My thoughts were that I was done for; but I was determined that he should fall with me and struck him full in the breast.

La Valle's face turned ashen then staggering he fell

to the floor. While some of our erstwhile comrades leaned over the stricken man, others rushed me out of the room.

Thinking I had been wounded, as soon as I could, I tore open my big coat and waistcoat to find that La Valle's sword had merely grazed my side. He had been deceived by the poor light and the size of my great-coat, sending his sword through the garment instead of my body.

The earl ever solicitous of my safety was for hurrying off to London and explaining the affair at court as La Valle had powerful friends close to the throne, who no doubt would send me to the tower or even to the block. But after much debating it was agreed between us the simplest way would be for me to go to Plymouth, there take passage on the first vessel sailing for foreign lands, where I could tarry until the combat was forgotten, or my friends adjusted matters so that I could return to England with safety.

Though I protested, the earl refused to permit me to journey to Plymouth alone, and made himself ready to join me in the night journey. The coach with four horses shortly came dashing up to the door. My chests were soon stored away and with many regrets at the hasty leaving of my comfortable quarters and jolly companions, we started on our lonely ride across the country.

Being in the middle of September the earth was not saturated with the rains, but sounded firm and hard under the broad irons of the wheels of the coach. We were soon in the midst of a forest of oaks and elms that spread unbroken, except for a clearing now and then, to the sea. We had no fixed road to move upon. An old English law provided that trees should not stand

within a given distance of a thoroughfare, making hiding places for highwaymen while following their genial profession. The roads were merely wide clearings passing through forests and across fens and fallow places. There was not even a log bridge to carry one safely over creeks and sloughs in which the horses sank to their withers. These wagon strips were cut by innumerable tracks and filled with holes and roots, having no semblance to the solid roads we saw in Holland.

To the men who only know the fens and marshes of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, the great hills of this south country are beyond their belief. I have heard them say, when told of mountains and heights of lands, that one layer of earth to keep a man's feet out of the sea, was all that was needed. It was the east-of-England man's idea that the world was flat, that it grew grass for cattle, that it was cut here and there with sluices filled with sluggish water flowing lazily to the sea. But if some of these wise men had tumbled with us down the sides of the Devonshire hills this night, they would have had jostled into their thick heads a few ideas on the rough spots of their native island.

All night long we toiled across the hills beset with stumps, roots, and holes, until at the coming of day we saw Mount Edgecombe off in the distance, standing like a sentinel on guard over the waters of Plymouth Sound. Coming to the brow of a hill, we saw the spires of a church rising above the tops of the trees with a haze falling low over the land beneath which lay the town of Plymouth.

With a crack of his whip our driver sent his steeds forward halting at the edge of the village. Putting my head out of a window, I learned we must abandon

the coach, the street being too narrow to permit its passage between the houses. Even if it could have entered, there was no telling how soon it would break through into the vaults that extended beyond the houses. Besides the streets were so crooked that our lead horses would have been out of sight most of the time.

Leaving our coach we made our way on foot to an inn called the Anchor, kept by one Master Estep. He was up and looking for custom when we entered. Rubbing his eyes in astonishment at our early arrival, he exclaimed, "Your Worships, have come far!"

My companion did not reply, answering the question with a nod of his head.

"What are Your Honors' wishes?" exclaimed the innkeeper.

"Something to eat, a mug of ale and your best room," replied the earl.

"Then the front parlor is what you wish, and a handsome room it is Your Worshipfuls."

My companion would not listen to more, ordering Master Estep to show us the way to the front parlor. It was a narrow dingy room, poorly lighted, so that crossing the rough and warped floor was one of some peril. Carpets which in after years were woven to walk upon, were now hung about the walls of the room, to conceal their ugliness.

There were ballads of love, war, and romance pasted and tacked about the place, being as much a part of the inn as the sign swinging over its entrance.

Now that we were safely housed we began to plan for shipping me away to a foreign land. Being a soldier of fortune, I made no exceptions of countries except Spain, otherwise I was ready to go to any other part of

the world. Plymouth having been the starting point of the expeditions of Sir John Hawkins, Frobisher, and Francis Drake, I was in hopes some such hardy adventure was on foot. Having breakfasted on fresh mutton, as it was in September, we decided to interview the innkeeper, as to what ships were in the harbor and whither their destination.

Coming into the common room of the tavern, we saw Master Estep in earnest argument with a red faced sailor of past middle age.

As we entered the stranger brought down his clenched fist upon the table making the two pewter mugs rattle as he exclaimed, "Frank Drake was the best captain, that ever sailed the seas."

"Nay, John Hawkins," broke in the innkeeper.

This made the seaman out of temper and he again beat the table with his fist saying, "Drake feared neither land nor sea, nor any man that walked upon the one or floated upon the other."

I was about to speak and stop this quarrel over the favorite seamen, when the earl put his hand upon my arm and shook his head for me to desist.

The innkeeper, through pure stubbornness still clung to his champion, saying, "John Hawkins taught Drake the ways of the sea."

The old sailor striking the table heavily with his clenched hand said, "Nay, which will you have Hawkins or Drake?"

"Drake," exclaimed the earl.

As the stranger sat with his mouth half open in astonishment I advanced, saying, "My good man can you tell me whether there are ships in the harbor now, going to strange parts?"

"Indeed there are," was his quick reply.

"To what country are they bound?"

"They say to the northern part of Virginia."

At this the earl drew back and shook his head. I was interested immediately because of a book which an adventurer by the name of Captain John Smith had written and printed, which he called, *A Description of New England.* Some three years before he had distributed this writing among merchants and titled people to interest them in a colony, which he proposed to establish in this new country.

I had read this writing and the part that stirred me most was Captain Smith's description of the sport and pastimes in Virginia.

The earl, not knowing what was in my mind, could only think of the disasters that had overtaken so many of the colonists, who had trusted themselves to those inhospitable shores. He was for holding a conference with me, but I would not and put this question to the seaman, "My man, how many ships are there in the fleet?"

"There were two, Your Honor, but the smaller vessel proved to be leaky and turned back to this port, bringing her consort with her. The damaged one has gone back to London carrying a part of the people. The greater vessel now lies in the harbor awaiting favorable winds."

"And you say it is bound for Northern Virginia?"

Master Estep could keep quiet no longer and replied, "Captain Jones says he is under contract to land below the mouth of Hudson's River."

"Know you this Captain Jones?" I asked hastily.

"He is a good patron of the Anchor, and will surely be here shortly for his morning draught of ale."

"Master Estep," I said earnestly, "If this Captain Jones comes early or late, send him up to me."

Having made this arrangement with the innkeeper, my companion and I returned to the front parlor to wait for him. The earl at once endeavored to advise me against making this adventure, saying the savages would slay all of the company, and even escaping them, starvation would be its lot. To this I now quoted from the book of this same Captain John Smith.

This book on America repeatedly came back to me and supplied me with weapons to wield against the earl's arguments. Seeing I was determined, likewise feeling the necessity of getting me out of England quickly, he ceased urging me.

About ten by the clock we heard heavy footsteps on the stairs, followed by a loud rapping at the door. At our bidding, Master Estep stepped into the room, followed by a short, heavy set man with the winds of the sea blown into his face. I did not like his appearance as there was brutality about his ways which brooked ill for those under him.

Master Estep shuffling with his feet said, "Captain Jones."

The stranger responded with a low bow. Inviting him to be seated, we sent the innkeeper off about his ways. Being the interested party, I acted as speaker by saying, "Captain, it has come to me, that you are about to sail for Northern Virginia."

"True, gentlemen," answered the seaman with some curiosity.

"One, Captain Smith, has written so boldly about that country, I fancy I would like to see it." The seaman pricked up his ears when I had gotten this far, and pushed himself forward until he was seated upon the edge of the chair. "Being of an adventurous nature," I continued, "I am desirous of going on this voyage to America."

"You go to Virginia!" he exclaimed with surprise.

"Surely, Master Captain, am I too old or too young?"

"Nay, not your age, but your manner of living makes the new country impossible."

This nettled me and I was even in anger as I exclaimed, "What say you, Captain?"

"My ship is under contract to a company, so that I can not take you."

"Have you room for me aboard?"

He shook his head answering, "The ship is so filled, that men, women, and children are packed away like fish in a quintal."

"Perhaps, if I were to apply to the head colonists?"

He gave me a queer look and smiled, answering, "They would make room for the devil, quicker than they would for you."

Indignantly I thundered, "Why?"

"They are Separatists from Leyden and London," he said with a sneer.

My hopes fell, while the earl's face lighted up with a smile as he saw my plans tottering to the ground, knowing my contempt for these people. For a moment I was in truth stunned, then I began scheming to overcome the obstacles that confronted me. Though my dislike of these sectarians who ran away from their country to Holland was great, my love of adventure,

too, was so fixed within me that I was determined to overcome my hatred, if I could but once get aboard the vessel. While we three sat in silence confronting each other, a thought came to me, which I determined to test without delay.

"Captain Jones," I said, "you have the roundhouse to yourself and mates, why not take me as a passenger on your own account. If I pay my way, purchase my own provisions, and grant a bounty in gold to you besides, is that not a fair bargain? Can the Separatists find fault if I live off the ship's supplies?"

The itch for gold was as strong as I thought it was in the man's make-up. He scratched his head in a dull sort of way, as my proposition gradually came to him. Glancing again at my clothes and dainty rapier he answered, "The head colonists would never let you aboard the ship."

Seeing my clothes were a stumbling block, I suggested that he smuggle me aboard after night, dressed as a common seaman. It was only after considerable arguing and coaxing that the captain consented to my plan and agreed to see me on board at the first opportunity.

As soon as we were rid of the seaman, we went down to the shore to view the ship. As we came to the water's edge a small boat filled with men landed near us. The earl looked at them and said, "There are your Separatist friends."

"They are not friends of mine," I exclaimed indignantly at the same time turning my back upon them.

From gazing at the ship we went along the shops that lined the quay to purchase a colonist's outfit. First I must have a gun, called a snap chance, which was the

newest arm made, firing with flint and steel, instead of lighted cotton match. Though I had a strong broad sword, I bought another one in case my own should through misadventure be lost or broken. Lead in sheets for bullets, a keg of powder, a strong knife or two completed my outfit.

As we passed along the long line of prosperous shops I said, "This is a bit of Holland."

It was indeed a town of commerce, for at every turn we would meet little wagons piled with merchandise, to which were hitched six or eight large dogs. The streets were so narrow horse-carts could not pass each other, the dogs at times blocking the way. Spanish loot, western fishing-vessels, and expeditions to America had made many Plymouth merchants independent of their class. Though they were not blessed with ancestors or estates, they possessed the means with which to make a brave show with their retinues of servants and followers.

The rest of the day we spent on the preparations. Master Estep pointed out to us a party of Separatists from the ship, saying they were frequently seen about the streets, having formed friendships in Plymouth since their stay. I gave little heed to them, not expecting to have communication with them either off or on shipboard.

Being a warm September evening, we fancied the air from off the sound would be cooling. Sauntering in the direction of the harbor, we could see the twinkling of the oil lanterns upon the colonists' ship. This set us to musing as to what sort of voyage I would have, how soon I would be back in England, and lastly would I like my fellow passengers. Soon tiring of this discussion, I suggested we return to the inn.

Passing a narrow street we were startled by the clashing of swords and the cry of men in combat. Both of us hastened toward the scene of action, drawing our swords. Though there were no lights upon the street, the people were swinging candles and lanterns out of second story windows so that our way was fairly lighted. We could see the sparks flying from clashing swords and took it that it was a contest of more than usual interest. Coming up we found a little man with his back against the wall defending himself from the attack of two swordsmen. Beside the fighter was an unarmed companion, who was unable to participate in the fray, further than to encourage his comrade. He needed no urging, however, for though he was small in stature he thrust and parried so quickly I thought him the equal of his two opponents.

As two against one is contrary to the laws of every country, I called to the little man to close in with the man nearest him, while I would take the other. He gave no heed to me but pushed his two assailants so hard one lost his footing in the muddy kennel, while the other ran away. The man who was down leaping to his feet quickly disappeared in the darkness.

Though the danger was over, the little man stood with his sword in hand ready to renew the conflict. Seeing that his assailants had fled he turned to us and in a free and gallant manner said, "Comrades, you came in time."

"Yes," I replied, "but they ran away before we could get at them."

"The young popinjays," exclaimed the little man, "endeavored to force us from the wall into the mud of the kennel. The elder and I were on our way from a

friend's house, where we had been entertained, to the ship, when two gallants attempted their kennel trick upon us. I have never given the wall to any man, the elder being without his sword, I could do no less than fight both of them."

"You were doing it quite gallantly," said the earl. I thought as much though I kept silent.

As we were going in the same direction, we volunteered to lead the way. Coming to the broad street we stopped in front of a lighted lantern to bid our acquaintances a "Good night." The little man was a perfect stranger to me, but the glance I caught of the taller man's face, caused me to shift my position. Under the rays of the lantern, much to my surprise, I saw him to be the Separatist who was with the maiden, who passed us on the street in Leyden, while we were under the spell of the cathedral.

The Embarkation

Shortly after ten by the Dutch clock, which the earl carried in his waistcoat pocket, this same Tuesday night, September fifteenth, of the year sixteen hundred and twenty, there came a rapping at our door which made both of us wonder who the disturber might be. In the same breath we bade the interrupter enter. He proved to be Captain Jones who, expecting to be away from the comforts of an inn for some months, had stayed ashore this evening to enjoy the cups of Master Estep.

Making a due obeisance, he said, "Your pardon, sirs, but the wind is blowing out of the northeast and bids fair to be a gale. By the break of day the ship sails."

"When do we go aboard, captain?" I asked.

"At once, sir! It will be after midnight now before we reach the vessel."

"I am ready, Captain, though this is brief notice," I replied.

Now that the time for my departure had arrived, I was not so keen to leave the earl. With an effort I put aside my sadness and laughingly said that I was off on a hunting trip and a journey of adventure, furthermore; I would be back in "Merrie" England within a few months. The earl was not over sanguine of my return and was in doubt as to whether we would meet again. I brushed these misgivings aside lightly, declaring my only regret was that he was not going with me. For a moment I half persuaded him to join me, then he recov-

ered himself stoutly asserting the necessity of his staying.

Captain Jones remained with us while we were packing my last chest. I endeavored to persuade him to take me aboard just as I was or, perhaps, in a suit of graver color, not fancying the rough clothes of a sailor. He would not change his method, however, declaring the head colonists were awake all hours of the day and night.

I not only disliked the garb of a sailor, but I did not fancy sneaking aboard like a pirate. Again I pushed the point of my going in other clothes, but the captain would not listen to me. Since he was so determined I asked him for his seaman's clothes. They were easy garments to slip on, especially for one who was accustomed to take his time in dressing. My size and figure so agreed with what a seaman's should be, that the earl approved of me as I stood before him dressed and ready to go.

Amidst many bowings and scrapings of Master Estep we left the inn, Captain Jones leading the way with a lighted lantern. My companion and I walked arm in arm in silence. We soon came to where the long boat was lashed to the docks. As the seamen prepared it, the earl and I stood on the timbers watching them.

It was a more serious time with both of us than I had anticipated, as we stood in the presence of a parting, the outcome of which no man could foresee. When the time came for me to go down into the little boat I threw myself into my comrade's arms, affectionately embracing him again and again. Taking my place I waved my hand, but my comrade had turned to conceal his feelings. Shouting cheerily to him, he answered. Again

I waved my hand. The lone figure on the dock sent back his silent message; but ere I could answer the night clouds descended, enshrouding the form of my friend and counsellor.

The ship was tugging at its anchor chains as we came alongside. The northeast gale was dashing choppy seas against its oaken sides, the spray making us uncomfortable in the boat. The captain held up his lantern, throwing weird shadows against the black hull. Then someone on deck held a light over our heads, dropping a frail rope ladder over the side.

Captain Jones was first to mount the swaying ladder. I followed close behind. The sides of the vessel slanting in, I had great difficulty in gaining the deck. As I clambered over, the captain, who was awaiting me, gave me a hearty blow on the back, calling me a "land sailor," and bidding me follow him. I thought he was both rough and taking liberties with my person.

Turning to go aft, of a sudden Captain Jones straightened up and said to some one whom I could not see in the darkness, "Master Carver, if this wind holds good we shall sail at daybreak."

"Captain Jones," came a steady voice out of the shadows, "we have tarried far too long upon this vessel. Unless we sail soon the season will be past."

"With the rising of Wednesday's sun," answered the captain, "we should be abroad on Plymouth Sound."

"We are all anxious to be free of England," was the Separatist's reply.

Though I could not see the speaker, his firm clear voice both pleased and surprised me, as I had expected a nasal whine. I would have liked the man, if he had not expressed such great desire to get away from his

native country, even preferring the wilderness to it. This gave me a feeling of disgust for him and his people.

I followed the captain until we came to stairs leading up to a door. Mounting these we entered the roundhouse, which was the officers' quarters. Once inside, I was anxious to know of the captain if he thought this Master Carver suspected me.

The captain feeling no solicitude in this direction, I calmed my fears asking, "Who is this Master Carver?"

"He has been chosen by the Separatists," the captain made answer, "to be their governor while on board ship. He has full control of their supplies, disciplines the unruly, settles disputes, and besides, watches over them as a shepherd does his flock. I've been told that he was once a gentleman with an estate, which he has spent in the aid of these Separatists." How much more the captain would have told me I do not know, had not an officer come in and interrupted him.

This officer seemed so astonished at seeing me in the roundhouse that the captain was obliged to say, "Mate Clark, this is Master Beaumont, who fancies a trip to Virginia."

The mate saluted me, without so much as saying he was pleased to have some one divide the cabin with them. Shortly the two went out leaving me alone to survey my surroundings. A single candle in the middle of a stout square table was doing its utmost to dispel the gloom within the cabin.

The dim light showed square beams at the side, and hewn timbers overhead, while in the background was a great mast running up through the roof. On both sides were sleeping bunks with rugs thrown carelessly upon

them. One I guessed to be mine, as I fancied I saw a certain blue border, which I recognized as one I had purchased in Plymouth. Picking up the candle and walking over to it, I found my eyes had not deceived me. Unwrapping the covering, I spread it out carefully. Turning to pick up my candle I upset it, leaving me in the dark. Being unable to relight it, I resigned myself to my rugs.

The sun was shining brightly through the windows of the roundhouse when I awoke. I could hear the wind whistle through the cordage, and feel the vessel working in the seas, so that I knew that we were going down the sound.

Before I was dressed, a strange officer coming into the roundhouse looked at me curiously, then hastened out—no doubt to report to the captain, that a common seaman had had the audacity to sleep in the officers' quarters over night. He soon came back, however, satisfied with my presence and introduced himself as Robert Coppin, second mate of the Mayflower.

As the captain was working the ship down Plymouth Sound, he was forward on the forecastle-deck with the other officers, so that I had the roundhouse all alone. It was understood between us that I was not to appear until the ship was well past the last end of England, for fear the colonists might turn back and put me ashore. These Separatists had a suspicion that the clergy of the established church were still spying upon them and as soon as they had established themselves in a new country, would attempt to coerce them back into the English church. Not only was this in their minds but they conceived a feeling of ill will towards the nobility, since this class had persecuted them, so that Captain Jones

felt that my presence upon the vessel would immediately arouse suspicion.

Not only was I to keep within the roundhouse, but when the time for appearing came, I was to be arrayed as a country gentleman and not in colors and fripperies.

Being left alone, I had an opportunity to look about me in the daylight. The roundhouse was as a second floor of a two story wooden house fastened to the stern of the vessel. The first story was called the great cabin in which the passengers were packed like fish in a keg. Immediately above the great cabin or the second story was the roundhouse, where the officers of the ship lived and lounged when off duty, and which was destined to be my quarters.

This roundhouse was a room about four and twenty feet square, having two small alcoves or as we would say in military terms, barbettes, extending from the side of the vessel over the water, so that when the master was seated in them he had complete view on deck as well as over all quarters of the sea. The advantages of these alcoves I recognized at the first glance, and made haste to the one on the port side, where a large chair was screwed to the deck inviting me to taste of its comforts. Into this chair I sank, glad that the distance was not greater, as the vessel was rocking mightily in the troughs of the working sea. Having gained my breath and the control of my stomach, I looked forward along the black hull and fancied it to be about one hundred feet in length, with four and twenty feet beam, and about eighteen feet in the hold. With a crew of thirty men, including captain, pilot, and cook, it was after all but a small atom floating on the infinite waters.

Having been built to carry goods to Holland, the ship

was short, thick set, and stout; and like a broad backed duck, it floated freely on the waters.

The sea rolled from the hull in green and white waves as the wind carried us swiftly out to sea. I could see Mount Edgecombe off in the distance and wondered if the earl gazed upon the forest crowned peak with the same solicitude I did. I likewise could see the spray of the waves dashing high into the air from the rocks upon the shore and looked upon it as the last near view I would have of my native land.

From the land sky line, I looked forward and saw the captain, and Master Clark, standing on the forecastle. This was also a two storied affair, the crew occupying the upper chamber while the lower one was used as a cookery and storehouse. The square bow was piling the sea up in front of it in a clumsy fashion, as the vessel pushed its way through the water. The sides slanted in at the top so that the waves were already running a deluge upon the decks. It was evident to me, though a land lubber, that the vessel was a wet ship and I almost held my breath as I imagined what the long rollers of the ocean would do when we were once out of the sound.

It was too late to draw back, nor would I if I could, as I had set my heart on the voyage. From my chair in the alcove I could see the square sail set firm and taut on the foremast and mainmast, but barely catch the end of the mizzenmast yards. These three masts were single timbers, being the best pines that grew on the hills of Cornwall. Such was the ship, the Mayflower, on which I was launched with the colony of Separatists upon the great Atlantic Ocean.

The first day wore away with me still a prisoner in

the roundhouse. I was really as safe from discovery as I would have been in Devonshire Hall, the passengers and sailors having absolutely nothing to do with each other. The seamen being of a low order of men and partaking the feelings of their superiors for the Separatists, looked upon them with contempt even considering them with pity.

I did not fancy hiding like a criminal, so I suggested to Captain Jones the second day out that I thought it time to go on deck. Very curtly he replied, "If you want to set these fanatics around my ears and you have desire of being put ashore, now is the time for showing your presence on board."

Mate Clark, who happened in shortly after this interview, confirmed Captain Jones's position, furthermore assuring me that it would not be safe for me to go on deck, until we were well into the ocean beyond the Land's End of England. Fancying Master Clark more than I did the red faced blustering Jones, I was content to abide by his decision.

During the days of self-imprisonment, I became acquainted with the officers—all of whom were young men. The older seamen did not fancy the long voyages in unknown waters, where their only guide was the sun, moon, and stars. I conceived the master and his men were half seamen, half adventurers, ready to sail a ship, barter with the savages, fight a battle, or explore unknown waters with equal expedition and promptness. The spirit of adventure was great within them. They admitted to me that when once they had become infected with sailing on the big ocean to strange lands, they were ill at ease at home.

Mate Clark told me he had been to America several

times, and that the year before he and Captain Jones had taken a vessel-load of kine from Ireland to Virginia. Upon his return to London, Master Clark happened on a merchant named Weston, who hearing he had been to the western country, asked him of its climate, the doings of the colonists and especially of the savages. Master Clark's intelligence so pleased this merchant Weston, he offered him a place on this colony ship which was then fitting out at the London docks for a voyage to Northern Virginia. Immediately, Master Clark sought Captain Jones and propounded the trip to him. The result of several visits to Master Weston was the hiring of Captain Jones as master, and Clark as first mate of the vessel.

In my leisure, I learned from the second mate, Robert Coppin, that he too had the western fever, having been to Northern Virginia, about Cape Cod, in a merchant vessel spending several months along that coast. He had been to Newfoundland once, and several times in fishing-vessels taking cod and haddock on the Great Banks. He furthermore surprised me by saying that two years before there were three hundred fishing-vessels in that part of the sea which I had supposed to be free of shipping, coming from every section of western Europe from Sweden to Spain. These sea tales pleased me, serving to while away the lonesome moments of my imprisonment.

The first Sabbath day upon the Mayflower came in bright and warm with a cheerful breeze filling the sails wafting us on to an unknown destiny. Overhead silken clouds floated peacefully in the blue sky. The tremor of the sea touched the vessel with its motion. A gull hung in mid-air with outstretched wings, then swerving

to the right circled after the ship holding its way swiftly. It was a mild September day upon the great sea.

While the sun was streaming in my window filling me with its warmth and comfort, there came to me the full notes of voices in the great cabin singing the Psalms of David. Perhaps it was my little wanderings in the realms of nature that tuned my ears to this melody, for it seemed to me music of goodly quality. The tones were strong, sweet, and full of harmony. Now and then I could catch the notes of a deep voiced man, whom I thought must be a man of courage. The Psalm did not drag as I expected it would under the tongues of Separatists, but was sung with earnestness.

The little touches I had received from this cargo of dissenters, rather impressed me favorably: the man and the maiden in the streets of Leyden were no ordinary people; the commanding voice that came out of the darkness, the night I came aboard, was from the throat of a man of spirit; and now this deep toned singer bespoke courage and steadfastness.

Crossing the floor of the roundhouse, I quietly opened the door. Though I could not catch the words, I heard the voice of a man speaking as one in authority and the bearer of a special message to his people. His fervor gave me another view of the inspiration that dwelt within these people, whom I had been taught by church and court to abhor from my infancy.

A gust of wind caused the vessel to keel over closing the door with a loud noise. Fearing detection I made no effort to open it again, but took refuge in my little alcove where I sat listlessly looking out across the waste of waters. I was thinking Mate Clark had told me in

the morning that we were one hundred leagues beyond England, when, happening to glance forward, I caught a bit of color of a woman's head-dress.

My curiosity caused me to look again, then leap to my feet, for there leaning over the side of the vessel was the maid of Leyden. The flush had gone from her cheeks, but I was pleased to note again the air of quiet dignity which had so favorably impressed me the first time I saw her.

Impulsively I started across the room, never thinking of my coarse sailor's garb. I came to myself, however, ere I reached the door, looking down at my clumsy hose, shoes, and doublet, I could not refrain from laughter at my appearance.

Turning from examining the sailor's garb, my eyes caught the corner of the chest, in which lay my gay clothes. Hastening to it I threw the lid back and looked upon the fineries.

Being evident that my beauty was a lady of quality, I felt it was my duty to appear in her presence in a costume corresponding to my social sphere as well as her own. Nervously unfolding my scarlet velvet cloak, which the dampness of the sea had set in a thousand wrinkles, I dragged it forth uncovering the other appointments of a gentleman.

Hesitating no longer I threw the coarse sailor's suit from me and prepared to go forth robed as I was upon my last visit to Lady Arabella. Now that old age has tired me of gaudy colors and gay feathers, I hesitate to tell the length of time it required to clothe and decorate myself in proper attire on this day.

I was in doubt between a waistcoat from Flanders done with red poppies or one from France in yellow

dragons. Fancying my lady would prefer the poppies, I selected that one. The great yellow velvet breeches, stuffed with hair to monstrous proportions, was my next selection from my wardrobe. They were of such size that no chair could contain them. In fact the House of Parliament built benches around its walls that gentlemen of fashion could perch themselves upon them, thus making room for their great trousers.

My Spanish hose of peach color were flecked with Devonshire clay. Over the silken hose I fastened garters of broad blue ribbons, bedecked with golden buckles. The mud of Plymouth still clung to my shoes, but the jewels in the roses sparkled as brightly as ever.

A great red coat with turned up collar, flaring skirts, ruffles at both arm holes and huge pockets was a brave piece and one in which I gloried greatly. At my leather belt hung a silken bag in which I carried linen kerchiefs, properly scented and easy of access.

A massive gold cable hatband of goldsmith work and a white flowing feather gave both color and value to my hat, which was as elaborate as a lady's of fashion. Buckling on a dainty rapier and throwing a red cloak around my shoulders I was dressed properly to meet my Lady of Leyden.

The time I had consumed in dressing had somewhat cooled my ardor. What perplexed me was whether to await the coming of Captain Jones or go forth upon my own accord. Going to the little alcove, I glanced forward expecting of course to see my lady; she was gone. Her absence startled me to action. Throwing caution to the winds, I crossed the room, opened the door of the roundhouse and stood on the top step of the stairs leading to the deck.

For a moment I stood at the door with my gay colors showing brightly against the dull walls of the round-house. The passengers, who had been brought from their dark and wet quarters by the glowing sun, were lounging upon the deck. Calmly I surveyed each group for the pleasing face of my lady, but failed to find her.

All the while the people lay around upon the deck unconscious of my presence. A girl of fourteen first discovered me, and with a cry of alarm shouted, "See! See!"

Instantly the deck was in a turmoil. If I had dropped from the clouds or come out of the depths of the sea I could not have caused more commotion. The men, women, and children sprang to their feet turning their faces toward me. For a moment I stood above their heads on the topmost step, a picture in colors which they did not admire. Slowly and with dignity I descended to the deck where the crowd stood in amazement.

They were not even interesting to me now, since I sought the looks of one whom I did not see. I longed to hasten directly to the spot where I last saw her, but decided to go there by a promenade around the deck. The people made way for me but not without black looks and scowls, which if I had had my wits about me, I could plainly have seen meant that I was an unwelcomed guest.

My heart beat rapidly beneath the red poppies on my waistcoat, as I went forward to the forecastle. There I stood undecided whether to go into her presence at once, or after another walk along the deck. Deciding to brave my fate at once, pushing the handle of

my rapier down, I boldly walked across the deck expecting to come face to face with my lady. She was not there.

Coolly and deliberately I began to seek her amidst the people. First I stood carelessly leaning against the bulwarks looking at each face, then with measured step began my walk, stopping now and then as if to look into the sea, but really to examine the various groups of excited people who were now crowded upon the deck watching my every movement.

One of the small boats forward obstructed my view. With bated breath I came up to it and glanced around the end, hoping to see the white hood of the Leyden maiden; but again I was doomed to disappointment. Somewhat chagrined I leaned against the side of the vessel undecided what to do, when of a sudden I caught the sight of a fluttering ribbon near the mainmast. My hopes were high as I approached this bit of ribbon, only to find it worn by someone else. Though I examined every part of the deck I failed to find her.

Crestfallen and disappointed I crossed the deck only to run into the arms of a young man of about thirty, who in a decisive manner exclaimed, "Who are you, and from whence came you?"

Quite impudently I replied, "From the roundhouse."

Without noticing my wit, the young stranger asked, "What do you aboard this vessel?"

"Simply a gentleman on an adventure to Northern Virginia," I replied, assuming an uninteresting attitude toward my questioner.

By this time the people crowded around us anxious to see and hear what I had to say. The conversation

had reached this point when Captain Jones seeing me in the midst of the crowd came running from the forecastle, addressing my questioner, "Master Bradford, this gentleman means no harm to your plans," and without giving the young man an opportunity to reply, slipped his arm through mine, I thought, with entirely too much familiarity and started up the stairs of the roundhouse still clinging to me.

Once within our quarters the captain exclaimed, as he looked me over clad in all my finery, "Well, you have stirred up a beehive. You will be in good fortune if you are permitted to stay by the ship to America. If you had only appeared in modest clothes! These fineries bespeak suspicion in their minds."

This talk did not interest me half so much as what had become of my lady of the cathedral. That she was on board I was well assured. What Master Bradford and Governor Carver thought of me was of little consequence.

Captain Jones could not swallow his wrath at me for making my first appearance in such array, saying if I had worn my traveling clothes, he might have explained my presence on board his vessel satisfactorily, but the gay colors and foreign trinkets marked me as a cavalier and an enemy. When he had finished, I assured him that I was sorry to cause him trouble, but if I had the same reasons to move me again, I would not change my way of appearing in the least particular. With this he left me, still red with wrath.

As the evening sun went down behind the red horizon, I sauntered out once more onto the deck, this time not like a peacock in flaunting colors, but in a more substantial garb of subdued hue. There was the same sup-

pressed excitement among the people and the same look of displeasure.

A girl of eighteen of good form and fair face caught my attention, but one glance sufficed. Then a figure near the forecastle sent me forward on a tour of examination. I loitered around the deck until the color of the departing day had faded from the fringe of the cloud hanging low in the west, all the while hoping my lady would come forth.

The captain was right in his anticipation of trouble. On the morrow as we were finishing our morning repast, there was a knock at the door and at the captain's bidding there entered a gray bearded and gray haired man, whom I had often seen around the deck from my alcove window. Back of him was the man I had seen in Leyden with the girl; at his elbow was a small man of soldierly appearance; then came Master Bradford, the only man whose name I knew.

Clad in their clothes of gray, with black cloaks thrown back across their shoulders, and high Dutch hats, I was compelled to admit to myself that they were of goodly appearance. Captain Jones was with me at the time, and I involuntarily contrasted his red face with theirs.

The spokesman was the gray haired, dignified man who first entered the cabin. From his voice I recognized him as the man who spoke to us the first night we came aboard, and whom Captain Jones called Governor Carver. There was no delay in coming to the object of their visit, for they had hardly arranged themselves facing us, when Master Carver addressing the captain said, "Captain Jones, was not this vessel hired to us for this voyage?"

"It was," was the captain's brief reply.

"Is this stranger of us?"

"He is not," came back from the seaman. I pushed my foot against the captain's under the table, urging him to go on and explain my presence, but he was dull of wit and sat still.

"Then we should like to know by what right he is on board this vessel!" exclaimed the governor.

The captain turned red, looking at me without replying. Seeing my matters were drifting badly, I decided to take up my own defense.

Facing the governor I said, "My good sirs, it falls on me to answer your last question, since Captain Jones will not. I am here as a guest of Captain Jones. So long as I do not consume your provisions, or fill the space which one of you could occupy, I take it that no harm has been done to you or yours."

My forward speech I think rather took them by surprise, for the governor turned to the tall man of Leyden asking, "Elder Brewster, what say you?"

It was in this manner that I learned his name to be Brewster.

The elder had thoughts of his own, for he said in response to the governor, "I should like to know why this stranger selected this vessel for a voyage to Virginia?"

Captain Jones, who in truth did not know, shook his head and turned to me to answer. I realized the serious turn which the affair had taken and hesitated what reply to make. It was only for a moment. Addressing the elder I said, "You ask why I am here; my answer is, in a night encounter a man fell by my sword. The quarrel was neither of my seeking nor making."

"Was it a fair exchange?" asked the little man of soldierly appearance quickly.

"On my part it was," I replied.

This rather aroused the curiosity of the man who broke in with, "And on your opponent's part?"

Instantly the scene of the man with the candle, who was endeavoring to blind me for the benefit of La Valle, came to my mind. I could not say there was a conspiracy, for I did not believe La Valle was such a coward. Though I hesitated somewhat, I finally answered, "The principal was fair, but his followers foul."

As the little man did not continue his question, Governor Carver addressed him, "Captain Standish, are you satisfied?"

The man addressed nodded his head as being content. I had hopes that the interview was coming to a satisfactory end for me, as the title "Captain" assured me that one of my inquisitors was a soldier and understood the ethics of sword play. But my hopes were shattered for Master Bradford, whom I put down as one of those determined men who would have his own way or a good reason to the contrary, stepped forward and would know more.

His manner nettled me as he asked, "Are you of the King's or Established Church?"

Not deigning to reply to such a question, he went on, "And of those people who disdainfully call us Separatists or Brownists?"

Not being able to fathom the drift of his questions, I sat in silence.

Master Bradford then said with great emphasis, "We are fleeing to Northern Virginia to free ourselves from persecution. Those who are not with us must be against us."

His manner stirring me, I replied sharply, "I am neither of you nor against you."

Governor Carver who had been eyeing me closely during the interview took me somewhat back by turning to Captain Jones saying, "Captain, how far think you we are from the last end of England?"

The captain did not fancy the question any more than I did and would have left it unanswered had he dared; he did the next best thing by adding fifty leagues to the real distance, replying, "About one hundred and fifty leagues."

I turned to Captain Standish to see what comfort I could get from his countenance; but his face would not reveal what his tongue would conceal. What I did discover was a curious look on his face, as if he was endeavoring to establish in his own mind where he had seen me before my intrusion on deck. He had only seen me by the uncertain rays of a flickering lantern after the encounter in the alleyway in Plymouth at a time when his mind was greatly disturbed, so that I would have been greatly surprised if he recognized me now. He had my picture in his brain, however, though the interpretation of it was giving him trouble. His curiosity played me in good stead at this juncture, when affairs were going hard against me. Looking me squarely in the face he said, "Have I not seen you before?"

Glad of the opening, I replied, "You have."

There was a new light in his eyes as he said, "Where?"

I was slow in replying, as I did not wish him to think that I would beg for his protection by reminding him of the assistance I had rendered him. Whilst I was

meditating what answer to give, his quick wit had solved my identity, for he asked, "In Plymouth?"

I nodded my head in assent.

"In the daytime?" The little soldier was like a dog on a scent so quickly did he follow my answers.

I answered his last question in the negative.

"After nightfall?"

"It was in early evening," I said still refusing to divulge his obligation to me.

"You were with another gentleman?" eagerly asked my inquisitor.

When I told him I was, he gave me a knowing look, which assured me he at length placed me.

The other members of the party stood watching me closely while Captain Standish conducted his examination, evidently wondering what connection his seeing me after night in the streets of Plymouth had with the present interview. As soon as the soldier had finished with me, plucking the governor by the sleeve, he motioned him aside. I was in hopes this diversion would upset the prosecution of the plan of returning me to English soil. I watched the two men closely as they stood in deep conversation—what was said I do not know, but shortly afterwards they came back, the governor saying they wished to withdraw and consider the matter further. Before going out Captain Standish came over to me and gave me his hand, and without a word left the roundhouse.

Captain Jones was nervous and fearful of the outcome of the interview. I had no doubts of which way I was going, and assured him confidently I would see the forests of Northern Virginia before I would the white cliffs of Cornwall.

While I was on deck this same afternoon, Captain Standish came up to me and, with a kindly smile, told me that the matter had been dropped and I was at liberty to go where and when I pleased. Together we stood and talked in friendliness. Again I assured him I was going to Northern Virginia as an adventure and my presence on the vessel had no significance to the colonists. Parting in good will I felt I had won his confidence. I liked the way he parried and lunged with his sword in the encounter, and this good opinion was now supplemented by a kindred spirit which one soldier feels towards another.

The next day the wind changed to the west and before night rounded to the north, piling up the waters in green waves with foaming white caps. Wildly they flung themselves at the vessel thrusting it one way then another as though it were a bauble. The mountainlike waves seemed to take delight in casting the ship over on its side, and before it could relieve itself of its burden of waters, a second deluge would sweep across the deck. Buried beneath the great weight the vessel would stagger and tremble like a frightened thing, then its soul of oak would rise to the rescue, and pushing its way upwards would shake itself free from the grip of the sea.

There came a despondency over me in this waste of waters, which I can only liken to the spirit of winter, that creeps out of barren trees, the desolate earth, and the sighing of the winds through the pines. The ship, helpless and alone, was but a speck upon the savage sea.

There was no going abroad in such a gale, as the ship with bare masts was blown before the wind. This storm lasted for several days, during which period I neither saw nor heard of the passengers, other than that

many were lying in cold beds with the water dripping upon them from the deck above. All I could do was to sit in the chair in which I could only stay by holding on tightly. There I clung looking out across the angry seas, hoping each day that the blue rifts in the clouds would broaden and envelope the sky within their serene folds, bringing quietness and rest.

Many times I wondered how my lady fared, if the rolling of the ship brought her discomfort, and the wild nights were fearful to her. I inquired of Captain Jones and Mate Clark how the passengers did in such weather, but they knew little and cared less than pleased me.

In time the winds blew themselves out, the crests of the waves changed from white to green, and the masts were once more clothed with sail. The ship soon steadied to an even keel, and one by one the pale and unhappy passengers came upon deck. Then a long hemp rope was fastened between the fore and main-masts, while the women, children, and the men who were ailing, worked it up and down, thus encouraging their blood to run freely.

I watched the women and children issue forth from the great cabin, to see if my lady came with them. Though there were many faces on deck I had never seen before, hers was not among them. In my anxiety I made bold to ask Captain Standish if any of the ladies were ill. He answered that there were several. With this information I had to be content and hoped that one in particular was not stricken grievously. When we had spent several quiet days and she did not appear, I began to believe that I had had a vision, seeing the Lady of Leyden in spectre. The colonists held aloof me except Captain Standish, whom I think took kindly to

me, but I dared not inquire of him for my lady, since I did not know her name.

Disturbed in mind I walked back and forth upon the deck, now and then mounting the quarter-deck which was the roof of the roundhouse, where I watched the men at the wheel. I was restless. Returning to the deck I happened on a girl of thirteen who was standing on her tiptoes endeavoring to look over the side of the vessel. Coming up to her quietly, I picked her up so that she could see clearly. Looking around and seeing who it was she made an effort to escape, but I quieted her fear and assured her that I was not so bad as she thought.

In the end this little courtesy gained me the child's good will, so that when I let her down she did not flee. I asked her name.

"Elizabeth Tilley," she replied quite confidently.

"From London?"

"Nay Master, from Leyden, in Holland."

"Then you are a little Dutch girl," I said in jest.

"My mother is a Hollander but father comes from England." With this reply I decided not to push my friendliness too fast, so left her to seek her companions, who stood around in awe of little Elizabeth, who dared to speak so boldly to a cavalier.

The next day I wandered around impatiently awaiting either the lady in form or some word of her. Though I had a friendly talk and walk with Captain Standish and a chat with little Elizabeth, I was unable to secure information of the missing maiden.

On the morning of this second day of calm weather the entire Tilley family, including Father John, Mother Bridget, and the little Elizabeth, were on deck hover-

ing over their earth box on which the family fire was blazing. Being before the day of ovens as we now have them, the only cooking done on board the vessel during the voyage was upon earth boxes lodged on the deck, on which the fire was built. On a calm morning such as this one, there was a half score of these boxes in use, so that the deck looked like a gypsy camp with the fires blazing merrily.

Fire-wood was stored away in the hold and was almost as necessary as water on such a voyage as this colonist ship was undertaking. In the quiet days the cooking was done for the stormy weather when the decks were buried with water. At such times they lived upon a cold diet of what was in the iron pot ready for use, with Holland cheese, butter, hard biscuits, and a raw onion or a turnip as a relish. Strong waters, such as, gin, aqua vitæ or brandy were given in small quantities, while beer was to be had commonly but always within bounds.

By this time I had little Elizabeth tamed so that she would not fly from me. Her mother, who was a stout Dutch woman, having no scruples about conversing with a cavalier, gave little heed to our friendship. The child greeted me with a smile as I stopped at the family earth box, addressing the father in a genteel manner so that he could not do else than return me a civil answer. With this greeting I decided if possible to learn from this family who and where the maiden was.

Turning upon little Elizabeth as my source of information, I soon had her looking over the side of the vessel at several herring hogs. Exhausting my knowledge of sea fish quickly, and fearing interruption, or

that the little maiden would leave me, I diplomatically asked, "Who are your English companions?"

Looking up into my face with a child's curiosity she answered, "Mary Chilton."

As she hesitated I urged her to go on.

"Constance Hopkins," she was watching me closely.

I shook my head.

"And Priscilla Mullins."

"Priscilla Mullins," I repeated, "Pray! who is she?"

"A merchant's daughter from London."

"Are these all?" I asked.

"With the exception of two little girls, Damoris Hopkins and Ellen More."

My heart sank within me, as it was evident she belonged to another. "Are you sure there are no other maidens aboard?" I asked rather hopelessly.

"Oh, yes," was the prompt reply, "those were only the English girls from London."

"And the others?" I asked expectantly.

"They came from Leyden."

By this time I was nervous and impatient and I fear a trifle rough, as I commanded her to name the Leyden maidens quickly.

"Desire Minter," she began but I shook my head. Why I do not know, but I felt that the name did not fit the beauty.

"Mistress Carver's waiting-maid," she went on and then hesitated.

"Is that all?" I asked gruffly.

"Remember and Mary Allerton, and myself," she faltered.

Without stopping to bid my little gossip adieu, I

walked abruptly away repeating, "Mistress Carver's waiting-maid. Mistress Carver's waiting-maid."

As I walked in the air to cool my fevered brain, I could not help but think this was a strange cargo of people, where beauty and dignity belonged to serving-maids.

The Storm at Sea

As I came upon the deck the next morning there was a great calm upon the water, the restlessness of the sea alone giving motion to the ship. The cold winds had given away to a southern air of enticing softness. Though in the midst of the ocean it was easy to distinguish the September notes of the sky, a dull haze and misty horizon. On land one is wont to say, these come from vapors given off by the drying earth; but upon the waters, one must admit that they are the signs of the season stamped upon nature by the infinite artist, whose colorings are soft and soothing.

Off in the sea the sun came up red with glowing warmth, gently inviting those who were sick and uncomfortable to come up on deck. I am feign to say I had lost interest in these people. Yesterday I had had a vision of my noble lady; to-day she had turned into a serving-maid. Unheeding of those who came and went I walked forward and climbed upon the forecastle, careless of their doings.

There was a half score of sailors upon the yard spreading the sails to catch what wind was blowing. I had turned to watch those on the mizzenmast, when I saw three men coming out of the cabin bearing a muffled figure in a great chair.

The men bore their patient across the deck finding a sheltered spot close to the mainmast. This much I saw with indifference and turning to Captain Jones I

asked, "Captain, how soon will we reach Virginia?"

"Northern Virginia, Master Beaumont, is a long ways from here. England is much nearer. Are you in a hurry to reach land?"

"In a greater haste than I was a few days since."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the captain with curiosity.

I did not answer him but went forward where I could see the water boiling and bubbling under the oaken keel. Tiring of this I came down on deck. As I sauntered past the mainmast, I saw Elder Brewster hovering around the invalid in the chair, shutting off my view of her. Through sheer curiosity, I turned and retraced my steps, that I might see what manner of person she was. This time I caught a glance of a pale face, of brown hair bound tightly across white temples, of kindly eyes; menial though she was I was compelled to admit the waiting-maid was beautiful even in her distress.

In the cool of the evening of this September day, the men bore the serving-maid in Elder Brewster's chair, back to the great cabin. I caught a fleeting glance of her face; I saw the life, which the ocean winds bear in their flight across the waters, had left its glow upon her cheeks.

I felt the great spirit upon the sea as I looked into the farewell colors of the setting sun on this day of calmness. I was moved to confess to this pillar of fire my disappointment over the conversion of my lady into a humble waiting-maid. Perhaps it was witless for me to burden the Infinite with such simple matter, but I was in my youth and the slipping away of an ideal from my fancy was indeed a grave matter.

The next day I saw the maid brought forth and

placed in the shade of the long boat with perfect indifference. No doubt she would have laughed at my impudence in settling her fate in such an off-hand manner. Whether she was interested or not, so far as I was concerned, the Lady of Leyden was no more.

The next few days showed the waiting-maid was fast regaining her health. As we were living in a small world I could not help but see this improvement, though I took but passing notice of her. One of the children called her by name but I failed to catch it. I turned in time to see her smile.

After this the winds and the sea were in a gentle mood for several days; with every sail drawing taut under a moderate breeze, the ship keeling over ran before it, until the tired colonists began to think that an ocean voyage after all was not unpleasant.

During these bright days I spent most of my time upon the quarter-deck away from the colonists who were busy cooking. Captain Jones was in good spirits as he saw an early landing and a quick return to England. I was in the same happy mood and was glad I had been so obstinate against the earl in my desire to go on this adventure.

But these pleasant days came to an end. A dense mist settled down so that the captain could not see the sun to take readings. Then for days the wind and ocean assailed us from every quarter. Under bare poles the ship was driven before the tempest until Captain Jones lost his reckoning completely, and sat sullenly in the roundhouse.

When the waves were at the highest and the ship was being tossed like a cockle-shell, I asked the captain if he had been in the colonists' quarters, if so how they

fared. He informed me at once that the vessel had been hired for the voyage; his sole business was to sail across to Virginia and back again as quickly as possible; adding with an oath that unless the foul weather ceased shortly the ship would bring up on the coast of Florida among the Spaniards instead of Virginia.

Pressing him further, he said he had nothing to do with what the colonists ate, drank, or how they lived on board the ship. He informed me, however, that before leaving London the great cabin had been made over into a number of small rooms in which the women and children lived, while the men found quarters in the forecastle or between the low decks. He was of the opinion that no vessel had ever crossed the Atlantic with so many uncomfortable people.

Later in the day, as I was sitting in the alcove holding my chair to prevent being hurled across the floor, I saw a great wall of green water roll over the starboard bow and with a crushing weight fall upon the deck. The vessel settled rapidly. Mate Clark caught his breath, while I turned to him, feeling that our end had come.

"We are sinking!" I shouted.

"Not yet," answered the mate.

"Think you it will outlive this tempest?"

"We will soon know," he replied. With a roll the ship lifted heavily and like a dipper emptied the water from the deck. As the vessel lay on its side I held my breath expecting every moment that it would go on over, but with a struggle it finally righted.

Mate Clark, as soon as he could, made his way on deck thence down into the hold. Between decks he came upon a deck-beam cracked and bent, threatening

to give away. Without revealing his discovery and impending danger, he hastened back to the roundhouse. From his face I knew there was something wrong. Seeing Captain Jones was not in, he hurriedly left the cabin hastening forward to the forecastle.

Shortly I heard the boatswain's whistle calling men to quarters. Fearing the worst I made way to the door, determined to free myself from the wreckage of the roundhouse in case the vessel went down.

Under the protection of the forecastle I saw Mate Clark, Captain Jones, and Mate Coppin in conference. Master Clark was pointing to the deck and I could see was explaining something to his superior officer.

As they came in I heard Captain Jones shout, "What say you Clark, will she float long?"

"She will never stand the weight of another wave like the last one," he replied.

"You say the deck-beam is broken?"

"In twain."

With great agitation the captain exclaimed, "Then the deck is liable to be stove in under the next wave, breaking her in two."

"Our only hope is to keep her head into the sea," answered the mate.

I could only think of the women and children hopelessly struggling amidst the waves and pitied them. Though I was alarmed I did not have personal fear of my safety. I knew that my end was certain were I once thrust into the sea and awaited my fate stoically.

There was little consolation to be had from the captain or his associates, who now went below to make a more thorough examination of the broken beam. They came back shortly, bringing with them the ship's car-

penter. The situation seemed more hopeful when the carpenter assured the captain that the vessel would not go to pieces providing the storm abated. This was an uncertain promise, for the sky was heavy, with the clouds giving no sign of a break in the tempest.

All day the wheelman kept the vessel headed into the sea, nursing it along to keep the weight of water off the broken beam. When night came on Mate Clark and Captain Jones stood watch. I sat in the alcove chair ready to render what assistance lay within my power, which would be but a trifle in the face of the treacherous sea.

The next day the winds and waves moderated, increasing our hopes of safety. Another night and day of more or less anxiety and the sea once more took on its peaceful mien. The sorry colonists came upon deck, disconsolate and dejected. The family pots had been emptied several days, so that they had been living upon a diet of hard bread and beer, making them low in body and spirit.

With the going down of the sea the colonists noticed the sailors were not so cheerful; furthermore the ship was not under full sail. Then the whispering of the seamen concerning the mishap got abroad.

The first we knew of this was when Governor Carver and Masters Brewster, Bradford, and Edward Winslow came filing into the roundhouse. Captain Jones and I were sitting over a glass of wine at the time, unsuspecting the coming of the visitors. Captain Jones surmised what was in the air as soon as he saw their grave faces.

Governor Carver acted as spokesman as usual, saying, "Captain Jones, it has come to us, that the ship has met with a mishap."

At first the captain hesitated as if he was uncertain whether to admit the trouble or not, but finally making up his mind to speak truthfully replied, "Governor Carver, it is true the ship is unseaworthy."

"Unseaworthy!" exclaimed the governor in astonishment.

"I am fearful."

Then Master Bradford spoke up, "Captain, what advise you?"

The captain again faltered, undecided whether to play his part further or announce his thoughts at once. I saw him set his heavy jaws together and to my great surprise he exclaimed, "Return to England!"

The colonists' faces became grave as they heard this verdict of the captain. Master Bradford broke the silence by saying, "All of our savings are in this voyage, we dare not turn back."

This argument did not appeal to the captain who replied, "Once in an English port the broken beam can be replaced in any shipyard, but in a wilderness we can not make the repairs."

It was evident to me now why the captain had not made known the danger before. He was awaiting the coming of ill weather, when he would reveal the broken beam, then turn back under stress of sheer necessity. The colonists, seeing that their plans were in jeopardy, departed to consult among themselves.

In the afternoon the leaders again came back to talk with Captain Jones and his mates. There was much said on both sides. The colonists were determined to go on to Virginia, while the captain insisted on turning back. But no decision was reached.

During the night the governor and his assistants had

had various conferences with their associates upon England or Virginia, so that they came into the roundhouse the next morning with their heads set for the new country.

Master Edward Winslow acted as spokesman, saying as he opened the conference, "Captain Jones, we have come too far and endured too much to give up this voyage. If we return to England, the London merchants will refuse to supply us with provisions for another voyage. As to ourselves all we have is in this vessel. Come what will, we must push forward or perish in the attempt."

Captain Jones was not willing to give up his contention but replied hotly, "Are you shipwrights? Can you repair this ship in mid-ocean?"

The colonists not answering the captain went on, "Can you pick seasoned timber from the wilderness? True, when you reach the shore you will be content; but as for me and my men, we must still make our way back across the sea."

As the captain urged his point, I saw the determined look on the faces of the men turn to one of doubt. In justice to the captain and his sailors, they began to hesitate. At this juncture when the fate of the voyage hung in the balance, the door opened and the ship's carpenter entered. Master Bradford who was still seeking a way out of the difficulty turned to the carpenter and said, "Master Carpenter, what say you, can the beam be mended?"

"Not in mid-ocean," was the prompt reply.

Master Bradford not to be denied persisted, "Can you hold it together for a time?"

"Surely, if the ends of the beam could be forced together and held, it would be as good as new."

Though the colonists felt the danger of the seamen, still they were not willing to abandon their enterprise, until all means of making the repair had been exhausted. The carpenter's talk encouraged them somewhat; so they again excused themselves with the destination still unsettled.

Governor Carver and his associates were gone but a short time, when I was astonished at seeing him enter the roundhouse alone. I endeavored to read from his countenance whether he was the bearer of good or ill news, but his face did not reveal his message. By this time the captain was impatient at the willfulness of his passengers, considering his voyage back to England was being delayed by their stubbornness.

Without waiting for the governor to speak he asked, "Well! Are you now ready to turn back, or do you wish me to take this ship to Virginia and leave it there?"

"Not so, Captain Jones," replied the dignified old man.

"Then let me hasten toward England and safety. Two days we have been talking, now, Master Carver, I propose to bring this matter to an end." The captain pushed his chair back from the table and started to arise, to go forth to give the command that would have made an end to the voyage. The colonist put forth his hand and stopped him. With a steady voice he said, "Not so fast, Captain Jones. We have struck upon a plan that will carry the ship safely to the end of the voyage."

He spoke so confidently that Captain Jones did not rise. I was all impatience to hear how the marvel was to be worked upon the broken backed ship, and moved forward on my chair in my anxiety to catch the speaker's plan.

Calmly he spoke, "Francis Eaton, a carpenter of our Leyden Company, hath a great jack-screw amongst his tools. He now suggests that the broken beam be forced back in position and held by stout props, thus making the ship whole as before."

Master Carver, having delivered his message, stood waiting for the captain's reply. The mariner having determined to go back to England was disturbed what answer to make and sat pulling his finger joints like a schoolboy. As soon as he could get his brain to work he said obstinately, "Master Carver I am fearful of your method of mending the beam. To landsmen it may seem right enough to patch up a house, but holding a vessel together is entirely another matter."

"Holding a vessel up, Master Jones," suggested the colonist.

"Nay, together," insisted the belligerent Jones, "furthermore, Master Carver my first duty is to the owners of the vessel, and not to you who hired it." With this the captain hastily rose to his feet.

Master Carver, dignified and patient, again held forth his hand bidding the captain hear him out. Looking the master of the ship straight in the eye he very determinedly said, "Captain Jones, it is no intention of ours to have you risk unnecessarily the safety of your ship and your men's lives; an hour ago we had about decided to accept your plan of returning to England, but now after duly considering the case we think the

vessel can be made whole." Without another word Master Carver turned and left us.

My tongue coming to me first, I said, "Captain, I think we will go to Northern Virginia."

Rather decently he replied, "I fear it is too true."

I knew full well from the moment the old Separatist had issued his ultimatum, that we would see the wilderness of America before we would England. Captain Jones might bluster and fume at his sailors, but when he matched himself with these silent and willful men, he was hopelessly beaten.

I could not help but admire the Separatists, for having made up their minds at one time to return in order to protect Captain Jones and his crew, thus bidding farewell to their hopes and prospects in the new world. I am content to believe that it was the jack-screw that sent them on their way; but for that tool they would not have reached that part of Virginia, which Captain John Smith had already called New England.

All things came to pass as Master Carver stated in his interview with Captain Jones. Francis Eaton, the carpenter, pulling his jack-screw out of the hold, fixed it on top of a pile of blocks under the broken beam. With a few turns of the screw the broken ends were forced into position, two strong timbers acted as props to hold it in place, and the ship was once more sound, and on her way to Virginia as Master Carver had prophesied. If it lay in my power to act as heralder and design a coat of arms for this new colony, I should emblazon a jack-screw in the center, making the other quarters conform to it.

The sailors were rough and hardy men, with the winds of the sea blown into their faces, also much viciousness of the land. To control such a crew, required a captain who was mostly pirate, flavored with Christian instincts. For the most part the seamen sailed unknown seas, and explored lands where there was no law, except what the master himself made, declared, and enforced. These laws changed to suit the convenience of each master, so what was proper on one voyage would be wrong on another. The result was, that the only rights a sailor had were the ones he fought for; thus mutiny existed in a mild form on nearly every vessel, whether at home or abroad.

Captain Jones was one of the sort who thought a command should be promptly followed by a kick well located and soundly given. His crew quarreled, fought, and swore on the least provocation, took the cuffs of the captain with a growl and went about their tasks. So long as they were on the sea the sailors were slaves driven by the master under threats of the use of a belaying pin or a cat-o-nine-tail, the hissing of which was familiar to everyone of the scarred faced crew.

One of the seamen, a brutal fellow, took particular delight in taunting the Separatists, telling them that he hoped to have the pleasure of throwing them into the sea, when he would make merry with their provisions and live in plenty. Others of the crew did likewise

casting slurs and contemptuous remarks upon the women and children.

As I was walking on deck one day, the waiting-maid, who was now well recovered, was quietly seated at her sewing. One of the sailors without cause, began abusing her with foul language. For a moment she sat stunned by the assault, then looked helplessly towards me. I was aflame in a moment and rushed to her rescue.

The sailor hearing me, turned. I rushed at him, striking him a glancing blow on the neck. Giving him no time to think, I seized him by the throat forcing him backwards across the deck over the side of the ship. Slowly I bent him across the bulwark in spite of his struggles until we were both more than half overboard.

Though the seaman struggled to release himself, I held him so firmly he could not break away. With my face close to his, I made the young villain promise he would never speak insultingly again to any of the women or children. He went off growling, while I turned to assure the waiting-maid that she would not be bothered by the insults of this seaman again.

She looked up into my face with a smile of confidence, which made me glad to be her champion. I stammered out something, while she in a voice of gentleness thanked me for my protection. Though I was in her presence but a moment, her spirit, as shown through her eyes, was not that of a lowly character. During my contest with the sailor, she had dropped her ball of linen, which now lay across my pathway.

Unconscious of the thread I started back to the cabin when I heard her give a little cry, at the same time calling, "Oh! please, please, sir!"

I turned around to see a long line of white thread following after me along the deck. Hastily disengaging my foot, I stooped over, picked up the ball and began rolling it up.

When I came to her, she very demurely said, "Your pardon, but I could not speak your name."

"Francis Beaumont," I replied. Then with surpassing impudence I added, "Pray what is yours?"

"Lora Brewster," she replied looking down at her needle work.

"Lora Brewster! Lora Brewster!" I repeated in astonishment.

"Lora Brewster, daughter of Elder William Brewster, of the Church of Leyden," she said quite proudly.

Then like a big ninny, I exclaimed, "And you are not Mistress Carver's waiting-maid?"

She looked at me until my cheeks turned red, quietly remarking, "Master Beaumont, why such a question?"

I made no sensible answer, excusing myself as best I could, I hurried back to the roundhouse.

Fortunately no one was in the cabin to see my confusion. Once settled in my chair in the alcove, I began repeating her name, "Lora Brewster, Lora Brewster." Not gaining relief from this diversion, I fell to comparing this simple maiden with the other grand ladies of my acquaintance.

The vision of Lady Arabella Stuart still dwelt in my mind. I could see her arrayed in her silks and satins, her well rounded arms coming forth from short ruffled sleeves, the jeweled girdle around her waist, and even the flowers at her left shoulder. Within her flaxen locks she usually wore a circlet of gold, while her neck was caressed by folds of delicate lace. As I re-

membered her, she was beautiful and, with her winning ways, was a delight to those who knew her. Many times I had danced with the Lady Arabella, exchanged gossip, and was charmed by the play of her soft seductive eyes. Of noble birth, pure character, wholesome spirit, these and many other qualities that draw men to the feet of charming womanhood, belonged and dwelt in my vision of Lady Arabella. Going to the window where I could see the maiden still at her work, I asked myself how she, in her plain dress of gray coarse cloth, a simple white kerchief at her throat, without color to decorate her, except the flush of red in her cheek, compared with the Lady Arabella.

As I saw the maiden in her simplicity, I confess that she did not compare with Lady Arabella in her silks and fashions. So far I could go with confidence, then confusion began for I was compelled to admit that the sight of this maiden enlisted in me an interest which the Lady Arabella in all her glory failed to arouse.

About this time the weather turned cold, the winds blowing chill out of the north. As there were no arrangements for heating the ship, the colonists took to their beds to keep warm. For this reason ordinarily the Virginia colonists' ships made their voyages in the heat of summer.

In the roundhouse and great cabin, perched as they were high above the water, their occupants suffered from the cold alone, but below decks the men were not only cold but wet as well. The cold became so intense that they did not think of removing their clothes, but would kick off their heavy shoes and, wrapping themselves in their coarse sleeping-rugs, pray for an early landing.

The Separatists on the ship, most of them being of

lowly station, wore common woolen stockings, such as reached to the knees, known as Irish hose, being worn in that country.

It behooves me to say that though every effort had been made to secure sufficient food for the voyage, some of the supplies were running short. The provisions were so ordered as to divide the seven days of the week into four fish days and three flesh days, the colonists being divided into messes, with four persons to each mess. To every mess of four persons on flesh days was allotted two pieces of salted beef each weighing about three and a quarter pounds, four pounds hard ship-bread, about a quart of peas, four gallons of beer with vinegar and mustard in small proportions. There were four fish days to provide for, when were issued two pieces of salt cod, four pounds of hard bread, three-quarters of a pound of cheese, with four gallons of beer, and a gallon of oatmeal.

Butter was scarce before the ship was half way over, as the colonists were compelled to sell much of their Dutch butter to pay their debts in Southampton before they could leave that port. It is only fair to the Separatists to observe, that because they would not sign an unfair contract, which Master Weston brought from the London adventurers who were supplying the money to the colonists to make the voyage, he, Master Weston, refused to advance the necessary money to pay the debts. Though they did not have arms, nor extra leather soles for their shoes, they sold this food rather than submit to an injustice or leave England with debts unpaid. So it came about that their provisions began to ebb low, causing them to cast about for the future, ere they came in sight of the wilderness.

Being of a delicate tooth for sweets, I laid in my

stores conserves of ginger, prunes, raisins, and white bread known as Spanish rusk. Captain Jones, at mealtime one day, happened to drop a word as to the shortage of butter and lack of dainties amongst his passengers, causing me to conceive at once that the maiden was starving whilst plenty burdened our table.

My conscience, quickening under this spur, I set about to provide for her wants. The lazarette where the provisions were kept was immediately beneath the cabin. The supplies belonging to the vessel were separate from the colonists', and were under control of Mate Clark, who kept an active eye and firm hand upon them. Under other conditions I would not have hesitated to have asked him for a bundle of my ginger or package of raisins, or a small bucket of butter, as they were my own and at my disposal. I could not tell the seaman, however, that I was going to make a present to a maiden colonist for fear that he would misunderstand my motive.

Perhaps it was strange that a nobleman should look with favor upon this fair commoner. The ship was small so that I could not help but come in daily contact with her. Youth and beauty in distress appeals to the chivalry in all mankind. My exuberant youth put aside social differences, so that I went diligently about securing supplies for Mistress Lora, whom I fancied was in need of assistance.

Finding Mate Clark forward I requested him to send a few supplies up to me at once. Though I could see he was somewhat puzzled, he made no further questioning but went himself to see that the viands were safely delivered.

Within an hour the chest of supplies was alongside of

my other ones, with the bolts released, so that all I had to do was to throw the cover back to see its contents. Having the sweets in hand, I was confronted with getting them into the maiden's possession. Finding a piece of new sail cloth I laid within it carefully bunches of raisins, citron with the sweet of the melon coming from it in little crystals of sugar, then a conserve of ginger in a little wooden cask, a bag of Spanish rusk of white flour, and a few pieces of the scented bark of cinnamon, making the package one which any lady of the court would have been delighted to receive.

First I tied the package around with many yards of ribbon, giving it a delicacy of appearance from without, as it was dainty within. This pleased my fancy greatly until it occurred to me, as soon as she saw the ribbon, she would know the package came from me. Tearing the gaudy stuff off I found a strong piece of sailing twine which I bound around time and time again. With a quill pen I wrote her name on the outside of the package.

The problem of transporting it to her now confronted me. The simplest way was to take it myself to the great cabin and request that the bundle be given to her. While my resolution was sufficient to have done it in this manner, I questioned whether the delicacies would get farther. That the Separatist elder would permit his daughter to receive dainties from the hand of his enemy, I was very much in doubt; so that how to insure the delivery and grant to her the comforts that were contained in the package, was now uppermost in my mind. I felt it was necessary to get it directly into the maiden's hands; she could then choose her own way of disposing of it.

Among the lads of the Separatists I had seen one of ten, who was particularly active and had found favor with one of the sailors. I had seen this boy go to and from the great cabin. Happening to meet the seaman, I explained to him he was to deliver the package to the lad. The time was to be at sundown. Being rough weather few of the colonists were on deck when I brought the bundle out and stowed it away back of one of the boats for delivery. Fortune was with me, for shortly I saw the sailor hand the boy the package, who disappeared with it into the great cabin. The piece of gold I knew would seal the sailor's lips; and I felt that if the maiden did not know to whom the package was to be returned, she might keep it.

Though the next day broke cold and stormy, I was up early with a warmth of feeling which comes to one after having performed a good deed. My fancy was set upon the maiden's pleasure as she saw the citron, tasted the raisins and the cinnamon. Then too, the package bore a silent message. Though I had concealed myself in the giving, still I wished she might guess me as her thoughtful admirer. With these fancies I made my way across to the little alcove.

Abroad was the same scene of green waves tipped with white, chasing after us that I had seen, until I was weary of it. Now and then a roller would break over the deck, making the scuppers run full. I looked up into the clouds, at the swaying masts, and then upon the water soaked decks. Forward were the hooklike anchors lashed tightly. The ropes of the rigging lashed by the winds were flying like so many ribbons from the cross-arms. On deck I saw a bundle roll back and forth heavily with each lurch of the ship.

While I was watching the package a great wave seized the cockle ship, throwing it over on its side, hurling the besotted mass crashing against the mast. Shaking itself free from the deluge the vessel rolled back throwing the water from the deck. Bobbing along the top of the sea, as it was thrown from the vessel, was the package, apparently doomed to go by the board, when for some reason its flight was broken. As the ship righted, it hung in mid-air on the end of a spike. There was something familiar about it, which caused me to look a second time. Then to make sure, I hastened as fast as the rocking ship would permit to the deck. Biding my time I made my way across the slippery deck, there hanging to the side of the vessel, unshapely and besotted, were my beloved dainties. The cask of conserves of ginger having broken, the brown syrup was oozing out making it a sickening mass. Picking the hateful thing from its fastening, I threw it overboard watching it float away with pleasure.

In view of my rebuff, I felt that I must abandon the maiden to other destiny. The Separatists' pride was too forbidding for me to overcome and carried a sting, which I, as a king's man, could not endure. Even though I had desired to make court to the sulky maiden, I could not have done so, as the weather now came freezing out of the north driving everyone from the deck, except the seamen, and they tarried only long enough to do their commands. I was content to sit in the roundhouse wishing heartily for the time of landing, so that I could plunge into the forests, see the wild men and animals, then return to England.

Among the young men of the colonists was one, John Alden, a cooper by trade, who had been picked up from

the docks while the ship lay at Southampton. He was not one of the company as yet, but came on the voyage under a year's agreement. Presumably he was brought with an eye of meeting the requirements of an ancient law of King Henry the Eighth. As there was a dearth of good material or men to make hogshead staves in England, it was declared by the law that a bond should be given for the return of the kegs or staves of like number when a quantity of beer was sent out of the country. The Separatists preferring to return staves rather than the barrels, this youth of twenty-one was brought along the last moment to shrive boards.

While I was sitting disconsolate in my alcove this John Alden and another youth by the name of John Howland, who was a servant of Master Carver, were coming up from between decks. As young Howland reached the top of the hatch, the ship lurched into a great wave, sending him across the deck headlong into the sea. Alden gave the alarm of "man overboard."

Hearing this cry I ran to the door. An unexpected sight greeted me for off on the starboard side, I saw the head of a man bobbing up and down in the waves, following hard after the vessel. As Howland went overboard he seized a topsail halyard that was dragging in the sea. This he was still holding onto, though at times he was buried fathoms deep in the ocean. Captain Jones hearing the outcry came running aft, shouting to the wheelmen to head the ship into the sea, so that the man was drawn alongside. Then with a boat hook young Howland was fished from the water and thrown sprawling on deck, still holding tightly onto the halyard that had miraculously saved his life.

During this excitement the maiden came on deck. I

could see she was not suffering from sickness for the glow of health was in her cheeks. I think she would have greeted me with a smile, but my looks crushed it on her lips. Then she endeavored to come close enough to speak, but I would not permit it, so maneuvering as to keep the maiden at her distance. She saw this and with a little grip of her lips turned and walked away from me.

In the afternoon of the same day, Wednesday, the eighteenth of November, I saw the first signs of land. As I was watching the waves dashing over the side of the ship a branch of a pine tree floated swiftly by. I said nothing, but waited for further signs, before announcing my discovery. Shortly a piece of timber coming into view, I pointed it out to the captain. He was all eyes at once and hailed the floating thing as the first harbinger of Virginia. He observed that we were now eighty-four days out of Plymouth, and it was high time that we made land fall.

From the sun's readings, Captain Jones said that we had been driven north of our course, which was below the mouth of Henry Hudson's River. So that he could not tell just what the land fall would be. There were only crude maps of shore lines in the hands of our captain, so that he must rely entirely upon himself and his lead to feel his way through the unknown waters. As soon as he saw the floating piece he started the lead going, but failed to make bottom. Captain Jones, in his afternoon reading, again declared that the ship was far north of its destination, but held straight on, feeling that he could course along the shore to his destination.

Master Clark having been to this new country, I consulted him as to when we would see land. Pointing

ahead to a dark haze on the horizon, he said the best indication of the approach of land were the clouds. He averred that the hills and valleys were sheltered by a sky all their own, while the waters had their distinctive clouds, furthermore while the vapors of dry land would hover over the sea, those of the water were so delicate as not to float over any other substance than their own.

All night long I heard the seamen heaving the lead. It was the same cry of so many fathoms and no bottom, until I became weary and went to sleep, with the droning call of the men in the stays sounding in my ears. When I awoke the sun was streaming through the alcove window. I lay expecting to hear the call of the leadmen, but there was only the wash of the sea as it lapped against the hull. Springing from my rugs, I hastened to the alcove; but all I could see was a haze along the western horizon, which I had not noticed before.

This prospect of an early release from the narrow bounds of the vessel was most pleasing to me. I got out my musket, examined its flint and steel, soiling my clothes with a greasy rag in an endeavor to oil the gun barrel. My cask of powder, pouch of bullets, and sheet of lead, I sought out so as to lose no time in starting the slaughter of birds and animals in this strange country. I was so filled with the huntsman's fever I could hardly wait for the first cry of "land." Captain Jones, however, persuaded me to postpone my activities until we came in sight of the coast, fearing my enthusiasm might turn into vapor.

Rather indignant at the captain's simple remark, I left the roundhouse for the deck. There the colonists big and little were lined up along the side of the ship,

looking intently at the distant horizon. They were facing the new world, with their backs turned to the old. I did not like this abandonment of old England, so I took my stand on the sea-side and looked toward my native land wondering what the earl was doing, and if Lady Arabella fancied I had run away with her diamond shoe rose. Tiring of this musing I came and stood with the Separatists. Mistress Lora was abroad this morning, straining her eyes with the others to catch the first glimpse of the promised land. The more I thought over our last silent meeting, the more conscience-smitten I became. I endeavored to approach her, but the high spirited maiden would not permit me.

All day the colonists hovered on deck. Anxiously they watched. Silently they stood, looking toward the west. Noontime passed, there were no thoughts of leaving the deck even for a bit of bread. Now and then an anxious watcher pointed into the distant haze, sure that he saw the shores of the new world. So they stood in excitement unabated, looking, wishing, hoping, praying as the sun went down. Braving the cold winds the most courageous lingered until the curtains of night closed around them. Silently they turned towards the cabin hoping that morrow would bring them safely ashore.

In the early hours of the night I stood watch with the wheelman, hoping I might see lights on land, such as greeted the Italian navigator Columbus the night before his discovery of this new country. Master Clark was at the wheel. Captain Jones was forward with the men casting the lead. Every officer of the ship was up and alert. In approaching this unknown coast, whatever qualities they possessed as seamen were now called in

play as the ship came out of the deep sea and felt its way toward land.

Master Clark and I had just exchanged a few words on the prospect of seeing land in the morning, when we heard the call of the man in the stays, "One hundred twenty fathoms, bottom." We listened breathlessly and then the leadman called out, "Sand." "Sand bottom at one hundred and twenty fathoms," exclaimed Master Clark.

Then we listened and shortly there came back the call of the seamen, "One hundred fathoms."

"Shoaling fast, Master Beaumont."

Captain Jones who was forward had another mind and held on until "Eighty fathoms" came from the leadsman. Then shouting his orders he commanded sails to be reefed close down sufficient to keep the ship in her head-way. This was hardly done when I was astonished at the cry of "One hundred fathoms."

The mate exclaimed, "We have passed over the first shoal, land is not far away."

Shortly Captain Jones came back to the wheel saying, "Clark, what think you, had we better lay to until morning?"

Master Clark turned his head and listened. Off in the distance I could hear deep muffled rumbling. The captain caught the same sound exclaiming, "'Tis the surf on the beach." The next instant he ordered all hands on deck. All was excitement. The sailors let loose the canvas. Mate Clark whirled the wheel around, the ship rounded to setting her prow towards the open sea.

Master Carver, Captain Standish, Elder Brewster, and others of the colonists unable to sleep were walk-

ing uneasily around the deck. I could see them shuffling about like phantoms in the dim light anxiously listening until they too caught the sound of the sea beating upon the sands. I saw them kneel upon the wet deck, giving thanks for their safe delivery from the perils of the sea, then like shadows disappear into the cabin to catch a few hours' sleep, ere they began life in the wilderness.

"Master Beaumont," exclaimed Mate Clark, "you are suffering needlessly. We will stand off shore until morning." With this advice from the mate I went back to the roundhouse and to bed.

With the coming of the first rays of light I crawled out from my warm sleeping-rugs, and hurried out on the cold deck, to find Master Carver and his associates before me. They were walking back and forth stopping now and then to anxiously look off into the distance, where we could still hear the muffled roar of the surf. As the light in the east grew stronger, out of the distant line of uncertainty there came a glimmer of white and from many lips at the same time there arose the cry of, "Land."

There in the far-away was a line of white rising above the blue of the sea, and the shores of America were unveiled to the Separatists for the first time. With the coming of this new day was ushered in the land which was to chasten and encourage them, to give of its plenty and to bring them to famine, to drive them into hardships and to harbor them. They now stood in the presence of this land which they long had sought with its unknown destinies and were glad.

At the cry of "Land" the colonists crowded on deck. All they could see, however, was a low sandy coast, with outlines of headlands rising from the sea. They had no

thought of their whereabouts. Being sick of the vessel they were anxious to go ashore, whether the land fall was below the mouth of Hudson's River or in the Frenchman's "Canaday." The prospect brought men, women, and children on deck, who had not been from their beds for days, though many still lay ill and feeble in their rugs.

When the daylight was well fixed Captain Jones ordered the vessel headed toward the shore. He and Mate Clark were forward on the forecastle, while Second Mate Coppin was at the wheel. Only tried men were trusted with the handling of the ship, as it felt its way over the shoals and sands under half sail. There were two men in the stays heaving the lead. Captain Jones followed the cry of one, while Master Clark took the other. Though the two master mariners watched the coast line with interest, their greatest anxiety was over heaving the lead. In time coming into shoal water the captain called Master Clark to consult with him, if he could make out the land fall, which was a low lying sandy spit.

As Captain Jones and Master Clark had been on several voyages to this new country, they endeavored to fix the land as belonging to some part of Virginia which they had seen before. In this they were disappointed. Then Master Coppin was called from the wheel, as he had been to the northern shores of Virginia, but the distance was too great for him to perceive.

This morning, Friday, November twentieth, sixteen hundred and twenty, Mistress Lora was among those who came on deck with the first cry of land. At my first glance at the maiden, I thought the voyage had increased her beauty rather than detracted from it. Her

simple costume of light gray and lavender gave her comely figure a grace which I am sure neither silks nor velvets could have improved. As she stood with both hands clasping the side of the ship looking at the distant shore, I thought her a real picture in drab colors.

As I watched her, the thought came to me that we were soon to be separated: she to abide in a colonist's hut, while I was to go back to the ancient halls of England. In an instant whatever rancor was within me, towards her, disappeared; and I longed to go to her and make amends. Mistress Lora was not of the sad and sorrowful type of countenance which I had been taught all Separatists were, indeed she had a gracious manner and a cheery smile, which won you to her, whether you willed or not.

I started to walk past where she was standing though my feet would have carried me by, my heart would not; and before she was aware of my presence I was at her side saying "Good morrow."

Much to my delight she said, "Good morrow, Master Beaumont."

Like a schoolboy I said impulsively, "Then Mistress Lora, you do not detest me, as a king's man?"

"Master Beaumont, why should I find fault with thee?"

"Mistress Lora, why then did you cast my sweets away?" I could have bitten my tongue after giving up my secret, but it was too late to mend the matter.

Prettily the color played back and forth in her cheeks as she replied, "I suspected they came from you, and would have saved them if I could, but Father would not permit me to receive fripperies from a stranger; not knowing who sent them, he put them on the deck outside

the door of the cabin." Looking at me she continued, "I thank thee, Master Beaumont."

"Then you bear me no hatred, Mistress Lora?"

She looked across the sea toward the white beach and with a kindly note in her voice she replied, "None."

Just then Captain Jones with Mates Clark and Coppin came by and I heard the latter say, "'Tis Cape Cod."

Then someone touched the maiden on the shoulder bidding her come. Turning around I saw it was the father who led her away, leaving me alone to reckon what her real thoughts of me might be.

The Revolt of the London Men

Turning from the deck I followed Captain Jones and his mates back to the roundhouse, where I found them looking intently at a map of Virginia made by Captain John Smith. In the year 1614 this daring adventurer sailed along this coast on a voyage of exploration. At that time he fashioned for himself a drawing of the rivers, headlands, capes and bays, including Cape Cod, two years afterwards he published a book in which he wrote:

> In this voyage I took the description of the coast as well by map as writing, and called it New England; but malicious minds among sailors and others drowned that name with echo of Nusconcus, Canaday, and Penaquid; till at my humble suit, our most Gracious King Charles, then Prince of Wales was pleased to confirm it by that title and did change the barbarous names of the principal harbors and habitations for such English, that posterity may say, King Charles was their Godfather: and in my opinion it should seem an unmannerly presumption in any that doth alter without his leave.

As I came into the cabin I heard Captain Jones say, "This is what Captain Smith calls 'New England.'"

While Mates Clark and Coppin peered over his shoulder the captain pointed on the map with his finger saying, "Here is Cape Cod which encloseth this bay like a sickle; and here lieth Hudson's River, for which we are bound."

"It is a fair distance to the river," responded Coppin, "but once Cape Cod is rounded, the ship will be in still

waters since a long island lies along this coast the whole distance."

"Coppin, you are sure our land fall is Cape Cod?" again asked Captain Jones.

"That I am, as I spent some weeks in its harbor and am familiar with its coast," answered the second mate.

Having determined the land fall as Cape Cod, the captain went on deck, there meeting Master Carver, who was anxiously waiting, and told him that the land was New England instead of Northern Virginia. The colonists now gathered around their leader and the captain, evidently discussing some question with great interest. This group held together for sometime, when the conference finally ended, Captain Jones changed the ship's course, and stood out to sea.

This maneuver had hardly been executed when Captain Jones came back to the roundhouse, followed by Masters Carver, Brewster, Bradford, Captain Standish, Doctor Fuller, Winslow, and Isaac Allerton. These men filing into the roundhouse stood in respectful silence while Master Carver who acted as spokesman gravely said, "Captain Jones, have you fixed on the land fall as Cape Cod?"

"So Captain Gosnold would call it, though Captain John Smith puts it down as Cape James on his map," answered the master mariner.

"Then this country lies not within the charter of the Virginia Company of London?" went on the gray haired Carver.

"That must be true, as the London company's grant is south of the mouth of Hudson's River."

Addressing his associates Master Carver now said, "It behooves us to go farther south until we come to

where this Hudson's River flows into the sea; since the charter we now hold does not include this New England, where we would land without right or license."

Captain Jones broke the silence by saying, "This ship and its crew were chartered for the voyage to the coast below the Dutch Settlement of New Amsterdam at the mouth of Hudson's River; if you desire to go to that country I will take you."

Master Bradford could keep still no longer and in his determined way said, "We should make every effort to go to the country of Northern Virginia; there we have authority by our charter, here we have none."

This precipitated an argument for these men thought for themselves and were prepared to talk freely on all things concerning themselves. Captain Jones listened for some time then rather impatiently said, "Is it your will that we go on to Hudson's River?"

There was an awkward silence, then Master Carver turned to his associates with, "What say you?"

There was another silence then Master Bradford replied, "It is seemly that we go."

This ended the conference, the colonists returning to their associates, while the captain gave orders to sail along the coast.

Sauntering out on deck forward of the mainmast I observed a group of men very much engaged over something upon the deck. Coming up to them I saw a man kneeling, with a handful of sticks. It was Master Stephen Hopkins, whom I soon learned was giving the colonists their first lesson in the construction of houses such as were adapted to this new land. The colonists having come from a land of brick and mortar were now confronted with the problem of building houses without

either. In fact it was the apparent helplessness of some, that caused Master Hopkins now to be down upon his hands and knees.

Master Stephen was especially fitted as an instructor in this work, having spent some time in Southern Virginia and was familiar with pioneer ways. In 1609 he went with Sir Thomas Gates to Jamestown, when the Virginia settlement was surrounded on all sides by a wilderness. There Master Stephen was broken in to the building of log houses in a manner peculiar to this new country.

As I came up to the group I saw Master Hopkins take four small sticks about the size of a man's finger. These he notched on one side at the ends, laying them on deck in the shape of a square, with the cut sides upward he said,

"Now you cut four more timbers of the same length as these laid down, using an ax to make notches on both sides of the logs, so that one cut fits over the lower stick and the other cut receives the log above." Suiting his action to his words he cut four pieces and laid them crossways as he had described.

"What of the windows?" asked John Billington, a big uncouth sort of a fellow from London.

"Whither the chimney?" asked Francis Eaton, a carpenter from Leyden, in the same breath. These men of brick, mortar, and planks could not see how a house was to be fashioned out of trees.

Master Hopkins held up his hands pleadingly and bade his listeners hear him through. "As to the windows, good man Billington," he replied, "the opening is made in the same manner as the door, but we shall have little use for them since we have not glass to put

into them. Though greased linen lets in the light and keeps out the wet, still the cold filters through too freely for comfort in cold climate, while the Italian shutter filling the window opening with wood will give less comfort and no light."

Before Master Hopkins could be interrupted again he said, the logs came from the forests, the clay from the banks of the brook, and the thatched roof was the wild seagrass from neighboring swamps. So he declared in the wilderness they would find house material growing and ready at hand. With this farewell address Master Hopkins arose. The men still held together endeavoring to master their puzzle of picking their houses out of the forests, streams, and swamps, but in great doubt as to doing it.

I was greatly interested in Master Stephen's talk, and bent over him as he illustrated his house-building with his sticks, so that I did not notice the persons who afterwards joined the group. Looking up I saw Mistress Lora, who was also watching the house-building with keen interest. She saw me about the same time and quickly looked the other way. When Master Stephen retired, she stood for a moment undecided, so I made haste to go to her.

As I approached I said, "Mistress Lora, you seemed intent upon Master Hopkins's tree houses?"

"They are exceedingly curious to me," she replied.

"I fear they will have little space for living."

She was little inclined to talk to me and would have gone had I not continued with, "I presume, one of Master Hopkins's log houses will be your home?"

"Master Beaumont, there can be no other in the forest," she replied briefly.

"You are content?"

"Until we can better our condition," she answered without looking my way.

"A mud house in the forests," I said "is no fit place for man or beast."

Like a flash came from her lips, "But for women."

It was a bit of sarcasm which I had not expected and stood somewhat taken back but finally said quite gallantly, "Perhaps for some women, Mistress Lora, but not for you."

Quite determinedly she replied, "But these tree houses are ample for me and my people," and before I could answer she had fled.

From her manner I knew that someone had instilled in her maidenly mind the hatred of a Puritan for the cavalier and she was exercising her feelings on me. I would like to have explained my side to Mistress Lora which I would have spurned to do to any other person. Her father of course was the maiden's adviser, as he should have been. I was for going to the elder endeavoring to set him aright, even seeking him around the deck with this purpose in mind. Fortunately, he was not to be found and after considering the matter I decided to postpone the interview.

In the meantime the wind held off our quarter lightly, until the ship was above two score miles past Cape Cod, then in the middle of the afternoon it died down barely giving the vessel headway. The leads were going constantly, fetching bottom at a few fathoms. Shoals and sands were on all sides and in the near distance I could see the surf breaking upon shallows. It was soon clear that unless Captain Jones was a master sailor, he would leave the ribs of his ship to decay upon one of the nu-

merous shoals that surrounded us. The passengers too grew nervous over the prospect, though the sailors showed no great alarm.

There was a hurried consultation again in the roundhouse, between Captain Jones and the head men, what course the ship should now pursue. As usual the gray haired Carver took the lead by stating, "Master Jones, what say you to our prospect of gaining Hudson's River?"

The captain answered quickly, "If the wind holds good we can come to the river quickly, but if it continues to fail us as it has the last hour, we shall go hard and fast upon the sands."

Doctor Fuller having in mind his sick people now asked, "Do the winds blow steady or variable on this coast?"

"Changeable as in the English Channel," was the mariner's bluff reply.

Then the good doctor delivered his opinion saying, "It has been my ill fortune to wait days for a favorable wind to blow across the channel to Holland; if we are compelled to stand by as long, waiting to be carried to Hudson's River, most of the sick people will be dead."

Master Carver, Bradford, and even Elder Brewster were for going on to Hudson's River where their charter enabled them to control and govern their fellow colonists. Their whole thought was upon the civil authority as granted them. This they conceived they had in truth if they came to their destination, to land elsewhere they feared would bring confusion, and stoutly said so.

Their scruples were overcome, however, by a speech of Winslow, who said, "Captain Jones's commission is

to see us landed safely, then sail for England. If we do not build our houses before the chill of winter overtakes us, and the ship leaves us, we shall perish. 'Tis better to turn back to Cape Cod, where we will find a safe harbor and plenty of building material, than to wait for favorable winds to carry us to Northern Virginia."

Captain Jones sat with a formidable frown on his forehead, confirming word for word what the speaker had said. This the colonists witnessed with considerable feeling, besides Master Winslow had spoken truthfully, so that those who favored going on gave way.

Captain Jones, who sorely wished the matter well ended, asked impatiently, "Master Carver, what say you?"

The governor promptly replied, "Let us return to Cape Cod."

Captain Jones, who had changed his course for the open sea before going into the conference, hoisted all sail to beat off shore as far as possible ere the night came on. This was his only safety, for as far as you could see ahead on the old course the surf was breaking over the shoals. Ere the sun went down the coast line was but a dull black streak on the horizon.

The wisdom of the leader was verified as to the turmoil that would ensue were they to make a landing elsewhere than granted by their charter. For as soon as it became known that the ship was turning back to Cape Cod trouble began.

This cargo of Separatists was divided into two parties, one coming from London, the other from Leyden in Holland. The Londoners went from that city to South-

ampton in this vessel, while the Leyden party came to Southampton in a small ship called the "Speedwell." Though they were all Englishmen still there was more or less feeling between the two parties, the Leydeners even terming their London associates as strangers thrust upon them. The Leyden congregation held together on all subjects, while the London adherents stood alone. As near as I could learn, the Londoners were for going on to Northern Virginia, while the Leydeners were for Cape Cod and New England.

Master Stephen Hopkins who had acted the part of master builder in the morning was the leader of the London party. He was an aggressive man, willful and stubborn. Master Stephen now found himself in a position similar to one which nearly cost him his life eleven years before. At that time he was lay reader to Chaplain Buck, both of whom had joined Sir Thomas Gates's expedition to the bay of the Chesapeake in Virginia. Their vessel was wrecked upon the Bermuda Islands. As the colony's charter was for a government in Virginia only Master Hopkins held that every man was free. Sir Thomas Gates court-martialed the mutineer, found him guilty, and sentenced him to be shot. Chaplain Buck rescued Master Stephen after much difficulty, and sent him off to London for trial, where he was shortly acquitted.

As soon as it was decided to make a landing on Cape Cod, Master Hopkins began quickly advancing his old doctrine, as the colonists were to land without a patent, every man was a law unto himself. He could live in the forests alone, work or play, fish or hunt, and do his will irrespective of the wishes of his associates. This

doctrine of each person doing as he pleased, so suited the fancy of the London party and bound servants, that it bade fair to divide the colony.

Already Master Hopkins, who was an alert man, had fanned the flame until I heard John Billington who talked loud and was a bad man at heart, say with glee, "When once we land in this New England we shall be our own masters. Then these Dutch-Englishmen will not hold us so under their hands, ordering us about as though they were lords of the realm. This Master Carver who has said it is thus and so, during the voyage, will no longer be king over us for we shall all be kings." As soon as I heard this talk I knew it came originally from Master Stephen, as Billington was not equal to it.

As I have said, Master Stephen Hopkins was a man of ability and though given to quoting the Scriptures was full of avarice and loved to have his way. During the voyage I could see that taking orders from Master Carver was galling to him; so I was not surprised to learn of his fomenting a faction that would give him a following of his own. During the afternoon as we stood out to sea, I witnessed the London people in little groups earnestly talking among themselves; no doubt planning what they should do when they landed on the morrow.

Of the one hundred and two colonists on the ship, sixty-nine were from Leyden, thirty from London, one from Southampton, and two sailors under contract. There was not such a great difference in the adults and servants of the two factions, the London men numbering thirteen as against twenty-eight from Holland. It is only fair to say that Richard Warren, Gilbert Winslow,

and a few other London men were not in sympathy with the movement. Still withal Master Hopkins had sufficient backing to cause trouble to the leaders of the other side.

The seditious talk coming to Master Carver's ears caused him to seek the counsel of Brewster, Bradford, and Standish; these Leyden men being the real movers of the voyage. Now that they saw their colony in jeopardy, I expected to see them put forth every effort to overcome the opposition. I felt sure a bridle of some sort would be slipped over Master Hopkins's head to hold him in check, a compromise being impossible, as one was for rule, while the other stood for misrule. With the two factions threatening the peace of the colony, Friday's sun went down, leaving the air charged with much mutinous talk on the part of the men of London, while the men of Leyden wore a thoughtful and serious mien.

Slipping out from under my rugs the next morning, I found a curtain of mist suspended from the heavens, shutting off the view of the shore line, making the decks wet and slippery, giving the vessel an unhappy appearance. I was standing to the lee of the mainmast protecting myself from the damp chill, when I heard footsteps approaching. Looking out from behind the mast I saw Masters Carver, Brewster, and Bradford standing at the side of the ship buried in deep conversation. I could not hear what they were saying but fancied the conference was over the threatened revolt of the Londoners. They were there but a short time when Elder Brewster plucked a paper from his pocket, reading its contents to his associates. It was in Elder Brewster's writing. Master Bradford interrupted the reading

from time to time, though the paper evidently pleased him in the main, as it did Master Carver.

I remained long enough to hear Master Bradford say something about all signing before landing; I presumed he was referring to the elder's paper. Then I went along the opposite side of the vessel, wondering if the London men were still lying snug and warm in their rugs; whilst their Leyden brethren were up and doing. Such must have been the case, as I did not meet another person, as I made my way back to the roundhouse.

The Signing of the Compact

Both the hour glass and Captain Jones's clock in the roundhouse showed it was past eight o'clock on Saturday morning, when the mist began to rise leaving an undimmed view of the shore. The ship's prow was changed running directly to Cape Cod. From the little alcove I could see great activity upon the deck. Master Carver came and asked Captain Jones for the use of the roundhouse for a meeting. The captain gave his consent so that the leader went back to gather his men together. Surmising this to be a part of the plan of the Leyden men, I sat still and waited.

There was a clatter of heavy shoes upon the deck, then the door of our cabin opened admitting Master Carver followed by Elder Brewster, Captain Standish, Masters Bradford, Winslow, and Allerton. Following their head men was the rank and file of the Leyden congregation. Back of these came Stephen Hopkins with what followers he could muster under his flag of revolt.

Now that these men confronted me, I began to compare them with others that occupied high positions in England, whom I knew. I confess they were clean in countenance, dignified in manner, and wholesome in appearance. Captain Standish had told me the history of most of them so that I was familiar with their past lives, some part of which I must now give in order to illuminate their conduct on this morning, when they created a government of their own, in which men were to rule

themselves. As the Leyden leaders stood at bay, fighting for the life of the colony, with jaws set and determined faces, so I would give their pictures on paper, as the man of art would hold them on canvas, for the view of those who did not see them as I did.

As I have related I know only what Captain Standish had told me of them, though I had little use for Separatists, still these men conducted themselves so fairly that I must speak justly of them.

Master Carver, who was the ship's governor, was the central figure of the group. He was a man of about sixty, with gray hair and close cropped beard giving dignity to his kindly face. An Essex merchant in middle life he went to Holland, there happening on the Separatists, married the sister of Pastor John Robinson. Of goodly estate, he spent it so freely upon the Separatists that he became as poor as the poorest of them. This charity which divested him of his goods, marked his every act toward the colonists. When the first negotiation for a Virginia charter was begun, he with another was sent to London to carry it to a conclusion. This confidence was again bestowed upon him when his Leyden brethren sent him to London to purchase supplies for the voyage. The money was advanced by London merchants with the expectations that the supplies would be purchased in that city; but Master Carver true to his trust carried himself to Southampton where the purchases were mostly made, much to the disgust of the London principals. Kindly and gentle in disposition he was loved devotedly by his people.

Close by the side of Master Carver was the tall form of Elder William Brewster, his thin face showing years of toil. With the air of a goodly man about him, there

was linked a wisdom coming from knowledge of worldly affairs. This last touch I connected with a statement which my friend Captain Standish made to me concerning his life; for he said that Elder Brewster was a graduate of Cambridge University, and a man of learning. Early in his career he had been the aid and confidant of William Davidson, secretary of state to good Queen Elizabeth. Master Brewster's end in state matters came, however, with the downfall of Master Davidson for signing the warrant of death of Mary Queen of the Scots. Retiring from the court at London, Master Brewster kept a post house on the great north road at Scrooby in Nottinghamshire. There the Separatists drew him to them.

When the hand of the established church was laid upon the yeomen of Scrooby, it was William Brewster who suggested that the congregation separate from the mother church and escape into Holland. Hence, they took the name of Separatists. It was the goods and estate of the same man that finally transported the people, after many trials and disappointments, in the spring of 1608. Thrown upon his own resources he began with daily labor in Holland, though in England he had been accustomed to plenty. From a teacher of English to the young men attending Leyden University, he became a printer of seditious books, setting up his own type within the narrow confines of his gabled roof attic. When it was apparent that the Separatists were doomed to be swallowed in the ways of the Dutch, it was Elder Brewster who suggested that they move to the wilderness of the new world, where new members would join from England and a firm foundation be established for the wavering congregation.

His title of elder was given him through his being an elder of the Leyden Church. With his shoulder touching that of the gray haired Carver, I could not help but think that if my friend Standish spoke accurately, Master Carver was the governor of the colony, whilst Elder Brewster was its moving spirit.

Behind Elder Brewster stood his young friend and ally, Master William Bradford, a north of England yeoman of sturdy stock. He was a man of action. Of medium height, stocky build, he stood squarely on his feet as a man should. Though but thirty, he had been through the trials of these people from his boyhood days. During the various interviews of the colonists with Captain Jones in the roundhouse, Bradford was always determined and willful. According to Captain Standish this Master Bradford, though a yeoman, had been blessed with a desire for knowledge; though never attending a university, he had so applied himself as to speak Dutch and French fluently, and could read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Perhaps it was his taste of the wisdom of these ancient writers that gave him the appearance of one who saw affairs broadly. Master Bradford as I saw him this day was the power, even as Master Carver was the just governor, and Elder Brewster the spirit, of this band of Separatists.

I am undecided whether to take up next a young gentleman of twenty-five, with a pleasing manner, who stood at the right of Master Bradford, or Captain Standish, who was at his left. They were both equally prominent, but I will leave Standish talking earnestly to the gray haired elder, whilst I fashion out the younger man who bore the marks of being of a higher social rank than his associates. He was of a slender figure,

rather below than above the medium height, with his hair falling in ringlets over his shoulders. He was wearing a wide ruff, indicating he was in touch with the world of fashion. With his round face and pointed beard he looked more as if he belonged to the court than to these gray clothed church reformers. Again I must quote Captain Standish, who gave me what I am about to state relative to this Master Edward Winslow. The captain said Master Winslow came of good Worcestershire family and was a man of talent and education. Three years before while in Holland he visited Leyden, there falling in with the Separatists he became attached to them. Marrying one of the maidens he became active in their affairs. Easy in conversation, graceful in manner, Master Winslow conducted himself this day as one who would gain his way by words rather than actions.

Of course the most interesting man in the group was my friend, Captain Standish. From time to time during the voyage I learned from him of his estate and people. His family was an ancient one of Lancashire, in fact of all England. Though heir to a great estate he could not gain possession of it, being compelled to seek service as a soldier in the low countries. He was now thirty-six, short of stature, lithe, and quick of body. A scar across his thin face did not add to his comeliness. He was a man of few words, quick of temper, and would strike hard and often when in anger. A man of strict habits, he was not a member of the Separatists' congregation, coming on the voyage as the military leader of the colonists. His mission was to act as defender against the savages or mayhap the inroads of the Spaniards or the French from Canaday.

Isaac Allerton, big of body, a man of narrow vision, stood close by Captain Standish. His face was marked with grossness, bespeaking a grasping selfish disposition, who would have his way by fair means or foul. Captain Standish did not fancy Master Allerton any more than I did, and only knew he had been a tailor in London, and afterwards a merchant in Holland.

The last of this group of head men of the colonists was Doctor Fuller. Clean faced and clear eyed he bore the marks of being an able man of garden simples. The universal affection for him made him a central figure, though he lacked somewhat the spirit and action of his associates. There was a curious look upon his face, showing clearly he was not within the counsels of the leaders, as he now stood waiting to see what would transpire.

Master Bradford, the elder, Winslow, Allerton, Captain Standish, and Doctor Fuller gathered around Master Carver, as he faced the commonality that came stamping into the roundhouse from the water soaked decks, and took their position around the sides of the cabin. While some stood patiently, others were uneasy, as if suspicious that an undue advantage was to be taken of them, and most of the London men carried a menace in their faces. I fancied that I saw Master Stephen Hopkins's jaw set firmly, as he came in followed by his faction, not liking the awkward position he was being forced into by the Leyden leaders.

When the last man had entered the roundhouse the door was closed and every master and servant stood in the presence of the ship's governor. I was all impatience, to see how the church-going Separatists were going to handle the belligerent Londoners. My sym-

pathies for once were with them, but I was fearful of shrewd Stephen Hopkins and big John Billington, who was an unworthy person, and with his family had been taken on board the ship at London.

Since much was made of this morning's proceedings by the crown authorities in after years, and as the French Ambassador wrote to Paris of a new form of government having been founded to be independent of London, it lies within my province as a spectator to tell what I saw and heard myself, so that you may form your own opinion as to what was or was not done.

Captain Jones and I were seated in the starboard alcove, giving us full view of the cabin and at the same time the distant shore. From time to time he would look my way and with a knowing wink gave me to understand there was trouble brewing. I paid little heed to him since my attention was entirely taken up with watching the faces of the group of leaders. While I was looking, the sun which had been subdued by the mists of the morning, broke forth, illuminating the dark beams of the roundhouse, showing clearly the goodly face of the governor, the sympathy of Elder Brewster, the firmness of Bradford, the diplomacy of Winslow, and the courage of Standish. These men as I saw them then impressed me as worthy of believing and following. Cool, calm, deliberate, though they felt they were standing in the presence of revolt and possibly defeat of their plans, there was not a sign of the tension, except what might be read on the care-worn face of their leader.

It was the full voice of Master Carver that called the men's attention to the object of their coming together. He was a plain spoken man dealing in no fine phrases.

Simply, I thought, bluntly he told his hearers that there had been talk amongst the colonists of the lack of controlling power of the charter, as they were about to land in a new country for which they had no patent. Master Carver did not deny or affirm this statement but straightway took up the task of showing the dangers that surrounded them: the cold of winter, lack of shelter, want of provisions, and the necessity of laboring in the fields that another season they might reap a harvest. Freely and fully he touched upon these things, concluding by dwelling upon the greatest of all dangers, the attack of the savages. He quoted from the book of Captain John Smith as authority, that four years before he had seen in this very country about Cape Cod, wigwams, cleared fields, and many lusty Indians. In the presence of these known dangers Master Carver declared they should stand together, there should be no factions, but all unite in a bond of friendship.

Master Hopkins grew weary under this talk, evidently suspicious his followers would not bide by him. I nudged Captain Jones as Master Carver drew forth the paper which Elder Brewster had read that morning on the deck to him and Master Bradford. Now, I thought, the men of Leyden having their trap well baited were about to spring it upon their London friends.

As he held up the paper he said it was a compact that would establish a form of government with or without a charter, if they were willing to sign it. Then in a clear calm voice he read the compact.

> In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are under written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, etc. Having undertaken for the glory of God an advancement of the Christian faith

and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends of aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most needed and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof, we have here underscribed our names at Cape Cod the twenty-first of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign, Lord King James of England, France and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Dom., 1620.

This was a strange document to me. It was also a new and dangerous doctrine, I thought, for if men were going to rule themselves of what good was a monarch? At all events Master Stephen did not like it any better than I did, and asked Master Carver to read the paper a second time.

During the second reading Master Christopher Martin stood with puzzled face, finally blustering out impatiently, "This is not a king's paper, and has no authority over us."

Stephen Hopkins smiled. Captain Jones looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, while I turned towards Master Carver, wondering what answer he would make.

The Leyden men were evidently prepared for this attack, for in a calm voice Master Carver replied, "True 'tis not a king's paper, but once all agree to this, it gives us a form of government which is necessary for our safety in our present perilous situation, and this civil form is so constituted by the consent of all."

Master Stephen could contain himself no longer,

wrathfully saying, "How so, for it is of man's making."

"True it is of man's making, but all civil power is such whether it be constituted by the king or by the people themselves. It is the civil power which is God's Holy Ordinance however constituted," answered the ship's governor.

I was angered by this creed and longed to enter the debate but bit my tongue and sat in silence.

What stirred me more was Master Carver at once saying, "To the men of Leyden, God's Ordinances are above the King's."

"Then can we establish a government without the King's consent?" exclaimed Master Martin.

"If we all agree to do so, since the king is not here to grant such power to us," returned Master Carver.

Turning to Captain Jones I whispered to him, "These men would soon do away with a king."

The master of the ship had greater intelligence than I supposed, for he whispered back, "That was the reason King James told the Separatists at the Hampton Court Conference that unless they conformed to the established church he would harry them out of his kingdom. His Majesty at the time declared their creed would soon carry them to saying, 'no bishop, no king.'"

Master Hopkins, who was a stubborn and fractious man, now demanded, "By what authority comes this agreement?"

Then the leader of the Leyden men drew forth another strange paper from his doublet, holding it up that the people might see it, saying, "This is the last letter from our beloved pastor, Master John Robinson, written from Leyden. Though I read it to you before sail-

ing from Southampton, I shall read it again, as it is written to all of you and to no one in particular."

Then he read the letter from their old leader, whom they had left in Leyden, in which he used many and various phrases admonishing them to live in fear of their God, to be patient with each other, to overlook each others' frailties and dwell in harmony as one people. Turning toward Stephen Hopkins and the London men, he said, "Master Stephen, you ask by what authority comes this agreement, listen while I read this clause of Pastor Robinson's letter, and you will understand." Then turning to the letter Master Carver read from it:

> Lastly, whereas you are become a body politic, using amongst yourselves civil government, and are not furnished with any persons of special eminence above the rest, to be chosen by you into office of government, let your wisdom and godliness appear, not only in choosing such persons as do entirely love and will promote the common good, but also yielding unto them all due honor and obedience in their lawful administrations, not beholding in them the ordinariness of their persons, but God's Ordinance for your good, not being like the foolish multitude who more honor the gay coat, than either the virtuous mind of the man or glorious ordinances of the Lord.

Here Master Carver turned toward his own people and continued reading,

> But you know better things, and that the image of the Lord's power and authority which the magistrate beareth, is honorable in how mean persons soever. And this duty you both may the more willingly and ought the more conscionably to perform, because you are at least for the present to have only them for your ordinary governor, which yourselves shall make choice of for that work.

Before Master Carver ceased reading big John Bil-

lington roared in an ugly voice, "'Tis but Pastor Robinson's word you would rule us by instead of the king's."

"Nay, not so fast, John Billington, for here is God's word as written through Apostle Paul in Romans xiii, 1-2, for he saith:

> Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive themselves damnation.

"But the powers that be is King James, and his laws are then the ordinance of God and not ours," exclaimed Master Hopkins hotly.

"True, Master Hopkins," replied Master Carver, "but ye mistook the meaning of the words, for if King James be the power in England, the officers of his law are not here with us; the authority which we all confirm upon our leaders and magistrates is on this side of the sea, and is equally of God's ordinance, at least until such time as the king's authority can be extended to our new colony. It is not the person but the law which is God's Holy Ordinance and must be strictly observed."

As Master Carver was speaking, I could only think if he attempted to apply his foolish doctrines to these people, they would soon be in confusion and a snarl. They knew nothing of the making of laws or the machinery to execute them, consequently must rely upon their leaders. My idea was that I would rather have a king than an inexperienced leader. I could only see a lot of ignorant men called upon to perform offices which now were filled in England by men of wisdom and experience and of noble families. I shook my head to Captain Jones and he to me, showing our doubts of the

new fangled theories. I am willing to confess, however, as I looked at the intelligence of the group of men around Master Carver, that my fears were somewhat relieved; but the commonality ruling themselves wisely, I thought impossible.

Master Carver brought matters to an issue quickly, for placing the paper which he was prompted to call "a compact," on the table he said, "'Tis not our wish to force anyone to sign this compact, but those who would live with us in peace and harmony must do so."

With this he called for ink and quill and without further words signed his name. Master Bradford then stepped forward, taking the quill he very handsomely offered it to the elder, but the latter waved him aside bidding him sign, so that Bradford was second, Edward Winslow was third, Elder Brewster fourth, Isaac Allerton fifth, and Captain Standish sixth. I was not surprised at this, knowing the leaders to be agreed among themselves.

But what would the commonality do? Would Master Stephen and his faction sign away their rights? These and other doubts came into my mind as I sat and watched the faces of the men ranged along the side of the cabin. With the exception of Master Carver and Elder Brewster, they were all young men, averaging, I judged, about thirty years of age. As I looked at them closely I began to see some merit in them: a sort of sturdiness of purpose, that after all, if properly directed might come to some good. There was an awkward pause after the captain's signature which was broken by the youthful John Alden, stepping forward from the crowd and taking the quill pen. He was big of body and as he

signed and stood with those who were for government, he made a goodly figure.

The London men still stood together. Master Stephen Hopkins I was sure would hold to the last, for his face was wrinkled with a frown. Of his associates I was in doubt. While I was still watching Master Hopkins, Master Christopher Martin broke away from the revolters, then Master William Mullins, then Richard Warren, all London men. Now I knew that the revolt was at an end, for Master Hopkins was the only man of quality who had not given his allegiance to this compact. Whatever plans he might have had, he resigned quickly, for as John Howland laid down the quill, he seized it and gave his name to this new form of government being the fourteenth signer. John Billington and some of the others were sullen and angry, for they fancied living in the forests and a life of ease. But Billington came forward as the twenty-fifth man retired and gave his consent by his mark. Of the one and forty men and servants who agreed to sign away their rights and have them returned with limitation this morning, Edward Dotey and Edward Leister, who were servants of Master Stephen Hopkins were the last. Of the sixty-five men and boys on board, twenty-five did not sign, but they were the sons of those who had given their allegiance or men so sick they could not.

It was plainly evident that ruling by the people instead of a king was settled in Leyden by Pastor Robinson before the members of his congregation started on their voyage. But this compact, growing out of the situation created by the opposition of the strangers from London, had not been thought of.

Another phase of this strange plan, in which each

individual had equal power, puzzled me greatly: that was on what social plane would all these men now meet. Upon this Mayflower there were three distinct divisions of society – gentlemen, commoners, and servants. On the deck you would hear "Master Carver," "Master Winslow," "Master Hopkins," so that in addressing gentle folks it was, "Master this," and "Master that." But the commoners were called plain "Francis Cook," "Thomas Rogers," "Degory Priest," and, at times, it might be "Goodman so and so." Then Masters Carver, Winslow, Brewster, and Hopkins, and others of the quality men had one and two servants to do their bidding. Being on different recognized social planes, I could not help but question myself how they could be equals in civil government. This strange compact was supposed to perform the miracle of linking them together; though I could not deny its fundamentals were justice and equality, still how could an agreement bind together different natures into one unity. I could not grapple with the performance, being a strong believer in kings, courts, and nobles.

The colonists were not satisfied to upset the ancient form of government, but put in execution their new plan at once. As the last man signed the compact Master Bradford, who was ever forward, said, "Since Master John Carver has been our ship's governor, I move that he be confirmed as our land governor."

With a roar of voices the new government was now put into execution, both factions voting as one man. Though it was new and novel, I must confess the method seemed to work exceedingly well at its first performance.

The first Landing

As I sat in the alcove watching the colonists arranging the new form of government I cast my eyes now and then out of the window towards the distant shore, which we were approaching under fair wind. I could see the shimmer of a sandy beach and back of this white line trees with dark foliage, which at this season of the year I fancied were pines. Coming nearer the land, I could distinguish other trees between the pines with dead leaves clinging to their branches, which any man who was familiar with the forests, even at this distance knew could be none other than oaks. There were other trees standing straight and bare whose branches gave no signs of their family connections. The first sight of the new land interested me greatly.

Captain Jones did not sit through the conference, for as his vessel approached the land he left to take charge of its navigation through the unknown shoals. I longed to be with him, but the doings within the roundhouse fascinated me even more than what was going on without.

As soon as "Master," now "Governor John Carver," was confirmed in his position as ruler of the colony on land, the men left, some satisfied, others disappointed over the outcome. Neither "Governor" Carver nor any of the leaders showed signs of elation over the success of their plans; but followed the others out closely leaving me once more alone in the roundhouse.

I did not tarry long, but made my way out on deck where all was excitement. The colonists were ranged along the side of the vessel, looking intently at the land, now and then calling each other's attention to strange things upon the shore. They were so glad to see dry land again, it made little difference to them whether it was a sand heap or a wilderness, in their anxiety to once more feel the firm ground beneath them. Governor Carver, fearing the wild savages, stopped the unwise resolution of rushing ashore. In fact an armed expedition had already been formed to explore the place of landing. The men who were going, clad in steel armor, were already on deck armed with match-locks and swords.

Seeing what was on foot, I sought Captain Standish who was to command the adventure, endeavoring to arrange with him that I might be one of the party. He already showed the effects of signing the compact, for he said he would consult his associates and let me know. I was piqued at his not saying off hand I could join them, so told him not to bother about my request.

Turning from Captain Standish, I determined to seek Mistress Lora. Our time together was short, for I knew that both the colonists and Captain Jones were anxious to have them ashore. The original intention was to have arrived in the new country the latter part of September, but the delays due to the leaky ship "Speedwell" had thrown them back, so they were just reaching their destination on the twenty-first of November, nearly two months later than they had expected. This meant that the colonists would hasten ashore, the vessel lingering long enough to get sassafras root, and what furs they could barter from the savages, then sail for Eng-

land. My time for seeing the maiden being limited, I felt it must be made the most of, if I was to gain her good will ere the return sailing. With this resolution I looked around the deck, but failed to catch a glimpse of her white hood. Happening to glance forward I saw her with two other maidens. They were evidently speaking of the prospect on shore for as I came up to them, one said, "'Tis a likely looking country with trees coming down to the edge of the water."

Determined to speak to the maiden at all hazards I joined the group audaciously saying, "Mistress Colonists, you have an eye for settlement already, since one would have a place where materials for tree houses are plentiful, and another would have fresh water close by."

My joining them rather took the maidens by surprise, there was an awkward silence, then two of the girls went away without a word. Mistress Lora would have flown with them, but I staid her by saying, "Mistress Lora, why would you shun me?"

"Because—" then she hesitated.

"Because, why?" I exclaimed.

"Because, you are not of us," she faltered.

"Nay, that is not a good reason, since I am not against you."

Then looking at me she demurely said, "Thou art a king's man."

"True," I replied proudly, "but I can see some things differently now, than I did when I first came on the ship."

"But, Master Beaumont, you could never be for us."

"Why?" It was a crucial question, and I hoped now to learn how deep seated her prejudice was toward me.

"Father says that those belonging to the king are of

the established church, which is now persecuting us, besides the nobility are ungodly."

"That is what your father says, what would you think?"

Like a true Separatist maiden she turned on me with a flash in her eye saying, "Father says rightly," then fled from me.

It served me properly, I thought, to put the maiden in a position that she must decry her father to commend me. I watched her until she was lost in the crowd; though she was modest and shy enough, still I liked the flash of fire in her spirited reply.

The ship in the meantime holding its way was entering a harbor ample to hold a thousand sail. The shore line broken with many valleys and hills was covered with dense woods. We sailed every point of the compass in getting into the harbor, Captain Jones anxiously watching the lead and wheelman. He was an expert master seaman, and handled his ship with great caution.

As the ship came into smooth waters, the sailors were sent scrambling up the masts to shorten sail. From the forecastle-deck I could see them scurrying out on the arms, binding the folds of canvas, until the masts stood straight and bare against the sky. The cry of the men at the lead could be heard above the rattling of the braces. For the first time since the shores of old England the anchor lashings were loosened and runways made free. The motion of the vessel slackened. Shrilly the officer's whistle sounded. There was a rasping sound as the cables ran out and the anchor fell into the sea. The headway was barely perceptible, then ceased, and with a gentle sway the ship rode safely at anchor within the quiet waters of the harbor of Cape Cod.

Overlooking the deck I saw the pale faces and wondered how they were to endure the labors of subduing this wilderness stretching away toward the setting sun. For over three months they had been living in foul quarters off of salted and dried meats, much of which was unfit for dogs. The women and children were crowded in the great cabin, while the men between decks were cold and wet. Living in the hold amidst sickening odors and foul air, those who came forth to have a full view of the new land were careworn and feeble. Indeed they counted themselves fortunate who could clamber on deck, for many were unable to do so. Looking across the bay at the sombre forests of pine, then glancing down on this handful of Separatists, I thought their heroism greater than a conqueror of nations.

Thinking it would be proper to congratulate Captain Jones on the end of the voyage, I stepped up to him and said, "Captain, safe at last."

"Only half safe," he replied, "as the other half of the voyage still remains before us."

"Well, the colonists are at least," I replied.

"They are but half safe, too, as they are not settled ashore."

As I had been rebuffed by the colonists and was desirous of seeing the new country I addressed myself to Captain Jones saying, "Captain, I should like to try my snap chance on water-fowl, if you will send me ashore."

He promptly replied, "As you wish, Master Beaumont, and if you do not object, I should like to try my musket as well."

With this understanding I hurried down on deck where the colonists were greatly excited over the party going ashore. Some of them were buckling on steel

breast plates, others were blowing gun matches to a live fire, whilst a few were running their swords back and forth in their scabbards. Captain Standish with his armor and steel cap buckled on was walking around amongst his yeomen soldiers, pulling a strap here and a buckle there, examining a bandolier, advising with this man, warning that one, and kindly chaffing the women about their fears.

The fear of the colonists was well founded, for a few months before, one, Captain Demer, had been attacked by savages in this harbor, losing most of his men and escaping himself with many wounds. Besides Captain John Smith had written in his book that at Cape Cod there were living many lusty Indians. Knowing this, the first landing party went prepared for war.

As for myself I hurried back to the roundhouse. My musket or snap chance hung in reach on the wall and in order. Like a cautious soldier going to battle I buckled on my steel breast plate, back plates, and gorget. Though the steel cap felt heavy as compared to my soft hat, after plucking at its paddings, I put the weighty headgear on. My good sword I swung around my body in case we should come to close quarters. I was assured, however, that the savages did not fancy fighting face to face; but like our ancient English bowman would stand a long way off and shoot you full of arrows. However they fought, I went forth this day in full panoply of steel, as I would have been had I been in the ditches of Flushing. Captain Jones being ready, I took down my snap chance and went forth among the colonists who were armed with ancient match-locks.

All being in readiness, the sailors lowered a long boat and brought it to the ladder for the colonists. For-

tunately the sea was as smooth as a reflecting steel when Captain Standish, after bidding farewell to his good wife, Mistress Rose, went over the side. I thought it dangerous business, for if he should make a misstep and fall he was so weighted with armor that he would go to the bottom like a piece of lead. Then came Governor Carver, Masters Bradford and Winslow, and Elder Brewster, all properly equipped with armor and guns. As I witnessed them going down the ladder, I thought, if the long boat should, through some misadventure, sink, the colonists would be in a bad way. But it seemed to be the manner of the chiefest of the colonists, if there was danger to be encountered or hardships to be endured, they fancied they must be to the fore. There were fifteen men all told in the long boat which pushed away from the ship and took its way toward the sandy beach.

Captain Jones and I were soon quickly seated in our boat, though I am fain to say I did not arrive there without much fear of falling into the sea. There were fewer men in our light boat, so that before the colonists were half way across the bay, we were alongside of them. Whatever Captain Jones might be, this day he showed the spirit of a man, for as our seamen desired to push on ahead and land first he stopped them saying, "Hold back, men, 'tis nothing more than fair that the colonists should be first ashore."

Following Captain Jones's command our boat hung back, while the colonists pushed on toward the sandy beach. Sitting with my musket across my knees I watched the larger boat until of a sudden it stopped about a bow shot from shore. It was evident it was on the shallows, so that the colonists had to plunge in the

ice cold water or turn back. Captain Standish who was in the bow seeing the situation, with a soldier's promptness leaped overboard, holding his gun and sword high above his head; the others followed after, the water coming almost up to their waists. It made me shiver when I saw them. Captain Jones gave me a curious look, as much as to say, "I wish I was on the ship."

Our boat shortly grounding came to a stop. I freely confess I did not get into the cold water without flinching. Instead of leaping over the side of the boat, however, I let myself down slowly and even hesitatingly into the sea. It was colder than I had ever felt it in England, making my teeth chatter.

By the time I reached the beach the last of the colonists was wading out of the sea. Prompted by the same motive, they all fell upon their knees. With their steel caps beside them, the lighted matches in their guns sending up little vapors of smoke, their clothes dripping with the spray of the cold sea, unmindful of the dangers that lurked in the forests beyond, they knelt in worshipful silence.

A winter's sky. . Winds surging hoarsely through the pines. . Waves breaking heavily on the beach. . Forests interminable. . In the midst of omnipotence were these men indomitable. Earnest words borne on the wings of light. . Almighty God called from high Heavens in deep toned voices to fulfill His promises. . Lastly earth courageous led by Spirit Divine. . Thus knelt the praying Pilgrims for the first time in the presence of the new world.

Captain Standish though in full sympathy with the

elder's praying had his mind fixed on other things. While he was kneeling, he held his snap chance upright and from time to time swept the woods with his eyes. Like a faithful guard his watch over his charges began with their first moments ashore.

Though I did not agree with them, I stood with bowed head in recognition of such devotion.

As the elder ceased speaking the men quickly recovered their head-pieces and began blowing their gun matches briskly. A high hill lay immediately in front of us. From its top a full view could be had of the country; and like a good soldier, Captain Standish now advised an overlook of the land from this eminence.

The colonists being yeomen shouldered their guns with great awkwardness, having neither an eye for step nor military formation as they filed off after their leader. Captain Jones and I not caring to risk our lives unnecessarily decided to follow. Once well within the woods they stopped to examine the trees. The pines were not straight and tall like those on the hills of Devonshire, but low growing and gnarly; the oaks too lacked nourishment, being seared with age, though they were barely five and twenty feet to their topmost branches. Having made these observations they moved on cautiously. The forests much to our surprise were free from undergrowth, particularly so near the beach, but the farther into the woods we went, the more our troubles increased with a green vine which grew in tangled masses. It did not take us long to discover that the hill was not of firm earth, but a sand dune, such as holds back the sea from the coast of Holland. The men in heavy armor and beneath weighty match-locks were soon weary. As we approached the

top of the hill we saw that it had been completely cleared of trees. What was more alarming was a pile of wood ready for a match. As we stood there in the trees looking anxiously at the heap of logs it came to us that we were looking upon a signal fire of the savages, furthermore our presence on the coast was not yet known. Though this was a relief still it indicated that we were in a country where the people signaled to each other in the same manner as we did in England.

Captain Standish held his men in check, whilst he advanced into the clearing alone. As he crept along cautiously the colonists blew at their matches so they could fire promptly in case of need. Finally he reached the top of the hill; seeing the way clear he motioned for the rest to come. Gladly we went forth from the woods, anxious to get the first survey of the country.

We took little interest in the ocean; for first we considered, we must look on the landward side to discover the whereabouts of the clearings and homes of the savages. In this we failed as all we beheld were low lying hills, with gentle valleys between; now and then a fresh water pond and a country covered with scrub pines, oaks, and such woody trash fit only for fire-wood. We soon discovered that the sea was in front of us as well as back of us, indicating our landing was on a cape of noble proportions. Looking across the bay we could see the ship safely at anchor, a tiny speck swaying on the ocean.

I could also see the arm of white sand sweeping widely around the bay, which the seamen of many nations had tried to name. Henry Hudson, when he first saw it, called it in Dutch "Witte Hoeck" or White Point. The French Champlain would call it Cape

Blanc or White Cape. Captain John Smith favored Cape James, but Master John Breverton, who was with Captain Gosnold's expedition, just eighteen years before, said of this point in his journal, that the seamen so pestered the decks of the vessel with cod that they were compelled to throw many of them back into the sea. From this the seamen and Captain Gosnold called the white sandy point Cape Cod, and so it has been ever since in spite of efforts to change it.

Imagine yourself on the top of a bleak hill with a wide ocean between yourself and friends, without hope of rescue or aid, one of a handful of farmers and yeomen, looking into an endless forest inhabited by cruel savages. I confess I shuddered at the thought.

Still Master Bradford after gazing upon it said, "Elder, this is a goodly land."

The silence of the ages seemed to me to be lurking under the pines, depressing me more than the fear of the savages. How they dared to face this wilderness with gladness was beyond my comprehension. As for myself I was happy in the thought, that I had the ship to carry me back to England.

As the sun was fast sinking, we turned our backs on all these things and made our way down the hill. Half way down one of the men snapped a twig off a bush, its fragrance attracted his attention. Captain Jones at once pronounced it the precious sassafras bush, which was now in great demand in England for medicinal purposes. Many wise men disputed over its goodness; but whatever they thought of it, it was in such good repute that at one time a cargo of the herb would have been worth a fortune. Coming to another bush, it was torn from the earth and the red bark pulled from its roots.

Its delicate flavor so pleased the colonists that they took a store of it with them.

Once back on the beach, the colonists waded to their boats for axes to cut fire-wood, the stock on the ship having been exhausted. The captain and I not being burdened by this labor walked along the beach in search of fowl. We had gone but a short distance when we heard the chatter of ducks in the midst of wild grass. Stealing up to the blind, we came upon a pond of fresh water, with such quantities of ducks as I never beheld before. We took aim letting our snap chances off together, causing the ducks to arise in clouds leaving a score or more helpless in the reeds. These we secured and being satisfied with our supply returned to the shore.

We found the colonists drawn up in battle array. Hearing the report of our guns they fancied we had been attacked by savages. When we appeared they were grateful for our success and straightway sent their men to try for ducks. Those of the colonists who remained were cutting juniper trees for fuel. One of the choppers was Elder Brewster, and one of the toilers, wading through the cold water with a heavy stick upon his back, was Governor Carver. I could not help but observe to myself, that the new form of individual government was fast adjusting itself to working order.

Before sundown both boats went back to the ship with the first fruits of the new country. The colonists carried juniper fire-wood, roots of sassafras, and a few ducks for their sick; while Captain Jones and I were content with fowl for ourselves being unmindful of the wants of others.

The vessel was lined with pale faced women and chil-

dren peering down into the boat as we came alongside. They could not believe but that great dangers lurked back of the line of trees facing the beach, and that some one of the party had fallen victim to them. In fact the women had been on deck all the while, watching the landing party. They saw the men as they waded ashore, as they stopped to pray on the beach, then with fear saw them one by one disappear in the forests. With bated breath they paced the deck until the party came back to the beach. These terrors now gave way as they looked down into the faces in the boat and saw that none was missing.

The fire-wood was hauled aboard by strong arms and willing hearts, while the ducks were examined amidst many surprises that they were the same as in the marshes of England. The sassafras was soon under the tongues of those who cared to test its delicacy. But the fire-wood was hardly upon deck and the fowls dressed, when there came a hush upon the vessel; as the silence of the forests spread across the bay and the stillness of the eventide stole into the hearts of the people – for at the setting of Saturday's sun the Separatists' Sabbath began.

The sun of the holy day rose on quiet waters. Though the seamen bustled on deck, the colonists sat quietly in groups. There was no preparation of food, further than putting on the table what had been cooked the previous day, except the ducks which were prepared for the sick. Though they hungered for the juice of fresh food, this desire was suppressed until the setting of the sun, for the Separatists' Sabbath ended with the going down of the sun.

Several times this day I caught a glimpse of Mistress

Lora's white hood, but I did not have an opportunity of speaking to her. Once I met her face to face but she hurried by without so much as wishing me a "Good morrow." This only confirmed my good opinion of her modesty and spirit. She was a gentle maiden and one whose good opinions I greatly desired—why I should was more than I could explain to myself. Perhaps it was a natural longing to overcome Mistress Lora's willfulness. My patience surprised me, being content to bide my time until I could calm her prejudices against me.

Bright and early on Monday morning the ship was filled with excitement. During the long voyage the fresh water had been reserved for drinking, so that the women were unable to do their weekly washing. The women after much coaxing and insisting gained the consent of the men to go ashore to resume their weekly task.

Saturday the men made their first landing, Monday the women made theirs. There was great bustling around as the matrons and maids brought their bundles to the side of the ship, the men dropping them into the small boats. Getting the women over the side was no easy matter, but in time this was done, though many hesitated at the task. The transporting of the women and maids through the surf was confided to their husbands and fathers. The unmarried had to be content with carrying great bundles of linen upon their backs, though they were perfectly willing to relieve their companions of their more lively burdens.

Before the women were landed, Captain Standish with a guard had preceded them, marching around the fresh water pond, to see that no savages were lurking

there. He then stationed sentinels around the spot where the women were at work. The women were not permitted to stray from the beach, the men carrying wood and water for them. While the sentinels walked their beats, the women pounded and scoured their clothes, hanging them on neighboring bushes to dry in the November sun, so that Cape Cod was greeted with strange sights and sounds on the first wash-day of the Separatists' women in Captain John Smith's New England.

Neither Captain Jones nor I being interested in the domestic scene, we took our guns and rowed along the shore in quest of ducks. Though we kept close to the marshes we found few fowls feeding. Then we tried for fish, the harbor being reputed as a great place for cod; but in this we were again disappointed, so that we went back to the ship at noontime with barely enough for our table.

Having had heavy toils in the morning, I decided to keep to the deck in the afternoon. Mistress Lora being among the women of the first boat load that went ashore in the morning, I had no hopes of seeing her. Strolling out on deck I could see the women at work on shore, and the white linen spread upon the bushes. Sitting down with my back against the mainmast I fell to dreaming of the earl, Devonshire Hall, Lady Arabella and the comforts of England, which I had given up for this wild voyage; when happening to look up who should I see but Mistress Lora standing a short distance from me gazing intently towards shore. As she showed signs of moving away, I leaped to my feet. It was but Mistress Lora's restlessness, however, which caused her to change her position. She was leaning on the side of

the ship, when I approached and said, "Mistress Lora, I thought you ashore." Giving a little cry of surprise with some confusion she replied, "Master Beaumont, I thought you ashore, as well."

"So I was, but finding neither fish nor fowl I returned. Surely you have no such reason," I went on.

"Nay," she replied, "but my two small brothers brought me aboard, as they could not be trusted ashore."

Speaking seriously I said, "Mistress Lora, you have no fears of this country?"

"Every fear, but these I must overcome," she replied courageously.

"But the labor and the toil?"

"These are but simple dreads; it is the wild savages, I have heard such woeful tales of them."

"You would trust yourself among them?"

With a spirit worthy of good English blood she replied, "Where my people go, there I follow."

"Even unto death?" I asked.

Then looking across the water where she could see the people at work in the presence of the overshadowing danger, in an unfearing voice she replied, "Even unto death."

I could have shouted "Bravo" at her courage. Looking at her gentle face, I thought surely this Separatist maiden is without fear.

The first Expedition of Discovery

When this band of Separatists contracted their debt with the London merchants, they expected to pay it off through the profits derived from fishing and trading with the natives. In fact when their representative was in the presence of King James asking for a charter, his Majesty would know by what source the petitioners expected to gain a living. The answer made was from "fishing."

The king who was given to use liberal speech exclaimed, "So God have my soul, 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles' own calling."

The promise that the Separatists had given their king of fishing, they now began to fulfill. When the vessel called the "Speedwell," which had been purchased outright by the colonists to be used as a fishing sloop, abandoned the voyage, a large shallop was secured in its stead. Being too large to go through the hatches, it was cut in parts to fit between decks. During the voyage the men had slept in the shallop, so that it was open at every seam and in such poor condition that the seamen declared it would never be fit for use.

Whatever the dismantled condition of the boat might be, the colonists had no other course than to repair it. So while the women were working through their two months' washing, the men who could be spared from guarding them, pulled the fishing-boat upon deck. With block and tackle the half wrecked shallop was then

dropped into the sea. Though it threatened to sink before they reached the shore, the men got it into shallow water and by main force dragged it up onto the beach. It was the one hope of the colonists for their explorations and fishing.

Captain Jones had conceived the idea that the colonists would be inclined to take their time in finding a landing-place. Meeting "Governor" Carver on deck in the evening after the women had returned, he said quite curtly, "Master," then quickly catching himself, "Governor Carver, how soon will you find a landing-place?"

"Just as quickly as our shallop is mended," was the governor's response.

"Pray, how soon, think you, that will be?"

"Our carpenter reports in a few days."

"That is well, as the season for our return is already late; I should have been half way to England ere this," replied Captain Jones impatiently.

As a matter of fact I knew what none of the colonists did, namely, that the captain had made up his mind that after waiting a reasonable length of time he would set them ashore and let them shift for themselves. This conversation with "Governor" Carver had greater significance, therefore, than the governor thought, since it was the beginning of the captain's maneuver's to hasten the ship's return to England.

This impatience of Captain Jones and the uneasiness of the colonists caused them to form an expedition immediately to examine the country on foot. This did not meet with the hearty approval of Governor Carver and the other leaders, being unwilling to trust their men to the perils of the woods and savages. Their reluctance,

EXPEDITION FOR
FIRST DISCOVERY
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
November, 15, 16, 17, O. S. 1620.
Party consisted of sixteen armored colonists led by Captain Miles Standish.
End of Cape Cod
Pond
Pond
High Hill
The Ship
Men wading through surf
Signal shots for long boat
Beach Point
East Harbor
First night's rendezvous
Wm. Bradford caught by deertrap
Signal fire to ship
Second night's rendezvous Kettle sunk in the Pond
Pond
Spring, first drink of water
First Clamps
Remains Palisades
First Corn
Indian Graves
Field
Remains of house also found Ship's kettle
Pamet River
SCALE OF MILES.
0
1
2
3
THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

however, was overcome by the urgent necessity of finding a suitable spot on which to build. As soon as I heard of the party of exploration I was anxious to join it. Swallowing my pride aroused by the refusal of Captain Standish to permit me to join them in the first landing, I now sought him and asked that I might be one of the adventurers. Whether he had consulted his associates before in spite of my telling him not to, I do not know; but he said at once he would make a place for me, and asked me to be ready with musket and provisions early the next morning.

It was daylight when Captain Jones and I ate our breakfast in the roundhouse. He was going for ducks, while I was going with the colonists. The captain left me fuming over my steel gorget, which for some reason would not cover my neck closely. Finally adjusting the stubborn piece, I was soon encased in my armor.

Coming out onto the deck in my steel armor, gun over my shoulder, and roll of sleeping-rug and bread on my back, I ran full into Mistress Lora. She was surprised at my going on the journey, and furthermore showed it. No doubt she would have passed me by, had I not said, "Mistress Lora, you see I am going to seek a home for you."

"So I perceive," was her reply.

"Perhaps you will feel that I am not an enemy."

"That may be true, Master Beaumont, but how can you be one of us? You have been to court; for aught I know bear a title, which ties you closer than you know to the people who hate us." She was speaking now from her own feelings, which was my first real insight into the depths of her prejudice against me.

"Nay, nay," I said, "my allegiances are on one side of the ocean, but my desires on this."

This puzzled her for she replied, "I do not understand."

I could not forbear, however, but refer to my hopes in another way, so I said, "Since this land fascinates you, can not it please me as well?"

"Nay, but the country does not please me, but I must be content with it, whilst you can flee from it," she replied with spirit.

"Supposing I would not flee from it," I said watching her face closely.

"Then you would be a strange man indeed. What see you in yonder sand bank, with its gnarly pines, that would keep you from the brave clothes and gay scenes of England's halls?" She, too, was watching me closely to discover what sort of person I was that would set my back on plenty for the wilderness.

"Nay, not the country but—" there is no telling how I would have finished my sentence, but for the command of Captain Standish calling all who were going to come at once. This interruption saved me; without ending my reply, I hurried from the maiden, leaving her completely puzzled.

It was agreed that this first expedition was to be under the command of Captain Standish, with Masters Bradford, Stephen Hopkins, and Edward Tilley as lieutenants and advisers. Master Hopkins was being given every honor to show that rancor was not in the hearts of the leaders for his opposition to the compact. Besides he had been to Virginia and could explain many of the novelties they were likely to encounter. Captain Jones

who did not fancy walking far from his own quarter-deck decided to stay behind and watch over the ship.

With many farewells the party pushed away from the ship, leaving the women and children in tears. I saw Mistress Lora watching intently, but failed to catch any part of a greeting from her.

Once upon the beach Captain Standish endeavored to give his raw recruits a few military instructions. To begin with, it was agreed that no one was to fire at duck, deer, or hare for fear of attracting the savages. Remembering his English training the captain warned his men in case of attack, their safety lay in holding and fighting together. Wisely he advised, until they knew how the savages fought they must withhold their fire and maintain their courage. Warning them finally that they must not stray away, he took his place at the head of the column.

Unless you have been encased in steel armor, and burdened by the weight of an ancient match-lock you can not appreciate how quickly fatigue comes to a man walking through shifting sand. Before the men had gone far they began lagging and shifting their guns from one shoulder to the other. These labors were soon forgotten, however, as we watched the approach of several men, who came on so bravely we supposed them to be a party of sailors, who were ashore hunting. Of a sudden Captain Standish halted us; his quick eye had caught strange signs in the manners of the men ahead. Calling loudly to them to confirm his distrust, the strangers ran into the bush whistling after them a little dog that was inclined to stand its ground.

We were greatly agitated and thrown into confusion,

I drew back the hammer of my snap chance while the others blew furiously at their matches. Then this new trial at individual government showed its form; for the civil men, Masters Bradford, Hopkins, and Tilley, began to confer with Captain Standish, the military leader. While I watched with one eye the place where the savages had disappeared, I made an effort to keep the other one on the conference, wondering why we stood in idleness, when we had an appointed leader who was a soldier. Captain Standish was for plunging into the bush on the heels of the savages. Stephen Hopkins advised him otherwise, saying that the wild men of Virginia had a way of making a shield of bushes and trees, from which they shot arrows. Furthermore it was their practice to send out a small party as a decoy to lead their enemies deeper into the woods, where their companions lay in ambush.

Though Master Hopkins could not persuade the colonists not to follow, Captain Standish observed such caution in his advance, that we were a long time coming to the spot. Every man's heart was beating rapidly, and his match burning brightly as we advanced along the beach to where the savages ran into the forest. Though we could neither see nor hear them, we fancied the savages had a way of secreting themselves not familiar to us.

When once we had overcome our fears and realized the savages had made away, we lowered our guns and eagerly crowded around their footprints in the sand. My curiosity was aroused as it was evident that they were running barefoot at this season of the year, as there were no signs of heel marks of shoes. But Master Hopkins advised me they had a way of making shoes

out of deer skin, so pliable as to permit their feet to conform to the shape of log or rock enabling them to cling without slipping.

While we stood around the footprints in the sand, the leaders again discussed whether to follow them or to go on to the river, the mouth of which we fancied we saw from the deck of the vessel. The civil leaders, deciding that making peace with the savages was of greater importance than finding the river, asked Captain Standish to lead us on. When we came to the edge of the woods there was a crashing of underbrush ahead of us, caused by the natives who had audaciously stood their ground to see if we would follow them. Though this startled us, it did not deter the men from beginning the chase in earnest.

Though we hurried along at a good pace the weight of our armor held us back so that we were no match for the savages, who were used to traveling through the woods under no greater burden than a piece of fur around their loins. Captain Standish soon developed a keen sense of sight, for, though the footprints would sometimes be blurred and lost in the leaves, he held to his way. In fact he adapted himself so readily to woods work, we followed him confidently whither he led. There were no doubts in the minds of the men that the captain led them this day, for during the afternoon he must have showed us the way through ten miles of brush and forest.

With the coming of darkness we mounted a small hill, on the top of which we made our rendezvous of brush. The English yeomen and farmers, having had no experience of the ways of the woods, were but beginners in this craft. Worn by the chase of the after-

noon the men threw themselves upon the ground to rest, while Captain Standish and Master Hopkins went forth in search of fire-wood. In their absence some of the party gathered together a pile of leaves on the top of which they spread soft flax tinder; a bit of which every man always carried.

One of the party bent over to make a live spark come from the steel, but his fingers were too chilled; then Master Bradford, who was a sturdy man with steel and flint, made a try. While his companions hung over him, he drew back the steel and with a quick stroke sent a spark flying from the flint into the soft flax, where it hung for a moment glowing, then went out. Another stroke of the steel upon the hard stone and a large star-like spark fell into the embraces of the touch wood, this time it caught the fibre with its heat, setting up a little puff of smoke to delight the hearts of the cold spectators.

The tired colonists under the warmth of the fire soon regained their strength and made ready their repast, which consisted of a few ship's biscuits, hard and dry, and a bit of Holland cheese. When we left the ship we had the impression that springs of fresh water bubbled forth from the base of every hill, for this reason we brought none with us. All the afternoon during our chase over the hills and through the valleys, we kept close watch for a spring or brook but failed to find one. Had it not been for a flask of brandy or aqua vitæ, we would have let the cold bread and cheese lie within us, without the encouragement of a liquid.

Sentinels stood around, so afraid was the captain of the savages, and through the night while some slept the others kept their vigil. Though we longed to be rid of

our armor, we dared not do so, for fear of attack. Lying in the embrace of the steel was uncomfortable enough, but with the cold added we were indeed ill at ease; furthermore, when once the stiff harness was chilled, there was nothing else for us to do but to get close to the fire and heat it up like a frying pan. It was my first night in steel armor, and before morning my aching flesh made me hope it would be my last. The fact was that after one or two tries, we abandoned all hope of sleeping and got what rest we could by sitting around the fire. From time to time I looked off into the dimly lighted forest and saw the figure of a Separatist sentinel, tall and grim, moving about, showing by the glow of his match that he was alert.

After the restless night in armor we started as soon as the light would permit to follow the footings of the savages. Before breaking our rendezvous we tarried long enough to swallow the dry ship's bread and cheese, though our throats cried loudly for a draught of cooling water. There was a heavy frost during the night which settled the sand and lifted the coarse grass, so that the tracings of the savages were hard to follow; but Captain Standish kept faithfully to his task, and led us until we came into the valley of a brackish creek. There we found the bushes thick and boughs of trees so low that our armor was beaten and battered worse than if we had been in a real encounter. Making our way along this valley through the growth with the greatest difficulty, we finally encompassed the head of the creek, climbing a hill to survey the surroundings. Though we looked in every direction we saw neither houses nor clearings of the savages, the land apparently being a wilderness. While the leaders made this survey the

men broke down the brush and lay upon it; Captain Standish through pity hesitated to call them to their feet. Our thirst by this time added its distress to our burden, so that we were moving under great difficulty.

When the morning was half spent we came into a valley so full of brush, briers, and reeds that some of the men hesitated to undertake it. But when we came down onto the plain we found little paths leading through the mass of vegetation, otherwise in our tired condition we could never have gone through it. While we were at the edge of this low land we heard a rustling of the reeds. We were alert instantly; the snap-chance locks clicking, while the active matches set up little curls of smoke. Our alarm subsided when a deer leaped out of the rushes so nimbly, we were unable to get range of it.

Our throats being parched for the lack of water we felt little interest in our surroundings. It had been four and twenty hours since we had tasted water. The hills were dry and sandy nor did the valleys hold forth encouragement for our relief. I would have gone on until I dropped; but some of the party were fearful if we continued they would not have the strength to return. Captain Standish heard the murmurs but resolutely kept on the narrow path until suddenly he came to a halt. Again we threw up our guns but he motioned them aside crying, "A spring!"

The men would have rushed into the water and drunk their fill, but Captain Standish and Master Bradford held them in restraint. With great caution they measured out the water to each of us, until the anguish of thirst had been relieved. Whatever else this country

might contain, we all felt then as if this first draught of New England water was worthy of them all.

Now that we were refreshed, some were uneasy having come far into the wilderness and not knowing how to find our way out. This talk influenced the leaders to return as there were no signs of savage habitations. Encompassed as we had been by the trees, we thought we must be leagues away from the sea; but turning back, in a short time we saw daylight through the tree-tops and heard the roar of the surf, and before we were aware were out on the beach.

Though the Separatists were apparently indifferent to things around them and seemed careless of things of this world, still there was a tenderness that lurked in them, that from time to time broke out in various ways. As soon as they came in sight of the vessel, that lay off in the distance, it was decided to signal it by means of a fire. The steel flint and tinder were soon ready for use. With a little patience we soon had a fire, sending up leaping flames and a column of smoke that could be easily seen from the ship.

Our destination when we left the ship the day before was a river to the right of the harbor, which was hoped would prove suitable for a settlement. We were on our way when the savages appeared, thus causing us to take after the wild men, instead of holding to the first course. Now that we had been outstripped in the chase, both civil and military leaders agreed we should once more make our way to the supposed river of which we were in quest.

We were about a mile on our way, when the quick eye of Captain Standish detected a well beaten path

leading through the trees from the shore. Curious to confirm his sight, he halted us while he went forward to examine the ground. Again it was decided to abandon the search for the river, and seek the savages who used this well beaten way, leading into the interior. By this time our fear of the woods was somewhat allayed, so that we did not approach it in battle array, but resolutely and calmly. Ere we were aware we had followed the path over a hill into a valley where woodgale was growing in a tangled mass; and again my breast plates were hammered by the branches of trees, and the brush so caught the straps that held the steel plates together, I would have been glad to have left my armor in the woods. I had not gone far into this brush, when I made up my mind that a steel armor was a poor suit for a New England forest, however good it might be in the camps and castles of Europe.

The broad path led us to a fresh water pond about a musket shot broad and two shots long, so surrounded by reeds and growing brush we could only get to the water, where the wild animals had broken their way in to drink. From these clear spots we could see ducks in great numbers; now and then I picked up the clear "honk, honk" of a wild goose, which made me take hope that after all there was good shooting.

Beyond the pond we came to a great clearing, in which stood what looked like the stems of small trees in rows. As I looked over this clearing at the long rows of stubble, all I could guess was that the savages had planted trees for fire-wood and had cut them off for their winter's supply. My imaginings were brought to an end by Master Stephen Hopkins, who was the oracle for all novelties in this new country. Master Stephen

at once announced that we were looking over an old field of maize or Indian corn, and that the sticks in rows were the stalks of that peculiar plant. Then while some blew their matches others of us stood around him, while Master Stephen discoursed upon this maize. He said that the savages divided the year into five seasons; winter, spring, summer, earing of the corn, and falling of the leaves.

The curious men would have stopped longer to know more of this plant; but Master Hopkins moved off to where the leaders were holding a conference. As there were no houses in sight, some of the men went into the field and pulled the corn out of the ground. The one I tore up was so well anchored I had to use both hands. When I shook the earth from the stubble and saw its mass of roots, I was more anxious than ever to see more of this Indian corn.

I wanted to know of Master Stephen, if this plant was natural to this country, why it did not grow of its own accord either in the woods or in the open valleys. To this he replied that he had been in many wild places in Virginia, but that he had never seen maize except close by the habitation of men. In fact he said it required the caresses of mankind to keep the curious plant alive, and if left to itself it would soon die. Having marched around the clearing and finding no signs of the savages, it was decided to make our way back to the seashore and so on to the discovery of the river.

Some of the party fancied that marching on the open beach was easier than in the thickets; but they soon realized their mistake for we had barely gone a mile, when the tired men began to lag. Captain Standish began to argue and coax the tired men, but they were

so weary from marching under the load of armor and guns that they could not keep up. I did my best by words and example to aid the weary, but it was soon evident that we would have to again take to the woods or abandon the expedition.

From the first the colonists looked askance at me. They could not treat me as an enemy, nor could they accept me as a friend. I was careful not to arouse their antagonism by any act, and marched shoulder with them as one of their own. During the night I gathered wood for the fire, ate my bread and cheese without a grumble, and showed a cheerful face at all times. This rather took Master Bradford by surprise, but pleased Captain Standish, who I fancied was glad to have me along. Now that some of the men were too weary to march in the soft sand, I encouraged them with a draught from my flask, so that they could not but feel I was doing my part as a man, if not a comrade. As a matter of fact I began to respect these Englishmen and see some good in them in spite of my early teachings.

The men's spirits were sinking fast within them, when Captain Standish again struck into a broad path. Another conference was held and again it was decided to follow the beaten way, hoping it would lead to a village, where we could at least learn where we were going and what was the condition of the country. Instead it took us to a deserted clearing where there were many mounds or barrows of sand. We hesitated to advance into this clearing and stood in the border of the woods with guns ready and anxious faces. Seeing the way was clear we left the forests and gathered around the nearest hillock, which was covered with a half rotted matting made of seagrass. Master Bradford carefully pulling back this

covering exposed a hollow wooden dish like a mortar under which was an earthen pot. Musing what this mound might contain, one of the men dug with his cutlass, bringing to light a half rotted bow and a half handful of arrows, headed with bones.

Fancying the arrows were poor weapons, I tested the head of one upon the end of my forefinger, proving that its firmness was ample to enter the flesh of man or beast. Master Bradford, who was learned in books, said he had read of ancient people placing weapons with their dead, and he fancied we were burrowing in the grave of a savage. This put a quick end to the investigations, since we were desirous of dealing with the living rather than the dead.

The beaten path running through the forests past this burying place, it was decided to pursue it further come what would. Passing two clearings we came to a third, where we found a rough house had once stood, beside which were several ship's planks and beneath them a great kettle, which had come from Europe. The little party drew close around the kettle looking at it curiously, wondering how it came here and what story it could tell, could it but speak.

A rod from where we found the kettle was a mound with the markings of fingers showing clearly in the sand. The freshness of the hand marks caused Captain Standish to set sentinels in the woods lest the savages should come upon us unawares. With this guard set, three men began to explore the contents of the barrow with their cutlasses.

The frosts having not yet set the earth, the diggers found little trouble in removing it. Shortly I saw the mound diggers stop their work, and stooping over drag

an object from beneath the sand. Drawing near I saw a little basket of curious weaving full of grain, the like of which I had never seen. Master Hopkins picked up a handful saying, "'Tis fair Indian corn."

The men ran their hands deep into the smooth hard grains; bringing up a handful, they would let the corn leak through their fingers like pebbles. When I crushed the grain between my teeth it left no manner of flavor, so that I was disappointed in it. While we were still viewing the prize, the diggers came on a new mat, which they threw back uncovering a round hole lined with bark. In the center of it was a basket narrow and rounding at the top, holding about four English bushels. Over the mouth of the basket was a covering of strips of bark, so neatly lapped over each other, as to prevent the dirt from trickling through. With great care these strips were moved from the top showing the basket filled with loose grains and with six and thirty pieces of the corn on its sticks.

No sixteen men ever looked upon an unknown object with greater curiosity, than we did, as we crowded around the basket of maize. Astonishment was written upon our faces as Master Edward Tilley handed each of us a stick of corn. Mine was mostly yellow with now and then a blue grain, making quite a handsome appearance. I endeavored to break a grain from its fastening, but the piece stuck so tenaciously, I bruised my thumb, without dislodging it. Master Hopkins took two of the sticks and rubbed them together, thus loosening the grains and letting them fly in every direction. Then I discovered that each grain was set in a pocket, the sides of which closed upon it, just as a gold worker would clasp a jewel in a ring, so that each bit

was held firm in spite of wind and weather. Though this maize is grown now in many parts of the world, it was new to us who beheld it for the first time on this November day, so that we stood and marveled at its strangeness.

It was decided to bear the basket and its contents away; but when we came to lift it we found it too weighty to be dragged from its cage of bark. Master Bradford now declared we must fill our pockets and carry away what grain we could to use as seed for planting. Though I was not interested in spring planting, I converted the pockets of my greatcoat into grain bags and filled them both with the loose corn, doing my best in this matter as I had in the others. Then some one brought forth the old ship's kettle, and with bark scoops filled it to the brim, making a bulky but handy package.

The earth was put back carefully over the two baskets and beaten down as we found it, but with white men's finger marks instead of savages'.

With our pockets filled to overflowing with the grains of Indian maize and the kettle swaying from a sapling on the shoulders of two men, we again took up the march down the path towards the sea. Before going, however, Master Bradford announced that strict account must be kept and the same value was to be returned to the savages, from whom the corn was taken. While we were on the march we found a row of stakes, which upon examination was believed to have been a white man's stronghold.

The discovery made Master Hopkins declare that the ship's kettle and the barricade belonged to Master Martin Pring's men, who came to this northern part of Virginia with a cargo from Bristol merchants through

leave of Sir Walter Raleigh in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Master Bradford favored the kettle as coming from Gosnold's men or perhaps Captain John Smith's, but these were idle speculations since there was naught to indicate who were the original owners. All the way back to the beach the men were puzzling themselves over the signs of white men and the question was still under discussion when we came out onto the beach.

Having been diverted many times from the discovery and explorations of the river, we at length set our faces towards this purpose. Rounding a headland we came upon an intake of the sea, which we took to be the mouth of the river. In single column we filed along the left bank of what we supposed to be a river, though the water was as salty as the sea. Captain Standish led the way with the rest following.

As we were breaking our way through the brush, Degory Priest discovered a strange and brownish object concealed in the thicket and, dragging it forth, found it to be a savage boat or canoe. It was in proportion like a wherry of the River Thames, though exceeding it in bigness. We marveled at its structure for it was naught but sheets of white birch bark shaped over ribs of white cedar, sewn with fine roots.

John Billington who essayed to show us how the bark boat would carry his weight, carefully put one foot into the canoe. Seeing it bore him he ventured his whole body within the frail craft, when it turned in a twinkle. After this first performance no one would trust himself in it.

Following along this branch for quite a distance and finding the soil poor and the water still salty, the lead-

ers made up their minds that after all it was but an intake of the sea and not a fresh water river. As they could not cross, and promises had been made to those on shipboard that the party would be absent only two days, the leaders decided to turn back. Starting toward home set a new heart in the tired men. Those, who were dragging themselves wearily but a few moments before, picked up their feet in earnest and strode after their leaders with renewed vigor.

Being evident that we could not make the ship this night, the leaders turned into the fresh water pond which we had seen earlier in the day, and fixed our rendezvous. Before taking themselves to the brush beds the colonists knelt around the blazing fire, while Master Bradford sent up the nightly prayer. This was their custom, both with the rising and the setting of the sun, whether in the forest or on board the ship. I was pagan enough not to kneel with them, though I always bowed my head in reverence and endeavored to recall some of the prayers of the established church; but I confess, that they were always through before I began.

My bed of boughs was a welcome relief, after the toils of the two days and I was soon fast asleep. During the night I was awakened by the rain playing "pity pat" on my breast plate. The cold November rain soon chilled us to the bone. Not caring to lie and freeze, we stood in a circle around the fire, with the water running off our steel caps upon our half frozen faces.

Taking off my steel bonnet I hoped to gain relief from its cold clasp, but the rain in my hair was worse so I was compelled to put it on again. Half frozen we shivered through the night. The rain put out the matches and dampened the powder pans of the guns of

the sentinels, making them useless, so that they abandoned their posts and came and stood with the rest of us around the smouldering camp-fire.

By morning many of the party were in bad plight, having taken severe colds during the night. The kettle of corn being more of a burden than the men could carry, it was decided to leave it and carry what seed corn they could back to the ship in their pockets. At first it was thought best to hang the empty kettle on a tree so that the savages could recover it, then the leaders decided to throw it into the lake, marking the spot so they could find it. This was done by the captain and Master Hopkins, while the rest moved off down the path toward the beach. Thinking to take a short cut through the woods we left the beaten way and were soon shrewdly puzzled and finally lost.

Whilst we were following unknown ways in the forests, we came upon a strong sapling drawn to the ground, with a loop of a rope cunningly made, attached to it. There was a store of acorns spread around the sapling as if to invite the wild animals to a feast. Again were we puzzled for this novelty was fashioned well, and in a much better manner than we supposed it was possible for the savages to do. As soon as Master Hopkins saw it, he said it was a deer trap and that the acorns were to entice the animals into the loop, whence the sapling would fly up and so hold the deer until the savages came. We soon had a view of how this trap worked on Master Bradford who was following behind. All stood to one side without warning him, when of a sudden the loop caught his leg, the tree flew upright dragging him off his feet. While some of the men bent down the sapling others released Master William, who

now had great respect for the wisdom of the wild men of the woods. The rope was so well spun of bark that Master Bradford took it away with him to show the people on shipboard.

After the diversion of the deer trap we again essayed to find the beach. The toil of walking on the beaten path the day before had been difficult, but now the men stumbled through the woods coughing and feverish from exposure, making our progress slower than ever. At length the captain, calling his party to a halt, with a few of the able-bodied men went ahead to search for paths. Shortly he came upon the beaten one so that we were soon at the seaside.

The night's rain had so increased the brooks as to make deep creeks of them, which we could barely ford. Before we were dry from one, we were compelled to plunge into the cold water of another, making our teeth chatter. As we were soaking wet Captain Standish, seeing no reason for protecting us further, led us along the beach into the surf, where we had fairly firm footing. The frosty water began to work havoc with the strength of the party.

Wet and weary we came to a creek which was too deep for us to ford. Captain Standish waded in up to his arms, whence the water growing deeper and deeper he was compelled to return to shore. The obstacle seemed to the weak men too great to overcome. But Master Bradford turned into the woods and in a cheery voice urged them to follow, saying they would cross higher up the swollen stream. After urging the men on time after time when they were almost past moving, we came to where a tree had fallen across the brook. With a cry of relief the men hurried onward to this log.

Captain Standish made the first crossing. Satisfying himself that it was of sufficient strength, he bade the strongest men come first and find a place where they could lay their guns so that the matches would not be put out. Then he sent them back for their weaker comrades, carrying their weapons and steadying them over the swift running stream.

Fatigued and weary with this battle with the brush we came back to the sandy shore, willing to trust to its shiftiness, rather than the tangled wilderness. A bold headland thrust itself into the sea ahead. Captain Standish had an idea that from that point the ship could be seen. Bestowing the command upon Master Bradford, he trudged off alone, leaving us to follow at a slower gait.

We watched the captain as he made his way along the beach. As he hurried out to its extreme point, we stopped and looked at him hoping each moment he would signal. We fixed our eyes on the little figure standing out clearly against the color of the sea and saw him hesitate. Our hearts sank within us. Then raising his hand with a loud halloo, he pointed ahead. Now we knew that he had indeed sighted the ship. Once more the spirits of the men overcame their weariness. Marching two and three abreast they came up to the point and, looking across the bay, in the distance saw the ship at anchor. Gallantly we marched along the beach, giving no further heed to our wet clothes and tired bodies. When we came within hearing of the vessel, there was a merry cracking of our match-locks and snap chances. There was a flash of white above the bulwarks, the tender welcome of a fluttering kerchief. It came to me that this was the characteristic way of

men and women: we announced our coming with a great noise while they welcomed us silently but with a great heart.

When the long boat pushed away from the ship, the men sank wearily to the beach, completely undone. Before the boat reached us, however, we were surprised to see a number of men rush out from the forests. Captain Standish called us to stand our ground. Then Governor Carver and Captain Jones, who happened to be ashore, both shouted warnings so that we knew they were friends.

Captain Jones and Governor Carver were greatly interested in what we saw. The governor would know first of our safety; the master mariner, if we had found a place for settling: these questions indicating what was uppermost in the minds of the two men. Then began a cross-fire of questions between the men concerning what we saw, what we did, and what we had. After this greeting the treasure of Indian corn was brought forth from the pockets of doublets and great coats.

I showed my stick of yellow and blue grains to Captain Jones with considerable pride, but he had seen the maize in Virginia and was not even curious about it, saying it was only a "passing ear of corn."

Our party climbed into the long boat. Coming near the vessel, we could see the anxious faces of the women and children along the bulwarks looking with longing eyes. As we drew closer first one then another would make out the face of his loved ones and with a wave of his hand send them greetings. Once beneath the shadow of the vessel those on board crowded close together and, seeing that none was missing, gave way to gladness.

Some of the party, grown feeble from exposure, were unable to climb the rope ladder clad in their armor and divested themselves of both plates, cap, and gun before making an effort to reach the deck. As I had no one waiting for me I stood aside and let the others go ahead so that I was the last to climb the ladder. Once on deck the explorers were assailed with many questions.

The Indian corn was the greatest curiosity, though Master Bradford's rope noose threatened for a time to divide the attention. The men brought the corn from their pockets, giving it around freely to those who would see it, great care being taken that none of this precious seed corn was wasted, it being the mine from which their wealth was to come.

Though the people were interested in the loose grains, the corn sticks were the center of attraction. Mine I longed to keep and take back to England to show the earl and have him test its quality in the fields of Devonshire. As there was not a sufficient number of sticks to go around, the people formed groups around those who were fortunate enough to have one.

Seeing Mistress Lora at the edge of one of these groups endeavoring to catch a glance of a stick held by Francis Eaton and noting that she was meeting with slight success, I went to her saying gently, "Mistress Lora, would you see a stick of yellow and blue maize?"

Calmly enough she replied, "I am getting a view now and then of the one in the hands of Francis Eaton."

"Nay," I replied, "would you handle it?"

Her maidenly curiosity overcame her diffidence for she answered, "But you have none to offer!"

Pulling the yellow and blue piece from my pocket I gave it to her saying, "I have this to offer you."

She took it without hesitation and as she turned it round and round I pointed out to her the different colored grains and explained how tightly they were held to the stick. When she had satisfied herself she offered it to me. I shook my head impulsively, saying, "Mistress Lora, keep it as my peace offering."

With flushed face she replied, "Nay, Master Beaumont, for I do not know what to do with it."

"Plant your own Indian corn bed, when the spring time comes and remember me by it."

Before she could reply I left her holding my stick of yellow and blue corn, as a keepsake.

The second Expedition of Discovery

After the toils on the first discovery, the headmen decided that they would wait for the mending of the shallop to carry them by water. For several days after the return, work on repairing the boat on shore was hindered by stormy weather. This did not hold back the colonists, however, who went daily to their labors. The gray haired governor led the way in these toils, encouraging the men to their duty by his example. All day long they worked in the cold and rain, living on stale bread, a piece of spoiled beef, a bit of cheese, with an occasional sip of beer. Though many had colds and coughs they gave little heed to them and went on in the sleet and rain, as if laboring under clear skies and harbored beneath their own roof.

Captain Jones and I gave ourselves over to hunting. I was disgusted with my adventure in coming to this new country, since I was spending my time shooting ducks, which I could have done equally as well in England, instead of seeking the great animals that I had been led to believe were stalking in the forests. I chafed at this duck-shooting and challenged Captain Jones to go with me into the deep woods to seek big game. But the master mariner was not overfond of walking, besides he had a wholesome dread of the savages, so that I could not get him beyond the fresh water ponds along the shore.

One afternoon, having had good sport, I brought

aboard a goodly supply of ducks, which I distributed among the colonists. Going between decks to find one of the men, I was saluted with a smell of bilge water, and animal odors, that almost drove me back to the deck. I stuck to my purpose, however and groped through the darkness which was broken now and then by the rays from the horn lanterns. Though there were betty lamps, branch candle sticks, sconces, and single sticks aboard, these were not used for fear of fire. The only entrance into the hold was through the great cabin or the forecastle, the deck hatches being battened down. As these openings were not in the air, there were no signs of freshness between the decks, where the men slept and lived next to the goats and swine.

Fortunately there were no horses or cows aboard to increase the nauseous odors of this dark hole, though I could not conceive how it was possible to make it worse. The men with families had built thin partitions, making small cabins, which gave privacy without diluting the discomforts. Most of the men had for their beds canvas rugs beneath and sleeping-rugs above them. It occurred to me as I felt my way through the dismal hole, that they must have been strong lunged men to have existed so long in the foul smelling place. I only stayed long enough to deliver my ducks, then escaped to the deck, glad enough to once more be in the freshness of the sea air.

As I came up through the great cabin I saw a yellow singing bird in a cage, and a family cat lay on a rug. In one corner was a lilac bush which Mistress Rose Standish, wife of the captain, was bringing from Holland. In the warm days of the early voyage she brought it out on deck to drench its earth with water. I was

told then that the lilac was Captain Standish's favorite flower, so that Mistress Rose's devotion to this plant was likewise her devotion to him.

Captain Jones was cross and evil dispositioned over the slowness with which the shallop was being repaired, although the colonists were doing their utmost. He made little allowance for the cold and the awkwardness of doing ship's carpenters work in the wilderness. After three or four days of wrath, he finally sent his own carpenter to aid the colonists, as he was anxious to start on his way to England. The common sailors joined in this discontent at stopping so long, telling the colonists to their faces that they would soon be set ashore.

This word coming to the ears of Governor Carver he very promptly called upon Captain Jones in the roundhouse. I happened to be present, and I thought the gray haired leader looked grieved and care-worn under his responsibilities, but he was still gracious in his manner as he said, "Captain Jones it has come to me that you are anxious to get away for England."

"'Tis true," was the captain's curt reply.

"It is our desire to hasten your return, but before you leave us we must have a suitable place to establish ourselves."

"But, Master Carver, we can not tarry here while you seek out a proper place, our meat is low, and our beer has already fallen short, causing my sailors to grumble."

Quite shrewdly the gray haired governor answered the captain's impatience by saying, "Captain Jones, since you feel that we do not make haste, will you command the shallop on our next discovery?"

The captain's beadlike eyes sparkled as he quickly said, "I will go with you, as you say."

"It is now the twenty-second of November, I fancy the shallop will be in condition shortly before the first of December, then we shall lose no time in going."

With this explanation of his hopes, and the appointment of the captain as the commander of the next expedition, the governor left the roundhouse.

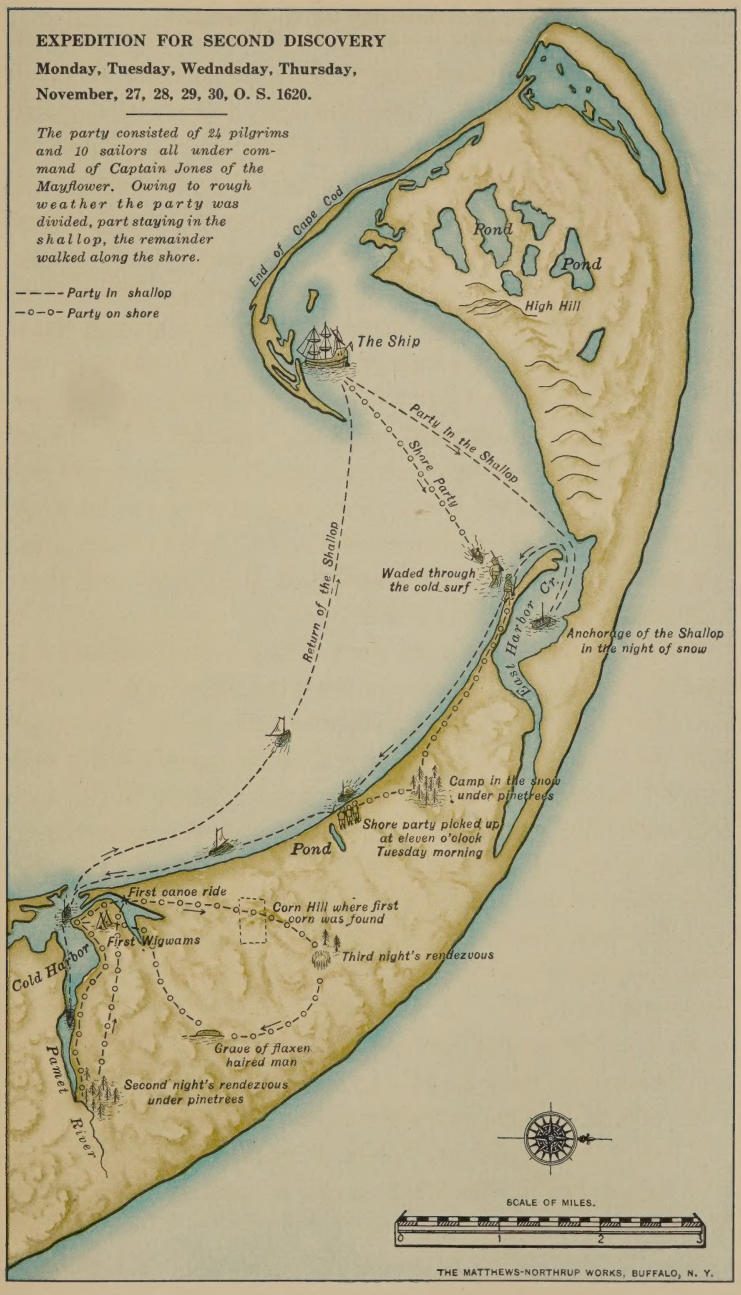
Knowing what was on foot, and being tired of my narrow quarters, I once more besought Captain Standish, that I might be one of his party. I did not care to take orders from Captain Jones, preferring to set myself under the command of a military leader. There was no trouble on this score, Captain Standish did not hesitate but assured me a place any time I cared to go with him. This readiness of the colonists to welcome me gave me the conceit that I had at least gained their admiration if not their confidence.

I found winning the respect of the men colonists was an easy task compared to gaining the good will of willful Mistress Lora, who was now so shy of my attention, that she would not walk on deck at the same time I did. Once I forced a brace of mallards upon her, but before reaching the door of the roundhouse she gave them away, so that I did not care to try it again. On this same day of the interview between Governor Carver and Captain Jones, I came upon the maiden speaking with Captain Standish, so that she could not run away from me.

As I came up the captain said, "Mistress Lora, Master Beaumont has already joined our next expedition."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the maiden in surprise.

"Truly," I broke in, "since I would know the country, the animals, the wild savages, and see where you would settle."


EXPEDITION FOR SECOND DISCOVERY
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
November, 27, 28, 29, 30, O. S. 1620.
The party consisted of 24 pilgrims and 10 sailors all under command of Captain Jones of the Mayflower. Owing to rough weather the party was divided, part staying in the shallop, the remainder walked along the shore.
Party In shallop
Party on shore
End of Cape Cod
Pond
Pond
High Hill
The Ship
Party In the Shallop
Shore Party
Waded through the cold surf
Harbor Ck.
Anchorage of the Shallop in the night of snow
First
Return of the Shallop
Camp in the snow under pinetrees
Shore party picked up at eleven o'clock Tuesday morning
Pond
First canoe ride
Corn Hill where first corn was found
First Wigwams
Third night's rendezvous
Cold Harbor
Grave of flaxen haired man
Second night's rendezvous under pinetrees
Pamet River
SCALE OF MILES.
0
1
2
3
THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Then the captain, giving me a queer look, said, "Master Beaumont, you took to the ways of the forest so well upon our first discovery, I fancy you have already a liking for this new country."

"Nay, captain," I replied, "I care more for England than this wilderness."

Shortly the captain left us alone, and to prevent Mistress Lora from going likewise, I asked her quickly what she did with my stick of yellow and blue corn. To this she sedately replied, "It is amongst our garden seeds."

"But those belong to the colonists, whilst I gave the corn to you."

"Truly, you would have me plant the seed?" she asked in surprise.

"In your own garden and not in the common field," I explained to her.

After this exchange of words I saw Mistress Lora several times upon the deck, even gaining her confidence long enough to ask after the many sick people who were hoping for an early relief ashore. On the third of December, I said to the maiden, "On the morrow the shallop will be ready and we start on the second discovery."

Looking up into the sky she answered sympathetically, "I am fearful you will be both cold and hungry, ere you return."

Later on I went ashore and found the shallop only partially completed. Governor Carver being close by, I said, "The shallop will not be ready on the morrow."

"We dare not tarry longer, Master Beaumont, and must take the boat even though it is not whole," he replied.

"Then you will trust yourself in it, in its present condition?"

"We must," replied the governor.

The same evening the shallop was launched and brought alongside. There was considerable excitement on board the vessel, all the men being anxious to go on the voyage. Though we had come away from the first trip poorly, still that was mainly due to our toiling through the sands; now that the journey was to be made by sea, there were many volunteers. Everyone was busy with the cleaning of muskets, preparing food, and the gathering of sleeping-rugs.

The morning of November twenty-seventh was cold with a gale blowing across the harbor. With this untoward greeting of the elements, I hastened back into the roundhouse advising Captain Jones to take along his sleeping-rug and an extra flask of aqua vitæ. For myself I decided to leave off my steel bonnet, taking only my front and back plates and putting on an extra coat for warmth. The ship was rolling heavily when I came on deck the second time, being greeted with a cold blast of wind, I was half a mind to abandon the adventure. Some of the men were of the same opinion and stood shrugging their shoulders, as if they would at least like to postpone the starting until another day. But the leaders would not listen to a change of their plans, since they were fearful that Captain Jones was likely to set them ashore. As they bade their followers make ready, I thought that only men driven by dire necessity, would go abroad in such weather.

Governor Carver, Master Bradford, and the others stood unshaken on the cold deck. Captain Jones was equally as resolute, as he was anxious to rid the vessel of

the colonists. With the men shivering from the cold, and the leaders encouraging them to their tasks, twenty-four colonists and two seamen were finally made ready to go.

Captain Jones, after taking a look at the weather, hesitated in sending the men down into the shallop, which was swinging heavily in the wash of the ship. The seaman advised the governor that the craft would not carry all the party. Governor Carver, not to be denied even by the elements, promptly told the captain to take what men he could in the shallop while he would lead a second party along the beach.

The governor and Captain Jones having agreed to divide the party, the men were sent over the side, and the little craft pushed off. Deciding to cast my lot with the party going along the beach, I stood on the deck watching the shallop struggling in the seas. The other men were not anxious to start until they saw how their comrades fared. When the sailors brought the long boat, which was to take us ashore, they were swearing at the colonists for compelling them to be abroad in such indecent weather, managing the boat so stupidly, I came near falling into the sea. This so angered me, I picked up a boat-hook and threatened to break a head or two if they continued their tricks, with the result the party was soon safely aboard. Happening to glance up I saw Mistress Lora's eyes fixed upon me in curious wonderment. I tried to win a smile from her but she turned her glances upon her father instead.

On the deck of the vessel the wind had a taste of winter to it, but down in the boat, with the spray blowing into my face, it whipped like a knife cut. Before we reached the beach my armor showed rust and my stock-

ings were wet by the spray. Though we were uncomfortable in the boat, we were made doubly so by being compelled to leap into the breakers and wade ashore. The sea was to our knees, but the waves dashed upon us until we were wet above our thighs. Coming onto the beach with the salt water dripping from my clothes, and my fingers blue with cold, I could not help but again feel that the colonists were driven by a cruel necessity to endure such hardships; furthermore, it was a piece of foolishness for me to be with them.

The sand was as perplexing as ever, but our party was the choicest spirits of the colonists, so that we pushed ahead without complaint. The shallop followed in the distance dancing on the waves, making me glad that I had ground beneath my feet, though it was almost as unstable as the sea. Before we had passed the first league the clouds, which had been hanging low, began sifting down flakes of snow. We drew our cloaks over our guns to keep the priming dry and the matches alive. The few gentle snowflakes soon multiplied until the heavens over our heads, the sea, and even the neighboring forests were hidden. The driving winds blew the snow into our faces, causing us to follow closely after each other for fear of straying away in the storm. We pushed our way through the blinding storm, setting our heads low and surging forward against the riotous winds. On the one side we could hear the thunder of the surf upon the beach, and on the other the rushing of the tempest through the pines. Between these was our path on the wind swept beach, open and unprotected. Hoping for relief the captain led us into the forests, but the trees, which should have sheltered us, showered loose snow down upon our heads, driving us out again.

The shallop of course was lost to view so that the governor was growing worried about it, when we heard voices in the veil of snow. They were our own men but where they were we could not tell, until we came full upon the shallop riding safely in a little harbor. Clambering aboard, we were glad to rest even though seated in the snow. Governor Carver had no mind of tarrying, hoping that the snow was but a flurry and would soon pass. Instructing Captain Jones to follow as soon as possible, he struck off through the storm in search of the river.

As the governor thought, the snow soon ceased giving us a clear view of our surroundings. We made fairly good headway and were satisfied with our conditions. This respite was short for the snow soon began falling again enshrouding us within its folds, shutting out the landscape and sea. With a steadfastness of spirit the colonists refused to turn back but strove on towards their goal.

As the night came on, we dragged ourselves along the wet beach through the blinding snow, sadly wishing for even the protection of the foul smelling ship, or even the snow covered shallop. The steel caps grew like pieces of ice, so that some took them off marching through the storm, with the melted snow trickling down their faces. Though the men endeavored to protect their guns beneath their besotted cloaks, they soon gave it up, and marched with them exposed showing the blackened and wet end of the matches.

We were finally driven from the beach into the forests to make our rendezvous as best we could. The axes were in the boat, likewise the sleeping-rugs and the water. To push on to the river was impossible. Even

if we could gain that point we were in doubt whether we would find the shallop. Those, who had the strength, searched through the woods for fallen brush with which to build a fire to keep alive their feeble comrades. Captain Standish, finding a rotten log, with his cutlass picked out splinters of dry wood. The call for flint, steel, and touch-wood brought all these to hand. While one of the men knelt in the snow to strike the fire, the others stood around shivering and hoping he would succeed quickly.

The soft tinder was placed on cross sticks, while a cloak was held over the man with steel and flint to ward off the winds. Once, twice, he struck fire, each time we were expecting to see the little curl of flax smoke rise from beneath the cloak. Finally the man arose saying, the tinder was wet and would not catch. Another one tried and failed. Master Bradford throwing down an armful of branches made ready his steel and flint. Feeling it was a matter of life and death to start a fire, one held his wet cloak over him, another man wiped out his steel cap and placed the flax tinder within it, while he knelt in the snow. Slowly Master Bradford drew back the steel, then with a quick jerk struck the flint. A spark fell into the flax, hung for a moment then expired. A second, third, fourth, and I know not how many sparks fell from the stone but none held. Finally tired of his effort Master Bradford arose from the snow. The men turned away without so much as speaking, confronted by the anguish of spending a shelterless night in the freezing storm.

Now that it was evident that we were not to be cheered by the light and heat of a camp-fire, the weary men began casting about for resting-places. The oaks and

birches with their bare branches offered little consolation. Then someone sought the protection of a low growing pine, calling out from beneath its branches that the interlacing needles gave protection from the falling snow. With this advice the rest sought the pine shrubs. Even in this extremity, the generosity of the colonists showed forth, for as a man would find a tree that was larger and dryer than the others, he would call loudly to his comrades to come and share his cold covering. As the last rays of light died out and the blackness of night shut in the forests, we sat cold, wet, and freezing beneath the pines.

I was reaching for a piece of ship's bread, when I heard the wavering notes of a song, which soon grew into a psalm of David. From beneath the pines others joined in the melody, carrying the volume of their worship above the roar of the winds. Then there was a lull and out of the darkness came a voice of prayer — a man giving thanks for his crosses. When he said his "Amen," the rush of the tempest once more filled the forests, leaving us cold and cheerless.

Master Winslow and I shared our pine tree with one of the commonality. This man had been out on the first journey and had not fully recovered from its rigors and like the rest of us had been marching in wet clothes most of the day. His feebleness aroused my sympathy, but I was unable to relieve it farther than giving him of my food and drink. It was only by the greatest exertion that Master Winslow and I succeeded in getting him under our tree. Once there, feeling around in the dark, we gathered together a few dry leaves to make a bed for him.

The icy blasts swept through the pines searching the

remotest corners of our shelter, so that we were lying in misery. The sting of the cold drove myriads of pricklings into my flesh, drawing out the warmth of the blood with excruciating pain, until I thought I felt the needles of ice forming in my veins. Like one of the great snakes of Ethiopia the frost wound me within its coils, squeezing muscles and bones beneath its weight. Though I knew the ice wind's breath and was conscious of it, I was helpless to combat it. Half alive and half dead, the creeping ice chilled our blood and froze our flesh until our minds were filled with hopeless anguish and our bodies racked beyond moving.

While the frost was slowly freezing the most robust, it was making sad havoc with the colonist under our pine tree. At first he complained bitterly, but as the icy fingers of the frost clutched him tighter and tighter, he became so numb he could not speak. We stood it for a time, then more dead than alive, we dragged ourselves out from beneath the pine, hauling our weaker comrade with us. He plead for us to let him lie down in the snow to rest. Knowing that he was freezing, we gave him a draught from my flask and began walking him back and forth in the snow.

Master Bradford and Captain Standish coming from their shelter advised with us. It required the effort of two of us now to keep the man on his feet, by our walking we made a well beaten path in the snow and at the same time brought warmth to our own bodies. When resting from toiling over our man, I went from tree to tree to see how the rest did and found them in a miserable condition suffering from the cold and exposure. Though my supply of rusks was meagre and my brandy flask small, I made both go as far as I could, reserving a mite for our half frozen comrade.

The sufferings of this night, as I felt the chill of the north winds creeping into my flesh and blood, are past my telling. Struggle as I would the icy numbness seemed to fix its touch upon me, until I would gladly have laid down in the snow to end my miseries in an endless sleep. But my instincts kept me on my feet fighting off the cold and its rigors.

The first rays of the coming day found us walking our weak comrade in the snow thankful that we were all alive. Though it has been my misfortune to have been uncomfortable at other times in my life, I am free to say, I have never been so utterly miserable as during this wild night in the snow in the New England forest. Its horrors were never forgotten by those who endured them, and its ravages sent many of the colonists to an early grave.

The snow was upward of a foot deep, when the men one by one with their clothes frozen to their armor dragged themselves from beneath the trees. Standing around in the snow I could hardly recognize them as the men who left the ship barely four and twenty hours before. Their eyes were blood shot and faces so haggard from the night's exposure, many seemed ready to fall from weakness. Though the snow had stopped and the tempest had ceased there was little comfort for us even in the daylight. Brooms of pine boughs were used to sweep off a log, so that the weaker ones might sit while they nibbled at their bread. The water supply being in the shallop, the dry food stuck in their throats until it was moistened with a little snow.

While we were breakfasting in this fashion a wolf came out of the deep woods and circled around us looking as disconsolate as we felt. Soon the brute was join-

ed by another and another until a band of the animals were seated on their haunches, just out of gunshot. The whole scene was so uncanny I endeavored to have a shot at them, but my snap chance would not fire. So through our breakfast of frozen bread and cheese we were content to let them watch us, being too weak to drive them away.

After the cold repast, we made our way through the snow to the beach to look for the shallop. The breakers were rolling high upon the sands, and the sea was stirred with white capped waves, so that we questioned whether the little craft would venture forth. By ten o'clock the sea had subsided somewhat. As the boat did not appear it was decided to send two of the party back to the little creek, where we had left it the day before.

We had barely gone a mile when we saw off at sea a black speck dancing on top of the waves. Master Winslow caught it first and pointed it out, saying it was the shallop. We waited patiently until we could distinguish the men and the boat. As the shallop came opposite us, we shouted and waved our cloaks, until Captain Jones seeing us turned the prow towards the beach.

It was evident that the shallop could not come close in so as to permit us to get aboard without wading through the surf. I confess I drew back from entering the sea, for when your flesh is chilled and your mind is filled with anguish from the cold, an ice bath is not an acceptable addition to your misery. The weaker members of the party stood looking at the shallop, then at the sea, never offering to move. Captain Jones, who had spent a bad night in the shallop, seeing the situation, waved to us to come on but the men steadfastly refused

to stir. In fact many turned their backs to the sea and would have reëntered the forests, had we not detained them.

It was Captain Standish who suggested that six of the strongest take their weaker comrades on their backs carrying them through the surf to the shallop. It fell to my lot to be one of the beasts of burden. The water was stinging cold. I had trouble keeping my man out of the sea, and it was only by sacrificing my own comfort that I finally succeeded in getting him dry into the boat. One journey was all I cared to make, in fact all that any man in full strength could have endured. Both of us were hauled into the boat more dead than alive. Once within the shallop we wrapped ourselves in the heavy sleeping-rugs and lay in the bottom of the boat.

Though we were in a sad plight, the governor refused to turn back to the ship, commanding Captain Jones to go to the river. Before reaching our destination most of the men were dry and warm, but the six feeble ones could not stir from their rugs. A drink of water, a bite of cold meat, and a little rest refreshed the able-bodied men somewhat ere the boat reached the intake of the sea, visited on the first discovery.

We soon found that the harbor was too shallow for ships, though it was ample for fishing-shallops. These observations made, it was decided to land and once more look at the ground, Captain Jones going with the party. Only the able men were set ashore and for once landed with dry clothes. I was ready for the journey, going with the party as it trudged off through the ice and snow.

We marched all the afternoon through the deep snow, up steep hills and along narrow valleys, without

coming upon a sign of a savage habitation. Captain Jones was desirous of taking up his lodging early, though the rest were for going on with the search. As a matter of fact he began to think, that the finding of a suitable place to settle in the winter-time after all was not such an easy task as it appeared, when he was sitting warm and snug in his own cabin. Though he was anxious to have the colonists out of the ship, still walking through the cold, hours at a time had too many discomforts for him to endure long.

This night the tinder was dry, though we had some difficulty in striking fire, we soon had a blaze going merrily. Crowding around it for the first time in six and thirty hours we were really comfortable. Rolling two fallen logs together, we set fire between them so that we were assured of its warmth for the night.

Gathered around the fire the next morning the colonists first decided that neither the harbor nor the country, was fit for settlement. Masters Bradford and Hopkins like careful farmers, then advised the securing of the corn which we had left on the first journey, and carrying it all back to the ship for seed at the next planting season. The fields being across the creek, we were compelled to follow the stream down to where the savage's canoe was lying on the bank. Finding it in good order, I lifted it with one hand and wondered that anyone could be so foolish, as to risk his life to its frailty. There were two oars in the boat so we launched it in the stream. Remembering the experience of John Billington, on our first journey when he was thrown headlong into the water, we were shy of entering, until Master Hopkins showed us how to do so, by stepping into the center, then stooping quickly but steadily.

Once across we struck a path, which we followed with some trouble as the snow had almost filled it. The pile of corn we found was a rounding mound beneath the smooth white coating. Under this blanket of frost the earth was stiff making hard work for our cutlasses, but after some labor we rescued the grain, lifting it from its retreat in its wicker basket. This we left standing in the snow while we went on to the next fields, where, visiting two other clearings, we found corn, some loose and some still clinging to its sticks, all in good condition. This we gathered until we had burdened ourselves with about ten bushels of grain. Both Master Bradford and Stephen Hopkins being satisfied that ample stock had been secured for seeding, we ceased further search.

It was well that the leaders came to this judgment for the ground was so frozen, that the cutlasses made little impression upon it. Lacking spades and mattocks, all we could do was to make holes in the ground with our short swords, and by inserting ends of saplings into them raise the hard earth in sheets. I could not help but think that if we had not made the first journey when the snow was off the ground, we would never have discovered the seed corn; so that after all it did seem that some kind Providence had directed the colonists to the fields, when they were free and the corn mounds stood forth boldly so that they could be easily seen and the dirt was fit for handling.

Captain Jones was not interested so much in the search for corn as he was in finding a place of settlement; so that when the colonists abandoned all hope of establishing themselves on this spot, the seaman began to lose heart in the expedition. Besides he had passed

one uncomfortable night in the shallop and another in the snow, so that he was ready to go back to the vessel. Governor Carver being made of sterner stuff was not ready to return, and as the weather had moderated, we could travel with some comfort.

The master mariner looking up into the heavens from time to time, prophesying a coming storm, suggested that he return to the ship with the sick and the seed corn. The leaders agreed to this and at once took up their journey back to the shallop. It was decided that only the feeble were to return, leaving the rest to explore the country. Captain Jones agreed to come back the next day with the shallop. Having settled these points he hoisted sail and went out of the harbor with a favorable wind, never looking back, so glad was he to be shipward bound.

Once more plunging into the wilderness, we walked along strange paths without discovering a sign of the savages, until the light of day failed us. Our rendezvous was cheered by a bright fire, so that we were fairly comfortable lying on the brush beds.

We were up early and off down a well beaten path which we had seen the night before. This track was so broad, that Captain Standish made us keep our muskets in readiness, thinking that it would lead into a savage village. Seeing the bright sky of a clearing ahead, a conference was held, at which it was decided that Captain Standish was to lead us boldly into the village. Cautiously and anxiously following the track we came into an opening filled with stakes driven into the ground, which we knew at once was the end of a deer drive. Again were we astonished, since we conceived that the savages hunted their game singly, not

concerting together for the killing of many deer at once. At times we were prone to make light of the savages, but when we ran across evidences of their intelligence, such as the signal pile of wood upon the high hill at Cape Cod, the rope trap for deer, the artful birchen boat, and now this deer drive, we began to doubt ourselves, likewise, to see some shrewdness in them.

Discovering another path we followed it for five or six miles. Not finding signs of savages, we crossed into a valley to return. There we found a great mound. Being different from any we had seen, we decided to open it. First we removed the boards that covered the earth, beneath which we found mats, bowls, trays, dishes, and other trinkets, all well and delicately made. After much labor we came upon a large and a small bundle, from which came a peculiar odor. Hesitating for some time whether to unfasten them or not, our curiosity finally overcame our caution. The larger one was done up within a sailor's canvas blouse; unfolding it we were astonished to find a mass of red powder as fine as wheat flour, in which were the bones of a man with locks of yellow hair.

Master Hopkins, who was authority on all matters concerning the savages, said that the remains must be that of a European, since he had never seen or heard of a native with other than black coarse hair. This caused us to stand around and muse whether we were beholding the relics of a tragedy or romance, whether the man's end was peaceful or turbulent.

Examining the smaller bundle, we found the same soft red powder and the bones of a savage child with coarse black hair. This perplexed us, and caused me to

think that perhaps the European had found favor with a wild princess, such as saved the life of Captain John Smith in Virginia, and at his death he had been entombed with one of his own children. Many times this day and afterwards we discussed the man with the yellow hair, but our guesses always ended in confusion. Some of the trinkets we took away to show how the wild people wove from the barks of trees and reeds from the ponds. After closing the barrow of the man and the boy we made our way without stopping, back to the mouth of the creek where we found the shallop awaiting our return.

The occupants of the boat were greatly surprised and excited over the discovery made by two of the sailors, who had been hunting ducks ashore. It seemed that they had hardly left the banks of the stream, when they came upon two houses belonging to the savages.

As soon as the governor heard the seamen's story, he at once organized a party to visit the huts. The toils of the past two days had so worn our party that only seven volunteered to go. With the two sailors as our guides, we came up to the huts. Though there were no indications of their being occupied we advanced with arms ready for use. The details we did not see until after we were assured that the huts were not indeed possessed of owners. Now that we could observe their constructions leisurely, we saw that the savages worked as ingeniously in their house building as they did in the making of their domestic utensils. For here we found a house made without stone, brick, or mortar, and bound together without pegs or nails, still withall it would face the fiercest storm.

After looking at the exterior, the men entered hastily gathering from the walls wooden bowls, trays, and

earthen pots. I happened on a curious basket made of the shells of crabs, bound together in an ingenious manner, filled with tiny black seeds, which were as fine as grains of powder emitting a peculiar odor. There were other baskets woven deftly from reeds and rushes, but none so quaint as the one I happened upon.

The time being limited, we did not tarry. Taking the trinkets and guns in hand, we pushed our way out through the low opening, replacing the mat over the entrance. Next to the hut we found a store of grasses, rushes, and reeds used in the making of the woven things. I took a handful of these to carry back to England.

With the wind coming out of the northwest, we set sail for Cape Cod. On the way I called the attention of Master Stephen Hopkins to my quaint basket and the tiny black seed. As he ran his fingers down among them, he said they were seeds of the tobacco plant, out of which the Virginia colony was now reaping great profit.

It was late in the afternoon when we approached the ship. While we were some distance away, a volley was fired from the muskets, calling attention to our coming. There was the usual excitement among the women and children, as they peered over the railing of the vessel down into the shallop to see if all the party had returned. Clambering up the side of the ship we were soon on deck. There interest was centered at once in the woven baskets and trinkets which we had brought back from the grave and huts of the savages. I showed my basket and seeds to any who cared to see them. Weary and tired I went back to the roundhouse, glad that the days of cold and privation were at an end.

The third Expedition of Discovery

Once within the warmth of the cabin I made haste to my sleeping-rugs, nestled in between them, I fell into a deep sleep, from which Captain Jones awakened me the next afternoon. I was still weary and after a warm drink and a couple of Spanish rusks once more slumbered not to awake fully until the following morning. So in six and thirty hours, rest had restored the strength that had been wasted during the night of sleet and snow in the forests and the two days tramping through the snow.

While I was sleeping and taking my ease, the colonists were awake and working. The shallop, which was only half repaired, was again dragged ashore where the carpenters plied themselves to making it whole. Those who could not work on the shallop, labored in the saw-pit, cutting boards, or else in the forest, chopping down and dragging trees to the pit. Many of the men who were on the last discovery were unable to move, owing to fever and coughs. The ship at its best was never warm; in the daytime it was cold enough, but at night the chill that entered the cabins made them uncomfortably cold.

The day of my waking from my long sleep was on the morning of December second. The colonists had been at anchor in Cape Cod Bay for three weeks, most of which time they were on their voyages of discovery or were preparing for them. Captain Jones, who had

returned from his adventures ashore with different ideas of the ease with which a landing-place was to be found, sat in his cabin this morning drinking a mug of beer, when the cabin door opened letting in Governor Carver, Masters Bradford and Winslow. It was their custom not to be seated, unless they were invited; ordinarily Captain Jones would let them stand, but this morning he motioned them to take chairs. I think his two nights in the cold made him look with patience on the men who suffered so stolidly. At all events he gave them unusual attention as Governor Carver began, "Captain Jones we have just come from the midst of our people, who are in great controversy as to whether they shall take up their abode here on Cape Cod or go on to the river which we have just visited."

"'Tis a goodly harbor," exclaimed the captain with a nod of his head.

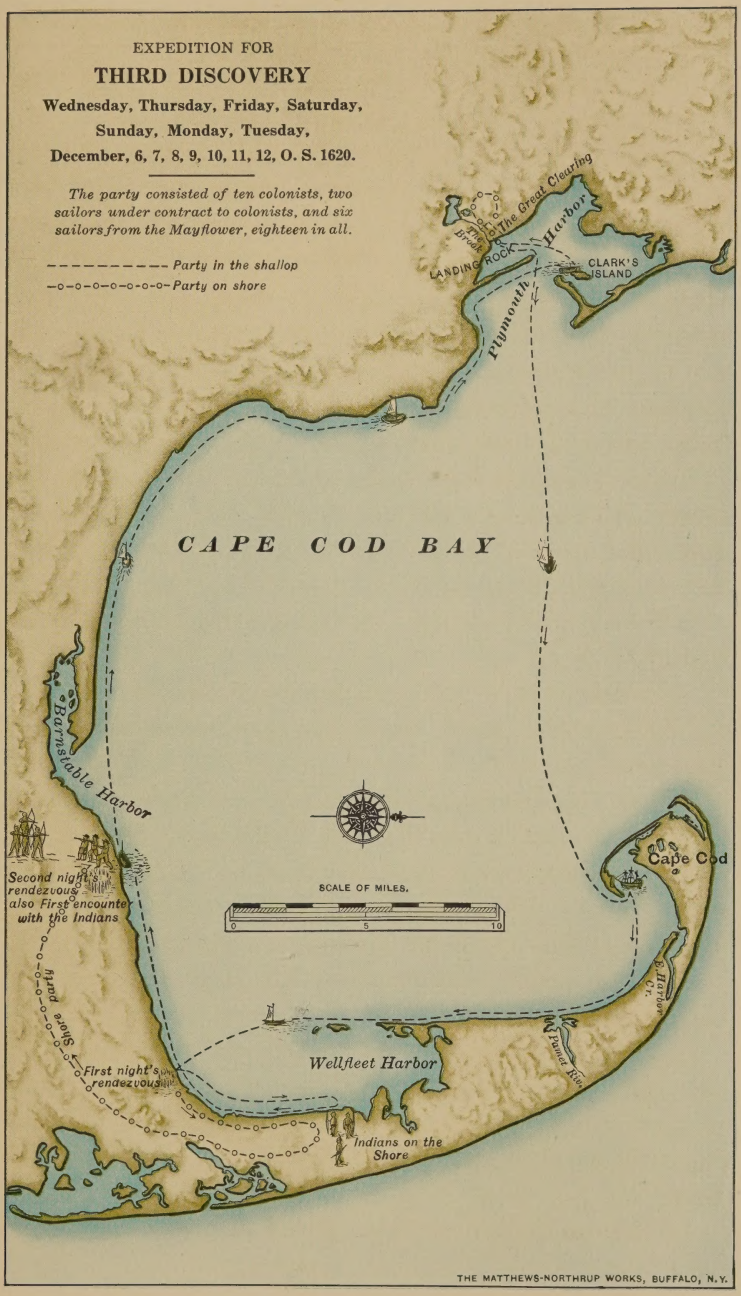
"For fish boats it is ample, but not for ships."

"What of the land?" asked the mariner, ignoring the governor's reply.

"That puzzles our people greatly, some would have it that the land is cleared and ready for planting; besides the seed which we have found is natural to this soil. Then again they are divided whether we should plant ourselves without further searching. Some favor one plan, others another, so that they are filled with differences."

Captain Jones, who was not desirous of encouraging any plan that would require time to develop, at once said, "Cape Cod is a likely place for fishing. This being your great source of profit, what say you to settling here?"

"That has been hotly considered also and has weight


EXPEDITION FOR
THIRD DISCOVERY
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,
December, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, O. S. 1620.
The party consisted of ten colonists, two sailors under contract to colonists, and six sailors from the Mayflower, eighteen in all.
Party in the shallop
Party on shore
The Great Clearing
Plymouth Harbor
LANDING ROCK
CLARK'S ISLAND
CAPE COD BAY
Barnstable Harbor
Second night's rendezvous also First encounter with the Indians
SCALE OF MILES.
0
5
10
Cape Cod
Provincetown Harbor
Wellfleet Harbor
Pamet River
First night's rendezvous
Indians on the Shore
THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP WORKS, BUFFALO, N.Y.

with me," replied the governor. "There are great whales," he continued, "which play in the harbor daily, in the oil of which we see big profits, were we once able to get the monsters on the beach."

Master Bradford now interrupted with, "Captain Jones, our people have already raised the question of the supply of fresh water at Cape Cod. There are no rivers or even streams, only ponds which we are fearful will dry in the summer."

"Besides," interrupted the governor, "some would have us continue our search as far as Agawam, a place twenty leagues northward where is said to be a fair harbor, with a brook of sweet water flowing into it."

Master Bradford did not wait for Captain Jones to answer but now put a question which I thought was uppermost in the minds of the colonists, as he said, "Some of our people conceive that so long as our butter, meat, and cheese last, the ship will stay by us; but when they grow low, you, Captain Jones, will sail away and let us shift for ourselves.

I could see the captain knit his brow as he made haste to answer, "'Tis my duty to carry this ship back to England, and I can say further, that when I sail, there will be ample meat and beer in the hold to take us there."

This information I felt was really what the colonists desired for they had little to say after the captain's outburst.

As they went out Captain Jones turned to me and said, "All the gold in Peru would not induce me to put myself in the place of these men. If they survive the winter, they will surely starve before their grain ripens; but long before harvest, the savages will overcome them."

I felt that the captain was speaking the truth, and my heart went out to the unfortunate people, whose fate already seemed to be sealed with disaster. As I sat thinking over the colonists, I longed to go forth and forcibly carry off the maiden, that she might be saved from these miseries. Going out on deck I met her. She seemed so calm and confident, I thought perhaps the captain and I had put the dangers too strongly. She made no effort to flee from me, but stood at the side of the vessel and awaited my coming.

She smiled so sweetly I would have torn a savage limb from limb, who would offer to do her hurt. Before I could speak she said, "Master Beaumont, you have been ill?"

"Nay, Mistress Lora, I was but resting."

"For a whole day and a night."

"Truly," I said with surprise at her manifested interest.

"Then you must indeed have been weary."

I felt repaid for all of my hardships by Mistress Lora's notice of them and replied, "My fatigue was indeed great, so I gave way to it, but am sorry if it caused you distress."

She blushed deeply as she made haste to answer, "Master Beaumont, I was not in worry, but I wished to thank you for your stick of corn."

"So you will not forget me, Mistress Lora?"

With her roguish spirit showing out of her eyes she replied, "Not as long as the corn grows."

During the next four or five days I could see the colonists in groups discussing their place of settlement. It was uppermost in their minds, and they spent hours

together endeavoring to decide whether to tarry where they were or explore the country further.

Robert Coppin, one of the mates of the ship, who had been along this coast before, happening on Master Winslow during the discussion, told him of a navigable river flowing into a goodly harbor, north of Cape Cod about twenty leagues, where the land was rich and the fish a plenty. He said that while the vessel, he was with, lay at anchor, the savages stole a harping iron or harpoon, and the sailors had named the place "Thievish Harbor." There Master Coppin said the colonists would find sweet water, ample anchorage, and, much cleared land. This narrative so pleased Winslow that he made haste to repeat it to the rest; and, at a conference of the whole body, it was decided to have Mate Coppin lead them to this "Thievish Harbor."

This plan did not please Captain Jones, who would have the colonists begin their building at once and not be delayed by further searchings. But they had already decided that the land around Cape Cod was barren. Though they disliked exposing their people, still they thought it best to set forth once more, and explore the country for a more suitable plantation.

On Tuesday, the day before the party started on a third discovery, an end came near being made of all of us and the ship sent to the bottom of the sea. The Billington family of London, who were a quarrelsome and bothersome lot, had a son named Francis, about fourteen years of age. He was a likely lad but so meddlesome as to be in constant mischief. This day his father being ashore, the boy came across a fowling-piece, also a keg of powder with the head out. There were several

others in the cabin at the same time who warned the lad to have a care; whether in anger or through carelessness no one knows, but the gun went off in his hands, almost over the keg of powder and next to the bedding. Strange as it may seem, neither the gunpowder, nor the beds caught fire, nor were any of the people injured. I was in the cabin shortly afterwards and considered it a miracle that we were not all blown to pieces.

Early Wednesday morning, this sixth of December, of the year sixteen hundred and twenty, the colonists were up early, to see their third and last expedition of discovery set off. My experiences upon the other voyages aroused my desire for more, so that as soon as I heard of the forming of this third party, I at once arranged with Captain Standish to go with him. I had resolved to leave most of my armor off and would willingly have parted with my steel breast plates had I not been afraid of being spitted by an arrow.

There was a gale coming off shore that set my teeth chattering and filled the harbor with choppy waves. As I was on deck taking a look at the weather, I saw Mistress Lora standing in the lee of the mainmast. The winds had blown a touch of color in her cheeks, making her fairer than ever.

I was drawn to her saying, "Mistress Lora, this day bids to be a foul one."

The winds whipped a few strands of her brown hair across her cheeks as she replied, "Master Beaumont, why do you go forth in this cold?"

"It is my desire to see this new country and all it contains, so that I can entertain my friends in England with a truthful narrative of what I saw and did while away from them."

"Then why not bide by the ship, and go to the new plantation in comfort, I am sure you suffer from the cold and exposure the same as the rest do, but they are compelled to seek through this desolate land, while you go through choice. Captain Standish told Mistress Rose in my presence, that one of the men on the last voyage would have frozen, but for the aid you rendered him."

"Truly, the captain speaks without my consent. What I did, was what any one of the party would have done for me had I been so feeble."

"Nay, I am fearful, that some would not have been so generous."

To draw her from this praise of me I said, "I like not yonder cloud, which seems to me to have a streak of snow."

Turning towards me and looking me in the face for the first time, the maiden said, "It is a bold man that will go forth in such weather, sleep in the snow, aid his companions and—."

Before she finished I broke in, "And give comfort to his enemies."

She gave me a curious look and boldly challenged me by saying, "We are no longer your enemy." Before I could ask her more she turned from me towards the door of the great cabin.

I was in a cheerful mind as I turned back to the roundhouse to gather my things together for the voyage. This time I decided to carry my own tinder, so that we would not spend another fireless night in the cold. From my own supplies I brought forth a bag of Spanish rusk in case of illness; though I could have carried many dainties on these expeditions, I refused to do so,

eating ship's bread and cheese the same as the rest of the party.

There was no rush of volunteers to go on this voyage, as there was on the other two, the hardships of the past adventures having taken the desire of ranging the new country out of their hearts. The leaders made no effort to induce the commonality to go, leaving it entirely to their choice. The governor and his associates, however, showed their resolution and courage, volunteering to make the voyage.

The London men showed their metal, for when it was left to the colonists to go or stay, Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, and Edward Dotey came forward like men and offered their services. The others of the party were Captain Standish, Governor Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, John Tilley, John Howland, Edward Tilley, two seamen who had hired to the colonists, John Allerton and Thomas English. All told there were twelve colonists and seven of the ship's crew including myself. Captain Jones did not care to go, so Mate Clark was put in command of the shallop, with Mate Robert Coppin as pilot. As I related, Master Coppin had been on this shore before, and he it was who was to show the colonists "Thievish Harbor," with its river of fresh water, sweet springs, cleared ground for corn, and a harbor that would float the largest ships.

Coming out of the roundhouse fully panoplied and ready for the voyage, I was greeted with a cutting blast of wind that made my fingers tingle. In fact the weather was colder than at the starting of the second voyage of discovery. While I was greeting myself with this cheerless prospect, Mistress Lora came on deck. As she approached, she looked around to see if

she were being noticed, satisfied that she was not, she came to me quickly and thrust a pair of woolen mittens into my hand. She did not say a word, nor did she wait for me to overcome my astonishment, but hurried past me where the men were preparing to lower themselves into the shallop.

Even if I could not use my tongue, I determined to show the maiden I did appreciate her gift; so, leaning my musket up against the bulwarks, I drew the warm gloves over my cold hands. Though the wool warmed my tingling fingers, their glow was nothing compared to that which dwelt within me. Quite gallantly I approached the ladder which hung down into the shallop. The maiden was standing close by with one hand laid on the top of the side of the ship, looking carelessly down at the men in the small boat.

The other colonists being intent on the shallop, I stepped towards her; quickly laying my gloved hands across hers, with a little pressure I sent her my message of thankfulness. The maiden was taken unawares at my action, as I had been by hers, but she looked up and smiled, so that I went down into the shallop with my heart in a flutter.

Once within the tossing boat, it was launched away; but a gust of wind, forcing us back against the ship, almost capsized us. This threatened disaster brought a cry of alarm from the deck, but we were righted in a moment and floated free. The wind was so strong off shore, that we were blown across the bay towards the sandy point. Though we rowed with all our might, we were in great danger of being swamped and our shallop cast upon the beach. While fighting this peril, two of the men were overcome with the cold and fell in the

bottom of the shallop in a swoon. Those of us who could pull an oar were hard at the task, while the sailors made ready the sail.

The water came over the side covering us with spray, so that our clothes were soon frozen stiff. I had been within the grasp of coats of steel many times, but I did not fancy this coat of ice and wished myself free from it.

As soon as the sail was hoisted, we made headway, finally running under the lee shore where the wind did not trouble us so much. My breast and back plates being covered with ice, I unbuckled the straps and let them fall into the bottom of the shallop.

Once on our way we sailed along the coast and found it so bleak and barren, I wondered at the glowing descriptions of the earlier explorers who wrote of its strawberries, luscious grapes, and the verdure of the hills. Surely I thought if they had seen this land now under snow and ice, their song would have been of another strain; but the writers happened here in the summer, while we were in the midst of winter.

Our little shallop proved to be a seaworthy craft, speeding along the shore at a round pace. Coming to a wide bay we sailed directly across it. On the other shore hard by the sea, we saw many savages at work over a black fish which they had hauled upon the shore. As soon as they saw us, they began carrying the flesh of the fish into the forests. We made no effort to go to them owing to the shallowness but sailed past them. Until sundown we searched the shore but found no place suitable for a plantation. Using our axes freely, we made our night's rendezvous. There was ample wood so that we were again blessed with the light and

warmth of a blazing fire, which we knew now how to appreciate.

With the coming of morning, forces were divided, part staying aboard the shallop, the rest following along the shore. All day we ranged the forests, finding a burial place, a few unoccupied huts, some corn land, but on the whole the ground very indifferent. Late in the evening we came out upon the beach and saw the shallop standing along shore seeking us. Captain Standish firing his snap chance called its attention.

We were so pressed for time, that Governor Carver determined to go as far as he could before nightfall, though we were tired enough to have made our rendezvous where we were. As night came on it began snowing, making navigation difficult, but we continued on our course until we could not see where we were going. Wading through the sea, we came ashore and made our camp in the snow.

Captain Standish setting his sentinels round about the camp in the driving storm, warned them to be vigilant. About midnight the guard called "to arms." Springing to my feet with snap chance in hand, I saw Captain Standish standing by the fire, his feet apart, his musket cocked and ready for use, peering into the gloom of the forests, while two sentinels stood near by pointing excitedly among the trees. As I ranged myself alongside the captain ready for the fight, I heard a strange call from the woods, which the sentinels declared came from the throats of savages.

The other colonists came and stood with us, the glow of their matches lighting up their faces. Again and again came this shrill cry out of the wilderness. We

stood looking into each other's faces, instinctively asking by our manner if anyone had ever heard such calls before. One of the seamen, after listening attentively, said it was the call of a gray wolf, which he had often heard in Newfoundland. Finding no fault with our active sentinels, and being thankful we were aroused by animals instead of savages we lay down once more to sleep.

The colonists were up before daylight, determined to reach Master Coppin's "Thievish Harbor" before nightfall. Fearful that the snow had so dampened the charges in their muskets so that they would not fire, several tested them, with the result that the trees echoed with their noise. To hasten their going the men took their empty guns down to the shallop that had been dragged upon the beach. Separating themselves from their muskets nearly caused them to come to grief, for they had hardly returned and seated themselves around the fire, when one of the sentinels came rushing in crying, "Savages! savages!" Before I could rise an arrow struck my breast plate.

The men rushed wildly down to the beach for their guns, while Captain Standish and I made ready our snap chances. I could see in the twilight of the forests, figures darting here and there, taking refuge behind trees, all the while keeping up such cries and howling as I never heard before.

Captain Standish, not being able to distinguish an enemy, let go his snap chance bidding me to do likewise, but cautioned Master Bradford and two others who had their guns to withhold in case of assault, while we were reloading. All the while our men were shouting words of encouragement to their comrades in the shallop.

They answered back, "Well, well, be of good courage, be of good courage." At the same time shouting for fire to light their matches. Master Bradford hearing the call, throwing aside his gun seized a brand from the fire, hastened through a flight of arrows to the beach. Shortly there came a merry volley from that quarter, giving us ample evidence that their gun matches were blazing in good order.

Master Bradford then led a part of the crew of the shallop back to aid us, this reënforcement causing the savages to increase their shouts and arrows. I could see a lusty captain among them urging his men to attack us boldly. To show his defiance of our muskets, he ran from tree to tree until he came close to us, then from behind an oak let fly an arrow. Captain Standish, seeing this bold savage, fired his musket at the tree behind which he was standing. Though the bark flew, the man defiantly held his ground, sending another arrow at us. Then I drew aim at the Indian captain sending the ground flying around his feet, still he held fast. By this time Captain Standish, having loaded his piece, fired as the fellow put out his arm to shoot his arrow. The arrow fell to the ground, while the savage went off howling through the woods with a wounded arm, calling his people after him.

Seeing the enemy flying, Captain Standish charged out of our bush barricade, with his empty gun bidding us to follow. Then we gave a white man's cheer in defiance to the savage howl, chasing a quarter of a mile through the underbrush after the fleeing savages. Being out of breath we came to a halt, fired our muskets, and gave a mighty shout; but there was not a soul to be seen. As there was no one to fight or chase, we turned

back to our rendezvous where the fire was still burning.

Seeking through the dead leaves that covered the ground for the arrows shot by the savages during the encounter, we found eighteen of them, some headed with brass and others with bone. My great coat which hung near the fire to dry had an arrow in each shoulder, the savages taking it to be the form of a man. Strange as it may seem there was not one of the party wounded, though our breast plates were dented by the arrows. We respected the shooting of the savages, for their aim was good and their shafts had the force of a quarrel from an English cross-bar.

Launching the shallop, we hoisted sail and pursued our way along the coast, keeping a close watch upon the country. The morning passed without our leaving the shallop. In the middle of the afternoon clouds began to gather overhead and the wind blew in gusts off the sea. To make us more uncomfortable, it began to rain and sleet.

Though the waves tossed the shallop about, still we held to our course determined to reach "Thievish Harbor." Our little craft raced along until a wave carried away its rudder. A couple of seamen managed to steer with oars, while those who were not managing the boat, crouched in the bottom, where we were fairly protected from the wind. While I was hugging myself close to the side of the shallop, giving thanks to the maiden for the comfort her gloves were giving my hands, I noticed the oar of one of the steersmen was stained with blood. Drawing off my warm mitts I made him put them on. Such is the influence of woman over man. I dare say, if I had not associated the gentle maiden with the gloves I would have let the steersman gone on suffering unnoticed.

As night came on, the gale increased, blowing the sea into great waves that threatened to overturn the shallop. Master Coppin, who was our pilot, stood up from time to time, vainly endeavoring to recognize some familiar object along the shore. A headland at one time he thought he knew, but later admitting he did not, we lost confidence in him. There were white breakers dead ahead rolling over shallow sands, so that we were compelled to stand out to sea. Though the shallop had proven to be a sturdy craft we were now in great danger.

While we were beating about the shallows and many had given up hopes of reaching the harbor or even dry land, Master Coppin suddenly shouted, "The Harbor! The Harbor! Be of good cheer!"

I arose to my feet but all I could see was a headland and low lying shores, apparently without a break.

The sailor's eye was better than mine, for as we headed ashore I saw a wide breach, through which we hoped to reach the harbor. As we were in the midst of the breakers a sudden blast of wind carried away our mast, sending the sail by the board, at the same time a great wave threw the shallop over on its side. I felt the boat going down and saw the curl of green waters rushing over the gunwale; dropping my musket I seized the seat with both hands expecting each moment to be swallowed by the sea. Fortunately the wreckage fell across the opposite side, forcing the boat back to an even keel.

Stunned by the suddenness of the disaster, we sat for a moment not knowing which way to turn, then above the tempest I heard Mate Clark shout, "Oars, men! Get out the oars!"

While the seamen struggled at the oars, others began dipping out the water, using their steel caps as buckets.

For the next few minutes we worked as we never did before. The seamen, finally getting their oars in place and pulling in the mast and sail, were able to hold the boat's head into the waves.

While the men struggled at the oars, Master Coppin again stood up and looked about him. Facing one way then the other he cried out in dismay, "The Lord be merciful, for I have never seen this place before."

With this outcry of his mate, Master Clark, who had borne himself well up to this time, seeing greater dangers on an unknown sea than on the land, shouted to his men to run the shallop ashore. In the falling twilight we saw a cove ahead, filled with breakers casting themselves on the beach with the sound of thunder. Into this turbulent sea we were now drifting. I sat helpless not knowing when I would be thrown headlong into the billows. With my heavy armor I had little hopes of ever reaching shore.

Knowing my life depended upon relieving myself of this weight of steel, I worked furiously at the buckles until the last fastening was released and the plates slipped from me. Then I stood up in the darkness to see what the prospects were. I confess I saw little and what I did was poor comfort for on all sides were combs of breakers, whitened like the fangs of tigers rushing on their prey. The sea was in a tumult, boiling over the shallows like a caldron and beyond sounded heavy thunderings upon the beach.

The bow of the boat was almost in the surf and we were fast drifting to our death, when I heard a strange voice out of the darkness shouting, "About with her, if you are men, row for your lives!"

Our new leader was Thomas English, one of the

sailors under contract to the colonists, who seeing the danger, in the emergency arose and took command of the shallop, grabbing the steering oar he turned the boat from the breakers out to sea.

We were indeed fighting for our lives, for row as hard as we could we seemed to be drifting into the surf. It was so dark we could not see our course. Without a light, the rain coming down sorely, our fingers so cold we could hardly grasp the oars, surrounded by darkness, tossed like a cork on an angry sea, we rowed only as desperate men could. When we were striving our uttermost, and our hopes began to give way to fear, there came out of the night the strong clear voice of Governor Carver, saying, "Be strong and of good courage."

Say what you will, this calm voice and strong words urged me to fight on, though but a moment before I began to feel my courage failing. Like a battle cry of men engaged in a forlorn hope, it sent me back to the task determined to win at all hazards. As this voice and message affected me, so it did the rest, for I could feel the boat give way under the new strength as they responded to these words of Joshua.

Now that we had new hearts, Master Clark plucked up his and standing in the bow urged the men on, declaring that he could hear a fair sound off in the darkness of a lee shore where we could ride in safety. After struggling desperately with the sea, we finally won our way and came under this shore in the darkness, where the water was fairly quiet. Not being able to see the nature of the land and fearful of the savages we decided to stay in the boat until morning.

As the night advanced, the rain turned into snow, the wind shifted to the north. Having suffered beyond en-

durance, the men begged to be set ashore, lest they freeze where they were. For a time Governor Carver hesitated, fearful that the savages would fall upon them in their helpless condition. The poor fellows begged piteously, saying they would rather die at the hands of the Indians than sit still and freeze. So those who elected to go were landed.

As I believed in the merits of the firm earth, I gladly made my escape from the boat. Though everything was wet and we had trouble to find wood in the dark, in time we had a fire going, lighting up the waters so pleasingly, the men in the shallop could not withstand its allurements and came ashore with us. Though the pick of the colonists were in the party, they were so affected by their previous exposures, they could not throw off the cold.

With the coming of the day we had a view of the land and found that we were on a rocky shore overlooking a broad harbor. Having in mind an attack of the savages, when it was light Captain Standish led the strongest of the party off into the cedar bushes to have a look at the country. To our surprise we found that we had landed upon an island. By the time we had returned the sun had come forth from behind the clouds, giving us good cheer, but the men were so weary the leaders decided to rest all this day, which was Saturday; drying clothes, fixing guns, but mostly mending our bodies which were in a sad state.

During the morning we lay in our rugs upon bough beds around the fire. In the afternoon the colonists began to prepare for the coming Sabbath, gathering in a supply of fire-wood and doing such other things as would carry them through the next day without labor.

In the evening as we sat around the blazing cedar logs, Master Bradford brought forth a Geneva Bible and in a clear voice read the first chapter of Joshua. This was a favorite with these men and though I have heard it read many times since, never did it impress me so deeply as it did this night, when we lay upon this lonely island.

On the Sabbath day the colonists rested, while the sailors tried for codfish with poor results. Mate Clark and I made a circuit of the island, found it covered with red cedars and other low growing rubbish. As we followed the beach back, Mate Clark kicked up a clam, digging down in the sand we found quantities of the shell fish. We feasted upon the clams, then gathered a quantity for the others; though the colonists would not partake of them, the seamen made away with them quickly.

During the greater part of the day the colonists sat around the fire while someone read aloud from Master Bradford's Bible. Now and then one would walk to the seaside and look across the harbor, toward a great clearing, which could be plainly seen. Master Coppin had already declared that this was not "Thievish Harbor" and could give no account of the place. Still the clearing on the hillside, facing a good harbor, was a fair prospect, so that they felt it might answer the purpose of a colony.

By daybreak Monday, we were up seeking clams on the beach, to break the flavor of the cheese and ship's bread. The colonists were glad this day to pluck the shell fish from the sand, calling them fresh fruit. Master Clark and his sailors soon had their supply stored away in the shallop; the colonists did likewise, so that their stomachs were treated to a surprise after many

weeks of laboring on salt meats and stale food. Master Coppin had a new cedar mast in place, this Monday morning, December twenty-first, when the shallop was launched upon the waters of the harbor.

The boat was headed for the great clearing. On the way Mate Clark took soundings, finding ample water to float the largest ships in places; but the harbor was mostly shallow and even dry at low tide. Satisfied with the sea, Governor Carver directed the seamen to steer toward an inlet which seemed to be the mouth of a stream running down from the hills through the great clearing. This prospect of fresh water, open fields, and deep harbor greatly pleased the colonists.

The tide was full so that the shallop under full sail beat up towards the inlet. The clearing proved to be much larger than was thought at first, covering about one hundred acres. From a high mound about an eighth of a mile from the sea it sloped gently down to a little cliff along the beach, showing a deep cut where the brook ran along one side of the field. It was surrounded on all sides by a forest of pines and leafless trees. Steering for the inlet we came upon a great rock that shelved from the shore into the sea, Master Clark called Governor Carver's attention to it, saying it was a proper landing stage.

Some of the party were for going up the inlet, but Captain Standish with true military instinct said it would be dangerous, as the savages could pelt us with arrows from both banks. This settled the argument, Governor Carver directing the seamen to steer for the great rock. Coming up to it a sailor sprang out of the boat with a short line, Governor Carver following him, while the rest of us scrambled over the sides as best we

could, glad for once to come to land with shoes and stockings dry. Those who had match-locks saw that their sparks were red. Captain Standish and I held our snap chances ready for action, not knowing how many evil eyed savages might be watching us from the bushes.

Though we made sure there were no savages around before landing, still we were fearful and advanced slowly, cautiously climbing the bank into the clearing. There we found old stalks of corn and the ground covered with wild grass and brush of three or four years' growth. Having taken a look at the clearing and measured the soil, we made our way through the brush to the top of a ravine, at the bottom of which was a brook, with sweet and ample water. This prospect pleased the Governor and Elder Brewster. Desiring to see the stream they led the way down to its very edge.

Mounting the stream we came to a spring bubbling out of the ground beneath the roots of a half dozen willow trees of more than goodly proportion. This discovery caused the party to stop and gather around the fountain, marveling at its freshness.

I saw Governor Carver first look down the brook, then up, then gazing into the basin of the spring, he said, "For a situation, for a plantation, this seems to be most likely. There is a good harbor, ample cleared land, abundance of sweet water and a hill on which to build our defences."

These being the main points in the plantation of a colony and this spot seeming to fill all of them, there was no dissenting from the governor's words. Though it was not decided then to settle here, the seed was planted in the minds of the men.

Master Bradford suggested they go to the top of the high mount in the clearing, from which to judge the sea and the land. Once more clambering through the low brush, we crossed the rolling land to the top of the mount. A narrow strip of land divided the harbor from the sea. Off to the left was the island where we first landed, which now was agreed should be called Clark's Island after the mate of the shallop. A long narrow beach circled out from the land to the left, embracing the island within its sweep. As we stood and gazed at the stretch of sea and land, I half liked this wilderness myself, while the colonists were all but settled in favor of this site for their plantation.

As they were beholding the landscape, Captain Standish had paced off the top of the mount for a fortification. But the colonists were not so fast as the captain, deciding to look further. Taking up arms, we marched inland through the woods not even finding a savage's path to aid our travels. The country was hilly, in many places full of stones, intermingled with swamps and boggy places. There was an abundance of pitch pines and other noble trees, giving the colonists encouragement for their building materials. There was also much barren land with here and there a fruitful spot, where the soil was black and deep and on which the yeomen of the party looked hopefully. But they found no spot which gave them as much satisfaction as the great clearing, with its sweet water brook and spring.

Returning to the shallop they rowed up into the inlet finding ample depth for fishing-boats. The banks of the brook and inlet, too, rose at a gentle incline, affording room for houses and family gardens. With this farewell look, it was then and there decided to bring the

ship from Cape Cod, planting the colony in the great clearing or near by, if a more favorable spot could be found.

Sailing across the harbor the men gazed backward many times at the great clearing and the country around it. With a final look the prow of the shallop was turned toward the open sea and Cape Cod. Coasting along the shore we spent another night under the stars and about noon time the next day came in sight of the vessel.

There were no shouts of welcome nor calling back and forth as usual. This subdued feeling was felt by the men in the shallop, causing them to wonder what had happened during their absence. Master Bradford failed to see the face of his good wife Dorothy, hoping no doubt to be greeted by her in the cabin. But this was not to be, for during his absence she had accidentally fallen into the sea, meeting her fate in the waters of Cape Cod, this being the first tragedy that had befallen the colonists.

Locating the Colony at Plymouth

The season of death had begun with the colonists while the party was off on the third discovery. We had not been gone long when Edward Thompson, a servant of Master William White, was taken. Little Jasper Moore, a bound boy in the family of Governor Carver, who had been ailing for some time, also came to his end. Then Mistress Dorothy May, wife of Master William Bradford, fell into the sea. Thus the home-coming was a sad one.

On the morrow after the return, the governor and all of his people went ashore to bring aboard the timbers and boards, that had been cut from the trees and dragged to the saw-pits, making ready to leave Cape Cod.

I watched the ship's deck closely, thinking I would catch sight of Mistress Lora. As she did not appear I walked back and forth hoping she would come forth from the great cabin. Instead of Lora I happened on Mistress Rose Standish, wife of the captain. She was a dainty little body, cheerful and with a pleasing word for everyone. Through the captain I had made his wife's acquaintance. As I had great respect for him, she compensated me by showing me little attentions. I learned from Mistress Rose that the maiden was not ill, but for some reason kept to her cabin.

While we were speaking together who should come

on deck but the maiden. As she and Mistress Standish were exceedingly friendly she came directly to us.

Mistress Rose being curious about me, after touching on many subjects, finally said, "Master Beaumont, from what part of England do you come?"

"Leicestershire, Mistress Standish," at the same time making a flourish with my hat.

"An east of England man."

At this Mistress Lora spoke up with, "Master Beaumont, how came you then to be at Plymouth?"

This was a question which I had not anticipated and hesitated before making reply. Seeing she misinterpreted my delay and knowing that sooner or later I would have to answer, I made up my mind to have it over with and replied, "Mistress Lora, it was a quarrel that carried me into Plymouth."

"And you were fleeing the country?" asked Mistress Rose. She was a soldier's wife and was wise at once as to what had sent me away from England. Seeing I did not give a direct reply to her question, she refrained from pushing the matter further.

But the maiden showed the willfulness of her race and now that I had pulled my mask off partially, she would have me completely remove it. As soon as she could return to the subject, she said, "Master Beaumont, you did not say why you left England."

I could see Mistress Rose's cheeks flush up and for fear she might think I was a highwayman or a robber I said quite determinedly, "It was an affair of honor and not of my own seeking."

Mistress Standish again came to my aid saying, "You mean that you fought," at the same time she endeavored to change the subject.

The maiden was determined to know more and quickly asked, "What did you fight?"

There was no denying the truth, looking boldly at her I replied, "I fought a fair duel."

"And you had to flee the country?" exclaimed the maiden with horror in her voice.

"Mistress Lora, do not judge harshly of me, since I had no choice. The man I fought was seeking my life and I fought, as any other man would, to save it."

"That is the custom of England," explained Mistress Rose, "and no blame can lie on Master Beaumont."

Mistress Rose took my part so well that the maiden's fears were somewhat allayed; but I knew the end was not yet. To change the trend of the conversation I asked, "Mistress Lora, how came you to this vessel?"

"With my parents, from Holland," she answered.

"From Leyden?"

"Truly Leyden, and a city of great beauty."

"Yea, I have been there."

"You, Master Beaumont?" she exclaimed with surprise.

"Yes, Mistress Lora, and I saw you there one November day about a year gone."

"That could not be, Master Beaumont, since I was in London not returning until the following December."

"But the Leyden Cathedral," I stammered.

"True 'tis a thing of beauty, but what of it?" she asked curiously.

"On this November day my companion and I saw you passing through the Cathedral square with your father," I said insistently.

"Nay, Master Beaumont, it must have been my sister Fear."

"Fear Brewster," I exclaimed.

"She favors me greatly, though I am her elder."

"But I like Lora Brewster better than Fear Brewster," I said with a little laugh.

She did not reply but blushed prettily, turning toward Mistress Standish for relief, but she only smiled at her. Then shortly the two women went to their cabin, leaving me at the side of the vessel, deeply puzzled by this new situation. I had been making love to a cathedral as well as to a maiden, connecting the two together, only to find that they did not belong to each other. For a time I stood in great perplexity but the form of the maiden arose clearly above these doubts.

While the colonists were making ready, Captain Jones held a conference with Master Clark and Coppin. As I was interested, I approached the table where the three seamen were discussing a map on which Master Clark essayed to point out the harbor which we had visited. Master Coppin traced the course of our shallop, saying, "There is Grumpus Bay, and here is our First Encounter."

"Then," said Captain Jones, "this harbor which you saw must be within these beaches and is marked on Captain John Smith's map as Plymouth."

Both mates now looked upon the map and after an exchange of words confirmed the harbor as Plymouth.

Having fixed the place, Captain Jones said, "What say you Clark, think you Governor Carver and his people are satisfied with the place?"

"So they seemed."

"And the harbor will float the ship safely? I shall never hoist anchor unless I know whither I am going."

The captain was so surly, I expected to hear him refuse to even go to the new anchorage. But both Clark

and Coppin assured him that they had sounded the channel and harbor and found ample sea room. The captain then replied that he was content and would go as soon as the colonists were ready.

Shortly after this conference of the seamen, Governor Carver and the other leaders returned from ashore with a load of sawn planks which they quickly hoisted and stored on deck. They had evidently been considering the new harbor as a place of settlement while ashore, for they came at once to the roundhouse and finding Captain Jones in, Governor Carver said, "Master Jones, we have at length found a place of settlement."

"Indeed, pray where?" asked the seaman, expressing surprise, though he knew full well all the while.

"In a great clearing on a hillside, through which flows a brook, and in front of which lies an ample harbor."

"When would you go to this new place?" asked the captain.

"On the morrow," was the governor's unexpected reply.

So it was decided that after laying at the first anchorage at Cape Cod for a month and four days, during which time three journeys of discoveries had been made, the ship was to sail on Friday, Christmas Day, for the harbor of Plymouth, so named by Captain John Smith of Virginia. When the colonists left the cabin, they immediately returned to the shallop, devoting the rest of the day, to bringing aboard their tools and the wooden things that had been wrought on shore. When the last trip had been made, the shallop was lashed aft for the voyage.

With the coming of Christmas morning the colonists were on deck, not giving due regard for the holy day, according to my fancy and the practice of the established church. There were no happy greetings or exchange of rememberances, but a stolid indifference to the gentle memories so dear to other Englishmen. To them it was the same as any other day of the year. As I was curious to know the cause of this lack of appreciation of Christmas Day by the Separatists, though they were ardent Christians, I appealed to Master Winslow. He assured me that the holy day had become a profane day, celebrated by unlicensed drinking, bull and bear baiting, and abounding in other excesses, which they could not countenance.

The sailors in the forecastle and we in the roundhouse were looking forward to a feast of delicacies, and an extra allowance of beer, garnished with bits of citron and sweet ginger for the midday meal. Captain Jones and the rest of us grew happy under the prospects of a rich dinner, while the colonists held grimly to their coarse diet, for fear they might make some concession to the ceremonies of the established church.

The boatswain whistle calling the sailors from their beer, they came grumbling from their quarters to loosen the frozen sails, and drag the anchor cables out of the cold sea, swearing oaths at the unfeeling colonists who would make them labor on this the greatest day of the year. The sails were soon set and the ship got under way. Mate Clark was in command as he had knowledge of the Bay of Plymouth. With a good wind off shore, Mate Clark headed the ship out to sea, expecting to come into the harbor from the ocean, rather than take the risk of coursing along shore.

THE MAYFLOWER ENTERING PLYMOUTH HARBOR

I was glad to feel the ship working under me once more, as it meant that the colonists would soon be safe ashore, likewise, I would soon be homeward bound. As I sat in the little alcove, looking out at the distant hills, I could not help but think how much more comfortable it was to go to Plymouth in a ship, than in the little shallop, in armor covered with ice.

While the plum pudding was steaming on the table and our throats were still carrying the sweetness of the roast goose, Mate Clark came in, exclaiming that owing to the high winds he could not take the ship into the harbor. Captain Jones looked hard at his plum pudding, then at Clark, his mind divided between his stomach and his duty. It was only for a moment, however, then he filled his mouth with the steaming sweetness, not deigning to answer Mate Clark until he had swallowed the tempting morsel. Though the ship were sinking, I was sure that Master Jones could not tear himself away from the plum pudding until he had had his fill. So it happened. Though he did not linger long at the table, the captain made the most of it, by the active use of a great pewter spoon, which he plied rapidly and kept well filled.

The Christmas pudding being wrecked, the captain hastened out to the quarter-deck, making a hasty survey. The waves were rolling in the narrow channel, leading into the harbor, making it dangerous to enter, even for navigators who knew the waters. As I came out of the roundhouse, I saw Captain Jones looking doubtfully about him. Seeing he could not make the harbor he decided to return to Cape Cod. Giving a quick command, the ship rolled heavily on its side, pushing its square prow deep into the sea, as it made a wide turn

and started back. We made the old anchorage about sundown, so that the first effort to enter Plymouth Bay ended in defeat.

This Christmas night while the colonists were saying their evening prayer, the sailors were in great glee, mingling their ribald songs with the harmonies of the psalms of the passengers. While the colonists went to their beds and hoped for better things on the morrow, the sailors spent the night dancing and drinking, and saw with bleary eyes and clogged brains, the next day's sun rise out of the depths of the sea.

This day being Saturday and the wind blowing fair across the bay an early start was made for fear that the breeze would go down before Plymouth Harbor was reached. The sailors came from their quarters after their night's carousal, sleepy and quarrelsome. But Captain Jones waded in amongst them with his big fists and heavy boots, soon bringing the men to their senses; at least that was the term, in which he phrased his brutality.

With the vessel once more under headway, Master Coppin took his stand in the stays. Mate Clark was forward on the forecastle-deck, while Captain Jones was aft on the poop-deck near the wheel, where he had a view of the ship. The failure of yesterday made the captain all the more anxious to succeed today. The colonists, who were able, were out anxiously watching the proceedings. I was anxious that this day's venture meet with success as well and went forward taking my stand with Mate Clark.

The weather being favorable, the ship came to the narrows, leading into the bay about the middle of the afternoon. As the vessel ran into the breach, the cap-

tain sent the sailors aloft to take in sail, fearing to drive the ship too fast. The leadsmen were calling the depth of the water; and now and then Mate Clark would hold up his hand, signaling the wheelman to steer to the right or left. These were moments of breathless interest as the ship made its way between the shallows and over sandy shoals into the unknown harbor.

The ebb tide showed a broad channel along the inside of the wooded beach, which was between the harbor and the ocean. Captain Jones who did not fancy lying in the open roadstead, began working the ship down this channel and before he had gained his anchorage, the twilight began to fall.

During the maneuvering of the vessel to gain its quarters, the colonists were on deck looking anxiously at the surrounding country getting what hope they could out of it. Being greatly interested I mingled with them to hear what they might have to say of the prospect. Some held that the harbor was ample, others saw in the island a refuge from the savages, in case of need; another that the sand would give clams in case of famine. There was a feeling of joy among the common people that the voyage was at an end.

The headmen, who were grouped together forward near the ship's long boat, were in a different mood from the common people, for as they stood in the presence of the unknown they felt their responsibilities bearing heavily upon them. This day was one which they had looked forward to, even before sailing from Holland.

When Governor Carver broke the silence by saying, "Elder Brewster, this is our promised land," every member of the group around him said, "Amen."

Then it was that the elder, as he looked across the

harbor into the great clearing grown gray in the light of the departing day, said, "Moses came in sight of the land of Canaan, but another led his people into it."

There was not a touch of bitterness in his speech, although he had in his mind Master John Robinson, who was left in Leyden. The elder's words so fitted his own case, however, that those who heard him looked at each other saying, in their own hearts, "'Tis true."

Governor Carver, looking at the great clearing, expressed himself with, "This hill country greets me better than yonder low land," pointing to the right where a river came into the harbor through a grassy plain.

Master Isaac Allerton, who was near by, replied, "But if we take possession of this cleared land, now, the savages will return and claim it at their planting time."

This thought had not come into the minds of the leaders, and they stood greatly perplexed until Captain Standish remarked, "The savages have not planted this field for several years."

"But they might return," insisted Allerton.

Master Bradford very cleverly answered, "We can take possession of the clearing, and if the savages return, we can pay their price."

To my notion he was right, and I felt sure that this great clearing would be chosen for the plantation, though there was a firm disposition on the part of some of the colonists to seek further before deciding.

While leaders of the colonists were standing on deck discussing the prospect of the land, Captain Jones had worked the ship, back of the beach, where he thought it could ride in safety. The light in the west fading and the shadows of the night spreading over the land made

the great clearing a patch of yellow in the midst of the mass of black forests.

Then the governor and the headmen crowded to the side of the ship. For a time they looked in silence. With their faces set toward this wilderness, their courage challenged by its danger, they stood like men who felt a duty within them and girded themselves about to do their uttermost. Reverently the governor took off his hat, the others doing likewise, until every colonist stood uncovered; then in the hush of the departing day, they betook themselves to their cabin, feeling that they had at length reached their goal.

The next day was one of suppressed excitement, even though it was the Sabbath. Captain Jones and the sailors were anxious to be off, the colonists were in hopes to be rid of the ship, while the women and children were glad at the prospect of once more coming to dry land. While the hoar frost was still upon the deck, I heard the commonality out discussing the merits of the clearing against other parts of the country. After services the governor and the chiefest came on deck, walking back and forth endeavoring to ignore the presence of the great clearing in fixing their minds on holier things, but one by one they stopped by the side of the vessel and, like the common people, began discussing the country side.

The children did not take to the sullenness of the land as they fancied the country, which their elders had been seeking so faithfully, was to be clothed in flowers and everlasting sunshine. Some of the people also found fault with its bleakness and for the moment were sorry they came. But most of the men looked at the barren hills and black forests with brave hearts and were impatient for the morrow.

In the evening the hearth boxes were brought upon deck, while the people gathered about the burning juniper, sending a greeting to the new shores in their songs. Governor Carver was impatient to have his men in their rugs, as he knew better than they, what the labors of the morrow would be. Gracious, not with fault-finding, but very wisely, the governor had the fire out and the men at rest, long before they expected to be.

When the last man had gone to his rugs, the governor still lingered, walking back and forth as if in deep thought. The embers of one of the sand boxes being left for the night watch, I caught the governor's face as he passed it from time to time in his lonely walk. I could see he was laboring under great mental strain. Once he stopped, I saw him turn his face heavenwards and wring his hands. Then turning to the side of the vessel he stood looking toward the land. No one knows what this silent figure suffered or what was uppermost in his mind but as he felt the hush of the night and the gloom of the great wilderness stealing across the waters, he must have had a glimpse of the toils, perils, anguish, and even the deaths of his people. As he stood alone and unattended, I could only think of another one who spent his last night before Gethsemane in anguish for his people.

Out of the darkness the governor came back to the watch-fire. A fitful flame gave me a glimpse of his countenance, his high forehead and gray hair, his weather beaten cheeks and kindly face, and I felt that he was truly a man of courage. The flickering flame lighted the governor to the door of his cabin, leaving me with a picture of a prophet of old in communion with his God.

Sailors and colonists were up betimes Monday morning. The shallop which had been lying idly at the stern of the ship was made ready for the voyage to land. Though it had been snowy and stormy weather, there was no ice in the harbor. The men prudently decided to search the shores of the bay, before finally fixing upon a place to settle. Those who had not been in the great clearing would go there first to see what sort of place it was. My heart was set on journeying with the party, so that when the shallop pushed away, I was one of its occupants, holding my musket across my knees.

Governor Carver pointed out the rock at the right of the inlet to Captain Jones, which now became the fixed landing-place of the colonists. Once ashore and having viewed the harbor from the high hill, tasted of the waters of the spring, seen the brook and inlet, and tested of the soil, the colonists began searching the neighboring country to make sure there was not a place near by, that would excel this spot in these favors.

First they ranged the woods and found the land lean and fat in places with an occasional oak, pine, and hemlock. There were some walnut, beech, ash, and birch trees and vines trailing from treetops, which promised grapes in their season. Under the dry leaves which carpeted the ground were strawberry plants, and a store of herbs, which I thought would please the matrons as well as Doctor Fuller. The inland country not pleasing them, the colonists turned to the beach, following it until they came to the river, which had been discovered from the ship. The tide being in, and being unable to cross, they decided to abandon further search. Turning back we came to the great rock, returning to the ship before dark.

Every colonist who could leave his bed was at the side to welcome the return of the shallop. In their eagerness some of them wanted to know if they had selected the place of settlement, if they had seen savages, and a multitude of other questions, which no one endeavored to answer until the deck was reached.

Tuesday the colonists set off to explore the river in the shallop, which we found was a gentle stream but hardly worthy of the name. Though the land was flat and free from trees, fresh water was lacking. Having rowed around the harbor, going ashore at favorable places, Governor Carver expressed a desire of seeing Clark's Island on which we first landed. This was found to be unsuitable owing to the lean land and lack of springs. Having examined the shore line of the harbor, the colonists returned to the ship with their minds set on an early decision of the place of settlement.

Happening on Captain Standish he told me a conference of the men was to be held that night. As some favored one location and some another, an effort was to be made to get all to agree on one place. Captain Jones and I discussed the various spots and between us agreed that the great clearing was the best one. He was of the opinion that the headmen had already fixed upon it and were giving the commonality time to come to their way of thinking.

I was up Wednesday almost as early as the colonists and I think I was almost as anxious over the outcome of the conference as they were themselves. Meeting Captain Standish he told me a decision had not been reached; but as many of the colonists as could go were to take a final view of the sites on the river and the great clearing—the choice being between these two. Shortly the shallop was dropped alongside and the colonists

took their places; as there was room for me I was invited to go along.

First they rowed to the river taking a final look at the lowlands, then they started for the great clearing. En route the colonists, who favored the plains, extolled the merits of their choice; but the others held fast, refusing to decide until the great clearing had been looked over again. One by one the men stepped upon the rock and viewed the inlet, then visited the spring and saw the running brook. Governor Carver, with his long gray hair cropping out beneath the edge of his steel bonnet, then led the way to the top of the high mount, from which a view was gained of the clearing, the harbor, and all the surrounding country.

Grouped on the little hilltop the men called each other's attention to the soil and advantages of the place. Having given his people ample time and opportunity, Governor Carver decided to bring the selection of a place of settlement to an end. Three days had been lost since the ship came into the harbor searching out a location, so that the leaders were ready to act.

Then it was that the governor gave the first evidence of his authority on land, for, taking off his steel cap, in a clear steady voice he said, that it was beholden for them to decide now whether they would settle on the banks of the river or in the great clearing. With this statement he put one place and then the other. With loud assent the great clearing was chosen as their plantation. So it befell the lot of this hilltop to witness the first working of individual government in this new land. Whatever may come of this theory, this spot will be hallowed or evil ground, in so much as the method becomes good or bad.

Filing down the mount the colonists went back to the banks of the inlet, where another conference was held over the location of the first house in the clearing. It was agreed that the sick men, women, and children must stay on the ship, until the houses had been built for their protection. Having this plan in mind, Governor Carver suggested that all of the colonists join in building a common-house, for the protection of the men, while they were building their own huts. This was assented to and choice made of a site on the bank of the inlet. Their quick action did not end here, but twenty men at the command of the governor set to work immediately to clear away the undergrowth.

So the colonists took possession of the great clearing and began their work of settlement.

A broad deer trail on the opposite side of the brook having attracted my attention, I decided to stay ashore. Before morning I wished I had not had so much sporting blood in my veins, for about midnight it began to storm and rain so that there was no protecting one's self from the tempest. The fire being extinguished we were compelled to sit through the rest of the night in wet clothes. The men ashore had not intended staying when they left the vessel so that they only had sufficient food for their evening meal. The shallop was to bring supplies the next morning, but the sea was raging so that it was impossible. In fact the wind was so strong we were fearful that the ship would be blown from its moorings and if Captain Jones had not thrown out all three of his anchors, it is my belief that the vessel would have been dashed to pieces.

About noontime when we had about given ourselves over to a day of fasting, we were welcomed by the sight

of the shallop coming with stores. The little craft headed into the inlet where it floated safely under the covert of the banks. While the men went about building a brush rendezvous, I followed along the brook trying my musket on the ducks and geese, bringing in a few water fowl, making an acceptable addition to the limited larder.

The wind being still high the shallop could not go back to the ship, but with a blazing fire and a brush bed, we lay under a rude shelter thankful for our blessings. All day Friday the shallop lay in the inlet unable to breast the high waves, so that our supplies again ran low. The colonists made the best of this delay by seeking sites for houses, locating timber, and searching for wild grass for thatching. I was compelled to take my drenching with the rest, grateful that my clothes did not freeze on my back and I was not pickled in ice.

It was Saturday morning, January second, before the storm abated so that a working force could come with felling and hewing axes to cut timbers for the common-house. Governor Carver accompanied by Stephen Hopkins led the way into the forests. Master Stephen who had been in Virginia and was familiar with the larch, which was used for foundation logs, carried a felling ax, marking the trees that were to be cut down. While the two notched the trees, the other began hewing at them. Most of the Leyden men, being farmers in their early days, knew the knack of sending an ax into the heart of a tree; and there is a legerdemain about it unless a man uses he soon tires.

While the chips were flying and the sound of the axes echoed through the woods, a sharp lookout was kept for savages. Captain Standish wished to set sentinels

round about the choppers, but there were so few and so much to do, it was decided to take their chances against attack. But while they labored their match-locks stood close by with the sparks in readiness.

Leaving the men at work I walked to the brook, following it until I came to a pool which the wild fowl used. Though I hid in the grass and hung around the place, not a bird came near. Then it came to me that the sound of the axes had disturbed the water fowl from their feeding-ground, which had belonged to them from time immemorial. No doubt with the first blow of the ax, these denizens of the waters took their flight to seek new feeding-grounds deeper in the wilderness. As my sport seemed lacking and fearful of going far from the clearing, I swung around through the woods coming upon the choppers unawares.

As they did not hear me I stood watching them. Master Edward Winslow in a rough kersey was hacking awkwardly at the trunk of a pine, on the other side of which was Master Allerton. Winslow, the gentleman, and Allerton, the tailor, were both merged in wood choppers. Beyond these two were Master Bradford and Elder Brewster hard at the same tasks, the former who had been a yeoman before going to Holland, could swing an ax with the sturdiest of the choppers; the elder was not wanting in experience, but was handicapped by his age.

Even the gray haired governor was at work cutting brushes from a fallen tree. Desiring to see what part Captain Standish was playing in this scene of toil, I shifted my position in the brush that I might see him. I found him astride a fallen tree, laboring like the lowliest. As I stood watching this strange scene, an old

adage came to my mind, which says that when master and man labor together a task is quickly done. There was no questioning but that they were working on even terms this day, but the end of the task I felt was in doubt.

Moving in the underbrush I stepped on a dry stick making a noise, instantly the choppers dropped their axes and seizing their guns brought them ready to fire. My yellow velvet coat saved me, one of the men recognizing it called to his comrades not to fire. The alarm having subsided I sat down on a fallen log to watch the men at work.

I had not been there long when I happened to spy Degory Priest, a hat-maker from Leyden. From the manner in which he handled his ax, it was evident he was accustomed to working with softer tools. Though his hands were tender, he was hard at work with an ax, doing his uttermost. He had been out in the night of snow and sleet and there contracted a cold which was fast making a wreck of him. His deep coughing attracted my attention as much as his awkward chopping. The poor fellow looked so weak and forlorn, I offered him a rusk and a swallow of my strong waters, which he received gratefully. As he sat down to rest I noticed his hands were bleeding. Taking one of them I saw it was covered with blisters, from which the blood was oozing. The dry stains on his ax handle indicated he had been suffering long and silently. Looking at his thin pale face I said, "My man, you are too weak to work."

Before he could answer he was taken with a fit of coughing and ere he ceased I thought he would fall from the log through exhaustion.

When he had recovered his breath he said, "I know it will not be my lot to see my companions settled; but they have brought me thus far through their own sacrifices, and what little strength I have left is theirs."

Stooping over to pick up his ax he fell forward in a faint. Forcing the contents of my flask between his lips, the warmth of the spirits soon brought him to. As he would not listen to me, protesting that he must resume his labor, I did not have the heart to leave the man in his feebleness, so made him sit and watch me use his ax as best I could. When I succeeded in felling a pine tree, he would not let me do more, but taking the ax began trimming its branches.

When the shallop made its last passage to the ship at night I returned with it, so did Degory Priest, though I thought him weaker. His face was flushed with fever, but his mouth was set as one who was determined to do his part, come what would.

Some of the men stayed ashore, but most of them returned to the ship to spend the Sabbath in rest. I must confess that I was so tired that I was content to stay abed, though the sun came in warm and comfortable through the windows of the roundhouse. I do not know what happened either on the ship or shore this day, further, than the men on the land heard strange cries in the forests, which they took to be savages and stood by their match-locks most of the time.

Monday all hands were ashore early, including Degory Priest. The morning being cold and raw I decided to stay on board ship.

The clearing was so large the nearest trees were at least an eighth of a mile distant from the location of the houses. When the first trees were cut the colonists

were compelled to go deeper into the woods, so that most of the house timbers were dragged from a quarter to half a mile over the frozen ground. To understand the real struggle of the colonists in securing logs for their houses, one should know that the site selected for their settlement was upon a side hill, with the ground sloping away from it on all sides. This in itself was an obstruction, but the greatest one was the scarcity of available building trees. The brook with its steep banks shut off one half of the forests, then the savages had cleared the trees from the hill, so that the colonists could not look for timbers in that quarter. This left only a small portion of the distant forests from which to secure material.

At noontime I took my musket and went ashore in search of game. As I came up from the beach a long line of men, dragging a log, came towards me with their bodies bent forward and straining at every nerve, moving slowly over the ground. Every few moments the end of the log would strike an obstruction, or else dig its way into the earth, causing the men to stop with a jerk. Having gained their breath, they would again strive with their load until stopped by exhaustion; it was drudgery of the hardest kind, but every man including the governor had hold of the rope. Having neither horses nor oxen they were compelled to take the places of animals.

Coming closer to the toiling line I saw Degory Priest laboring at the rope. Both cheeks were flushed and the wild look in his eyes told the story of his feebleness. His cough was worse this day and at every halt he was compelled to sit down on the log to rest.

A dozen or more timbers were lying at the site of the

common-house, which was to consist of one room twenty feet square. As soon as the log the colonists were dragging was laid with the others, they went back for more without so much as resting. Returning in the evening I heard the men off in the forests, and shortly saw the long line emerge from the trees, dragging the last stick for the day. Waiting until they had ended their task, I took my way with the few who were returning to the ship down to the shallop. As Degory Priest got into the boat I gave him a duck. He thanked me and drawing his coat tightly about his thin body crouched in the bottom, where the wind could not strike him.

During the night it began to blow and rain, so that I was in pity for the poor fellows who were ashore. There was no cessation in the gale in the morning, the waves running so high the shallop could not go ashore. Once or twice I saw Degory Priest on the deck, looking longingly towards land, as if he was being defrauded of a day's work. My compassion for the man prompted me to advise him to keep off the deck, but his impatience to be free of the ship was such that he would not heed it. Chafing under his enforced idleness, he went below in the evening still willful.

This day Mistress Lora came on deck and then I had but a word with her. She said that the sick were lying in their rugs, impatient to be ashore. Though Doctor Fuller was working with them day and night many were gradually growing weaker. I watched her closely to see if she was being stricken by the fever which was raging, but the glow of her cheek belied the presence of the malady. Though I was duly thankful for this, still I began to be alarmed and wished that the men ashore did not have to drag their timbers such distances so that they might build the quicker.

Though the harbor was still in the throes of the passing storm, the next day the shallop was made ready for a trip ashore. Degory Priest brought up his sleeping-rug, prepared to take up his abode in the clearing, and determined not to lose more of his life's time.

The sea calming, I went shorewards in the middle of the afternoon. En route to my hunting-ground I saw the fourth log of the side of the common-house rolled into position. Governor Carver's clothes were covered with mud, while he worked like a common menial with his subjects. A king, who would have done thusly, would soon have lost his throne; but this new form of government seemed to encourage the leveling of ruler and ruled.

Inquiring after Degory Priest, I was told that he was too weak to swing an ax. Later I came upon him, kneeling upon the cold ground, working feverishly with a sickle amongst the coarse yellow grass which was to be used for thatching. From time to time he stopped to cough; but as soon as the paroxysm passed, he took up his blade, laying to the right and left of him the winrows of straw. As I passed on I could hear his cough, which haunted me until I willingly would have gone back and done his work for him. I knew that my interference, however, would be futile, as he was determined to labor for his comrades as long as the breath of life was in him.

The struggle of Degory Priest excited my sympathy. I saw him the following day weaker than ever, mixing the clay to be used as daubing for the houses. He had a chill during the night. His comrades wished to send him back to the ship, where he could have the care of Doctor Fuller, but he steadfastly refused to go. He

seemed so frail I expected to see him fall any moment. When I offered to send Doctor Fuller to him, if he would not give up his work and return to the ship, he looked at me and shook his head, saying, "Master Beaumont, it is too late."

In the afternoon not being strong enough to wield a hoe, he attempted to smooth the clay in the cracks, finding that was too much, he would not give up but sat on the ground handing chips to the daubers. Before sundown I helped him back to the camp. As I saw him crawl into the shed and throw himself heavily on his rugs, I thought his call from his toils would come before morning.

But Degory Priest was up and abroad by the time I had come from the ship the next day. There was the look in his bloodshot eyes and haggard face of the hunted animal when at bay and fighting a losing battle. Though his steps were short and tottering, his courage was splendid. He still had strength to pick up chips, but that was all. My heart went out to him and I thought his heroism was past any that I had ever beheld. As he was moving feebly about his work, I saw him trembling as if about to fall, coming up to his side quickly I said, "My man, you should be in your rugs."

"I will be there soon, and forever," came out of his throat with a peculiar sound.

These were his last words, stooping to pick up a stick he fell forward on his face. There was a fleck of blood upon his lips and his breath came feebly from between his parched lips. We lifted him tenderly to carry him to his rugs. But he began his eternal journey, ere we finished ours. So died Degory Priest, the Leyden hatter.

While the men labored and strove upon the bleak land, the women, children, and the sick remained in safety on the vessel. Captain Jones was not so impatient to be off, as his sailors were beginning to be stricken with scurvy from living on stale meat. The forecastle was filled with moans and groans of the poor fellows. It was evil with the seamen on this ship, who seemed to be more brutes than men, for they showed no kindness to each other, even looking with selfish eyes on the possessions of their comrades who were ill beyond recovery.

Captain Jones rarely went ashore but sat in the roundhouse, swallowing his beer, cursing his ill fortune that kept him on one side of the ocean, when he should be well along upon his return. As a matter of fact he was afraid to venture out of sight of land. If we had not come from Cape Cod when we did, he might not have been able to have moved the ship at all. The captain was careful to conceal his fear of going to sea from the colonists. Captain Jones was surly enough at any time, but now as he saw his sailors lying sick and himself helpless, he drank his brandy more freely than his beer, so that his company was undesirable.

When Jones was ill humored he would storm and threaten the colonists, but they gave little heed to his moods; but it was when the mariner counted the cost of staying, calmly saying he must return shortly, that they

seemed alarmed. This fretting of the captain kept them toiling in the cold and sleet.

Fortunately for me and the colonists, there came on a few bright days, bringing cheer to those on board as well as to the laborers in the great clearing. I made the most of these days, seeing Mistress Lora frequently upon the deck with Mistress Rose Standish who was ever hovering around her. She was such a good companion that I was glad to welcome her.

My interest in the present struggle of the colonists, excited my curiosity about how they came to plan this voyage, and especially why they made it in the fall of the year instead of in the summer, when the sea was smooth and the land was dressed in green leaves instead of being covered with snow. I suppose I would never have heard the details of the wanderings of this band of Separatists had it not been for Mistress Rose Standish whom I had to come to know well. For one bright afternoon while I was standing at the side of the ship looking at the colonists laboring in the great clearing, she and Mistress Lora happened along. I fell to praising the courage with which the men who were unaccustomed to drudging toils endured them.

Mistress Standish said that most of them were yeomen at one time.

"But not in recent years?" I asked.

"Nay, when they lived in England."

Then Mistress Lora spoke forth, "When a little girl in the north of England, I remember when a few of these men came from their farms to our house and spent the Sabbath day in worship."

Interested immediately at this bit of light on the early life of the colonists I asked, "Pray, where was this?"

SCROOBY, ENGLAND
The birthplace of the Pilgrim colony

"In the manor house of Scrooby Palace in Nottinghamshire."

Mistress Rose showing as great interest in the subject as I did, I at once appealed to the maiden for more of her story. Looking around the deck and spying a nook in the angle between the bulwark and the cabin where we would be protected, I suggested that we be seated there, while the maiden told her memories. Not knowing how well the two women could stand the air with its tinge of cold, I brought a pair of rugs and made them comfortable.

"My first recollection of my childhood," began the maiden, "was when Father kept the post-house on the Great North Road that led from Edinburgh to London.

"Being a postman gave Father a position in Scrooby, so that others looked up to him, besides he was in touch with the people of quality. I have heard Father say, that when King James came down the Great North Road from Scotland, his retinue was so numerous as to cause the ignorant people to say that the Scotch were making a descent upon England.

"Father was glad to welcome King James as monarch, for he now had hopes that an end would be made of the great controversy that had been going on for many years, as to the ceremonies of the established church. The Scotch king being an ardent Presbyterian, Father thought His Majesty would abolish the forms of service as established by King Henry the Eighth and his advisors in his church; moreover, that they would be supplanted by the ways of the primitive church, formed after the dictates of the Bible.

"I know naught of these church differences," explained the maiden, "except what Father has told me, and narrated to others in my presence."

Then feeling that she must apologize to one that was a king's man and a firm believer in the established church, she said, "Master Beaumont, you must not judge Father harshly for what I am about to say, but if you would know our side, you must listen perhaps to some things which you have never heard before."

I replied, "Mistress Lora, it is my duty to listen to you kindly."

She smiled at me, and then went on with the ancient beginning of the differences, which, as she said, drove the colonists to come to the shores of the new country, by saying, "When King Henry the Eighth began to rule he was beholden to the Church of Rome, and for years was its champion. 'Tis said His Majesty fell out with that church, because the pope would not divorce him from his Queen Catharine of Spain. Father would have it differently, saying that the king was one of the wisest as well as the wickedest of men, conceiving the idea of controlling men's souls as well as their bodies. First King Henry had the pope delegate plenary powers to an English primate, so that all disputes could be settled in England, without being referred to Rome. This was his first step towards establishing a church of his own. Shortly the king took the powers of the pope's legate unto himself, making himself the spiritual as well as the temporal ruler of his people."

As I listened to the maiden's narrative of the origin of the established church of England, I imagined I could see the aged rector of our chapel throw up both of his hands exclaiming, "Impossible! Impossible!"

"Father contends," she continued, "but for one, Master Cartright, who was so forward as to present a petition to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, that she should

surrender her temporal powers to the church Presbyters, all ceremonies would have been abolished in the state church. But as soon as Her Majesty felt this attempt of the reformers to gain a grip on her civil power, the queen and the nobles at once took sides against the reformers and their cause."

I knew that Mistress Lora was speaking truthfully for my own father and mother had told me how "their dear church" was assaulted by the "heretical crew" as they called the dissenters. Their bitterness towards the reformers was so great that they would not allow them on our estate. I imbibed their feelings and looked with contempt and hatred on them, so I could verify this much of Mistress Lora's story.

As the maiden looked across the bay where the nonconforming colonists were at work she continued with considerable animation. "Now it was that King James came riding down the Great North Road to our post-house on his way to London to mount the English throne.

"King James, as I have said before, was a Presbyterian and a nonconformist, so that Father welcomed him as a liberator of his people. With a 'God-speed and a safe journey,' the king rode from our post-yard.

"Great was Father's joy when he heard that our Presbyterian king had called a conference at his palace, Hampton Court, where the conformists and nonconformists were to adjust their differences.

"But the conference had hardly begun, when the king began to cross-question and abuse the nonconformist champions, not permitting them to speak in their own behalf. In bitter words he condemned them, saying that the dissenters' doctrine of 'no bishop,' would soon

lead to one of 'no king.' Though the discomforted men endeavored to assure His Majesty of their loyalty, he would not listen to them, sternly telling them unless they and their dissenting congregations made haste to come within the folds of the established church, accepting its doctrine and forms, he would harry them out of the kingdom.

"After this convention Father, who was ever a determined and conscientious man, made no outcry of his intentions, but straightway sought out a nonconforming congregation at Babworth, which had for its preacher Master Richard Clyfton, a graduate of Cambridge University. The nonconformists being incensed over the attitude of the king, began to stir the parish of Babworth against this new decree, claiming it was the right of everyone to worship God according to his own conscience.

"I have a distinct recollection of a pale faced young man coming to our house on a Sabbath morning," continued Mistress Lora, "and walking with Father across the moors to Babworth. The young man was Master William Bradford, who has clung to Father ever since in more than passing friendship.

"Master Bradford did not live at Scrooby, but in Austerfield, a little village about three miles away; though he had to walk eight miles to Babworth to church he rarely was absent, winter or summer. A vacancy occurring in the Scrooby Church, Master Clyfton was transferred to our village parish, another Cambridge University preacher by the name of Master Robinson being his assistant. These two preachers, Father, and Master Bradford worked diligently among the farmers of the parish, who now became stubbornly

set that they would not worship except in their own manner."

I said, "Mistress Lora, the farmers and yeomen of Leicestershire were equally as stubborn, for many of them held their conventicles in the woods."

"So they did with us, Master Beaumont, as you shall shortly see," she replied.

"For one year, the people worshiped in peace. Then, anon, one Sabbath, we came to the church to find its doors closed and the yard filled with pursuivants from the Court of High Commission. Father and Master Clyfton would know the cause of this action. They were plainly told that the prelates had decreed that unless the Scrooby congregation at once conformed to the ceremonies as established by King Henry the Eighth, the doors of our church would rot off their hinges before they would open again to nonconformists.

"Not contented with taking our church," she continued, "these churchmen sent their constables and officers after the poor farmers until they were frantic. A minister of the established church was sent to the parish and the church was opened, and if a man failed to attend the services, his enemies set the officers after him. When he was arrested and brought before a justice, questions were asked him, to which if he answered 'Yea' or 'Nay,' he was caught just the same. This fine plan came from the evil heads of the prelates, and it soon had the dull farmers of Scrooby so perplexed that they dare not answer a warrant, but would flee to the moors instead.

"These apparitors or constables of the Court of High Commission were a low cunning lot, watching our house not only on the Sabbath, but observing closely all who

came and went. In spite of this close watch the people held meetings in the forests or in a lonely spot on the fens."

I could have told Mistress Lora of a conventicle of nonconformists which I helped to break up one Sabbath day in Leicestershire near Beaumont Hall, but I was fearful lest she would refuse to speak to me again.

"In the spring and summer," continued the maiden, "the outdoor meetings were not so uncomfortable, but the leaders knew that winter would put an end to them. To meet in a house would mean that the whole congregation would be seized and hauled to prison. At this juncture Father told of how in Holland, where he had been, the people followed their own beliefs in their own way, furthermore, suggesting that they all move thither. In September of 1607, the post-house was taken from Father, and a keeper of the established church put in his place. Constables were thick and persecutions many, so that in their desperation the people after much prayer, decided to separate themselves from their country as well as their church.

"Although laws were formed at London forbidding nonconformists from leaving the kingdom without license, the farmers of Scrooby began laying their plans for leaving England. The strong hearted were ready and anxious. The weaker members began excusing themselves. But those who would go to the number of about a hundred men, women, and children made ready.

"Master Clyfton and Father going secretly to Boston, arranged with an English master of a bark to set the company across the North Sea. When they returned, word was given out that all must repair to Boston upon

a certain date, a rendezvous being arranged on the dock.

"We were to have gone aboard the bark on a certain day, but its master failed to keep his appointment, so that we were compelled to lay through the night at an inn, which was beset by coarse men drinking ale.

"We lingered through the next day, fearful each minute would bring the constables upon us for leaving England without license. Under cover of night we made our way to the vessel. But the people were doomed to disappointment. The master of the vessel had conspired with the constables and when he had us all aboard sent word to the officers. The servitors of the church coming aboard, in the name of the king arrested the congregation. The men, women, and children were forced into the small boats, but not until the men had been robbed of their money and the women treated to many indignities. Though it was night, we were all dragged ashore. I remember the scene of this landing, with the flaring torches lighting up the brutal faces of the constables, and the jeering crowd of townspeople who stood upon the dock. As we walked along the street, a rabble followed after us, calling us enemies of the king and other cruel names."

I bit my lips in anger that the maiden should be so treated and began to see that after all, she had reason for looking with suspicion upon me.

"We were led to prison," she continued, "instead of Holland. While the Boston authorities sent off to London for instructions what to do with us, the leaders were questioned and examined daily. We were confined for weeks and finally turned loose in the streets. Seven of the leaders were held in prison, so that the rest

of the company did not know what to do. Master Bradford fortunately was released and at once took charge, leading the party back to Scrooby.

"Though the zeal of a few of the congregation grew cold after the trials of this adventure the rest were more determined than ever to escape from the country. Through this winter, the people, who had sold their possessions and been robbed of their money by the constables of the church, lived as best they could. In the meanwhile as Master Clyfton's ardor cooled, Master Robinson's increased, so that he was more forward in the matter of our second exodus. Lacking money our position seemed helpless, but we had many sympathizers among the rich, as well as the lowly, who secretly sent their means, until in the spring of 1608 we were again amply provided.

"Master Bradford and Father this time journeyed to Hull where they found and contracted with a Dutch captain, who promised were we once aboard he would sail his lugger across to Holland. It was arranged that this seaman was to meet us on a lonely common between Grimsby and Hull, where there was an intake of the sea. These preparations being made, the party entered a boat on the Stream Idle, and floated down its sluggish current to the River Trent. There a bark awaited our coming which was to carry us to our rendezvous with the Dutchman. Entering quickly we made haste to get under way for fear of detection. The boat was so small that only the women and children could crowd into it, the men being compelled to walk across the country about forty miles.

"The winds that blew us to our destination churned the sea into great waves. Coming to the intake and

finding the Dutchman had not appeared, our captain to be free from the rough sea, ran his bark into a small creek. Father and the rest of the men came safely across the country, and boarded our vessel while the tide was out and it was lying helpless in the soft mud. It was decided that part of the men should go aboard the Dutch ship, the rest of them remaining on the bark until the tide floated it.

"In this we were disappointed, for the first boat load had hardly gotten aboard when the Dutch captain perceived a great crowd of constables with bills and guns coming across the common. Seeing that the country was aroused, he did not stop to pull his small boat from the water, but set sail with a few of our men. Most of them, however, were left on the beach, while we were fast in the mud.

Abandoned and helpless, the women were once more submitted to the insults of the coarse constables. Master Robinson and Father told the men that were left to scatter and run, while they stayed behind to protect us. Master Bradford was aboard the lugger, which soon disappeared under full sail.

Again were we carried before the magistrates and a second time thrown into prison. In our plight we were sent from one magistrate to another, until we were worn out and the justices likewise, as they did not know what to do with us. Finally seeing there was no law to prevent wives joining their husbands, and not having homes to go to, we were again set out on the street.

"Having failed twice to move the congregation in a body, Pastor Robinson and Father began sending them over to Holland secretly, in parties of two and three. No one dared to be our friends openly, but after night

the poor people of Scrooby came to us, bringing what money they could raise by the sale of their own cattle. Having seen all across the sea, we were the last ones to take a ship for Amsterdam in Holland. So we parted from the established church which persecuted us and in many furious and bitter words called us "Separatists." Instead of making us out a people who would worship as our conscience would tell us, we were accused of crimes against church and state, and were compelled to flee from England because of our disgrace."

"Separatists are what you were called in Leicestershire," I said.

"Truly," was the maiden's answer, "and did you ever suppose that you would journey with such outcasts to America?"

"Never," I replied.

At this juncture Mistress Rose moved about as if uncomfortable, suggesting that the maiden finish her story at some other time. I was anxious to hear the rest, the day being warm, and there was no knowing when we would be able to sit on deck again. I offered to get cushions and went for them in spite of their protests. Returning and finding Mistress Lora willing to go on, I made them comfortable and taking my seat on a timber, facing the maiden, she again took up her narrative.

"We found the men in Amsterdam, who had escaped on the Dutch lugger," she continued "though they were many days reaching land, being driven by a great storm up opposite the coast of Sweden. Having reached Holland the next serious problem was how we were to live. The men being farmers were at a loss in a great city, like Amsterdam, confronted by strange people,

who spoke a language which seemed hopelessly puzzling for them to learn.

"The task of earning daily bread pushed the men cruelly. The sturdy ones went amongst the shipping to aid in loading vessels. Others sought hard labor, but all were turned aside because they could not speak the language.

"In Amsterdam there was already a congregation, known as the Ancient English Exile Church, under the teachings of Master Francis Johnson. In our extreme need these Englishmen came to our relief, otherwise many of us would have starved. My Father who was ever diligent found little employment. But all were patient and industrious in spite of their want. In time they began to learn various trades, even women working that they might not starve. So we struggled through the first year most of us thin and gaunt and hungry.

"As there were great bickerings and scandal in the Amsterdam Church, the leaders of our people began to turn their heads towards another flight. Coming far and enduring much to worship in peace, it was thought wise to move again. It was decided that Leyden, would be a suitable place for our final resting. In the year 1609, all our possessions were put on canal barks and we set sail for that city.

Again poverty pressed us. In Amsterdam there were many places to work, in Leyden few. Those who labored divided with those who did not, so that we lived as one large family. Pastor Robinson became a teacher in the university; Father instructed young gentlemen in French and German, thereby gaining a scant living. Master Bradford learned silk dyeing; and Edward Tilley became a silk worker. One man was driven to one

device and another to something else, until through necessity, the farmers of England became tradesmen of Holland. During the season of these labors they held steadfastly to their worship, the toils of the week being forgotten as they sat on the Sabbath day and often two and three times a week, under the teachings of their beloved pastor. As a matter of fact our people were a government unto themselves with Master Robinson ruling over them.

"Our lot was so severe that some, who fled from England, returned smothering their consciences, rather than endure the hardships. There were some, however, who came over afterwards, giving what comfort they could to us from their estates. Among them was Governor Carver, who having married a sister of Pastor John Robinson, made him a visit. Finding himself of the same mind as our people, he gave up his possessions in England and came to live in Leyden.

"Master Edward Winslow was not with us in the beginning, but came over to Holland of his own accord. Happening on some of our people on the streets in Leyden, he came to a more intimate acquaintance with us. Being of a serious turn of mind, he tarried for a while, then married Elizabeth Barker, and likewise, became one of the congregation."

At this juncture, the maiden turned to her companion, saying, "Mistress Rose, you know how the captain came to us. I fancy had the war between the Dutch and the Spaniards been maintained, Captain Standish would still have been fighting in Holland."

Mistress Rose answered, "Lora, 'twas the love of adventure, I fear, that brought Captain Standish on this voyage."

As they were inclined to argue more fully on the coming of Captain Standish, I asked the maiden, "The addition of Masters Carver, Winslow, and Captain Standish to your Leyden party gave you good hopes?"

Then she replied, "Truly, but we had begun to prosper before they came. Father, through the aid of an English merchant by the name of Thomas Brewer, secured type at which he worked until he could set them in order for books. At this time we lived in a narrow lane called the Steucksteg; from these lowly quarters we afterwards moved into a larger house on the Choorsteg Vicus Choralis close by the cathedral. There in an upper attic Father toiled secretly with his type, now and then bringing down a form which he quietly took to a neighboring printer.

"Though we were prospering and were not in need of the necessities of life, a new sorrow came to the leaders of the congregation. The cause of it was, that the children were not following in the footsteps of the elders: some of the young men were joining the Dutch navy, others were off in distant seas in trading vessels, while the young women grew comely in the sight of the men of Leyden. The head men saw that when old stock was no more, their children would be absorbed by the Dutch people, and the church for which they had endured so much would come to an end.

"Our elders, conceiving that they were called to establish the church upon its primitive foundation, were greatly disturbed. They met many times at Pastor Robinson's house in the Klokluis to discuss what they should do. Father and Pastor Robinson were the prime movers in these conferences.

"In the autumn of 1617, the agitation for the removal

to America began in earnest. The people were divided at once, the timid ones holding that the distance was too great, the winters too cold, and the savages too fierce. Then again they argued that the voyage was entirely too much of an undertaking for feeble people. The courageous answered that all great adventures were full of trials and agreed that such an undertaking was not to be entered into lightly. These daring spirits made the most of the fact that the great truce between the Dutch and Spaniards was shortly to come to an end, when Leyden would once more be an armed camp. The outcome of the war no one could foresee. They argued that if the Spaniards should be successful, they would be more cruel than the Virginian savages. There was much wrangling and contention until finally those who were willing to make the voyage, formed themselves into a party.

"Having decided to flee from Holland, the next discussion was over the selection of the country. Some favored Guiana, where the ground produced freely and quickly; and many became so fixed on going there that they finally said they would go there or stay in Leyden.

"Pastor Robinson, Master Bradford, and Father favored Virginia. This selection also caused much discussion as the people feared they would come under the royal governor at Jamestown, and under the Court of High Commission, which drove them from England. As Virginia seemed the most suitable, it was decided to send Governor Carver and Master Robert Cushman to London to do two things: first, arrange with the Virginia Company of London for land to settle on; second, to secure a charter from King James that would grant them religious freedom in the wilderness of Virginia.

"That part of the new world lying south of the mouth of Hudson's River was given by charter by the king to certain knights, gentlemen, merchants, and adventurers of London, who organized the Virginia Company of London. These men being pledged to plant colonies in this distant land, you can understand that Governor Carver and Master Cushman were made welcome and encouraged by the officers and stockholders of the company. Securing land became an easy matter, so long as the men of Leyden agreed to settle below the mouth of Hudson's River.

"But getting King James's consent to religious liberty even in the far-away forests of America was a more serious matter. Father knew Sir Edward Sandys who was high in the king's favor, also others of equally noble station. All these powerful influences were brought to bear upon His Majesty, but he steadfastly refused to grant the liberty asked for. All that the king would say was, that if we went to Virginia he would not look upon us as enemies of the church or state. This delay brought our affairs into the year 1618.

"The king's refusal to grant the people religious freedom was a great disappointment. Many declared bluntly that it was only a scheme of the church prelates to get them in their power, but the leaders were still strong for going, seeing fairness in the king's attitude. In fact they were encouraged by it, saying that His Majesty could not support a worship in one part of his kingdom and condemn it in another. After much discussion and great wrangling, the majority of the people agreed to put their trust in the king's word and decided to go to Virginia.

"At this same conference it was agreed that a new committee consisting of Robert Cushman and Father be

sent to London to secure as broad letters patent as the Virginia Company could grant and upon the most favorable terms. Setting off at once, they came to London only to find the Virginia Company in a turmoil. Sir Thomas Smith who, tiring of his position as governor and treasurer of the company, signified his desire to withdraw. When Sir Edward Sandys was elected to take his place, Sir Thomas found fault and drew the company into factions. I have heard Father tell of how he and Master Cushman went from one person to another, endeavoring in vain to get them to act upon the charter.

"Weeks and months again dragged along while the two men were trying to secure action upon the grant. Finally in June, 1619, a patent was issued in the name of Master John Wincob, a goodly man of Lincolnshire, who was not of us in Leyden, though the leaders confided in him fully.

"By this time the ardor of the Leyden congregation had begun to cool, owing to a mishap which befell a company of Separatists who had previously set out for Virginia under one Master Blackwell, an elder of the Amsterdam church. This Master Blackwell, conceiving a plan of establishing a colony of Separatists on the Virginia coast, set sail with a large company of friends from Amsterdam. For weeks we had been waiting for some word of how our acquaintances fared in the new land. While the Leyden people were in the midst of planning for their charter and moving, word came of Master Blackwell – and evil it was. For of one hundred and eighty on board the ship, one hundred and thirty were dead before they reached Virginia, Master Blackwell dying and most of our Amsterdam friends.

"The people who were to stay in Leyden being frightened by this disaster endeavored to persuade the others not to go. Their talk was not without avail, for when Master Cushman and Father came back from London with word of the granting of the charter, there were only a few people who were anxious to go on the voyage. Likewise, word came from London that the disaster that had overtaken Master Blackwell's colony had caused many of the London merchants to withdraw their support.

"While the pall of Master Blackwell's expedition was still upon us, a party of Dutch merchants in Amsterdam began negotiations offering to give us free shipping and cattle, if we would agree to settled in New Amsterdam on Hudson's River. This offer once more gave heart to the head men, as they saw a prospect of making the voyage a success. Freedom of religion being granted, Virginia was forgotten for the moment.

"While the negotiations were going on with the Amsterdam merchants, Master Weston, a London merchant, came to Leyden. He announced that if we would give up our plans with the Dutch merchants, certain London men would advance sufficient money for the voyage. Master Weston being known, his word was taken as though the matter were finally settled. The Amsterdam merchants were notified of the election of Virginia, thus stopping further dealings with them.

"A solemn day of fast was then set on which to make an end of the talk of the voyage. All day long the people kept within the walls of the pastor's house, praying and discussing, discussing and praying over who should go and who should stay. Finding that many more were willing than could be conveniently taken, a

choice was made of those who were to go first. A majority of the congregation deciding to stop in Leyden, it was agreed that Pastor John Robinson was to stay with them.

"Ere Master Weston returned to London, he asked that a contract be agreed upon, whereby the merchants would be assured of the return of their money. The conditions I do not remember, further than that for seven years all were to work as one people: the crops, the profits of fishing, and trucking with the Indians were to be held in common during this period, then to be divided equally between the colonists and merchants. Master Weston had a convincing manner withal, so that the people confidently began to sell their possessions and make ready for the voyage according to his word.

"Governor Carver shortly went to London carrying with him the agreement which Master Weston and the colonists had determined upon. When the London merchants heard the terms of the contract, they began to find fault with it, demanding certain changes. A new paper was sent to the men in Leyden which they refused to sign, insisting that the old one met their minds in fairness. The London merchants were stiff necked, until Master Cushman secretly changed the contract to meet their views without letting the people in Leyden know what he had done. So many conflicting statements of what the London merchants wanted and demanded came at this time to Leyden, that no one knew what to believe.

"In June, 1620, there came a breach between Master Weston and the Leyden church over the contract, which threatened to put an end to the voyage. Instructions were sent to Master Robert Cushman that he must be

firmer in his dealings with the London merchants; he replied with such words, as made many sorry that he had been entrusted with the business. Master Weston, who had evidently been acting in bad faith, now wrote that if he had not already risked so much he would withdraw, but in order to save what he had invested he must go on.

"The next we heard was that one, Master Reynolds, an English sea captain, had arrived in Rotterdam to fit out a small ship, which was to be carried to Virginia to be used for fishing. Pastor Robinson, Master Allerton, and Father had already planned for this ship and were holding off its purchase until it was definitely settled what assistance was coming from the London adventurers. Now that Master Weston had declared they were prepared to go on, Father and his associates went to buy the ship. When they returned from Rotterdam, saying that a vessel had been purchased, the people began to feel that the voyage was really to be undertaken. From this day forth no one gave thought but of preparing for his journey to Virginia."

"What of the London people?" I asked curiously. Desiring to know how they came to be mixed with the Leyden party.

Replying to my question, the maiden said, "Master Beaumont, while we in Holland were preparing to go, another party was forming in London, who were strangers to us but friends of the London adventurers and merchants. Priscilla Mullins told me but the other day that the first she knew of her family's coming was in June a few weeks before sailing. Her father was one of the London merchants who was advancing the money and evidently came on that account. When

Masters Weston and Cushman contracted for this ship, it was lying at the London docks, there it stayed until it was repaired and made ready for the voyage. While Governor Carver and Master Cushman represented the Leyden church, the Londoners named Master Christopher Martin to act as treasurer for their funds."

At this point I interrupted Mistress Lora, asking why the London people were taken, when there was not sufficient room for those from Leyden.

"Master Beaumont," she replied, "the London merchants would have it that they were to nominate certain families who were to go on the voyage. Pastor Robinson endeavored to find out who they were to be and what trades they possessed, but got little satisfaction."

Mistress Rose was not so much interested now and complained of the cold, so that I brought her another rug and would have done as much for the maiden, but she would not have me, saying she would finish her story some other day. I begged her to go on fearing it would be some time ere she had another opportunity. My insisting pleased the maiden. Giving me a smile, she took up her story again by saying,

"Pastor Robinson conceived that the people should have some definite plan of government fixed in their minds before they left Leyden, and began working on such forms of control with the head men. I remember one day when there came to our house the pastor, Masters Bradford, Allerton, Winslow, Captain Standish, and Father. Mother, my sisters, who are still in Holland, and myself at the time were busy sewing on garments we were to take with us on the voyage. In this room littered with threads and cloth cuttings, the men held their conference, while we kept on with our work.

"I overheard Pastor Robinson saying that he was greatly perplexed about a governor for the colony, when the people landed in America. He was fearful that the Virginia Company would try to appoint a governor, which, in fact, would be one of King James's choosing. While the pastor talked, the others sat in silence, for they were equally at a loss to know in what manner they had best be governed.

"As near as I could understand, Pastor Robinson held that all the people should have a voice in selecting their ruler. Masters Winslow and Allerton could not agree with this universal power, holding that only a few of the wise men should select their ruler. But the pastor supported by Master Bradford and Father, after much laboring with the others, got them to agree that all of the people should select the governor instead of a few.

"On the following day, for Pastor Robinson was now holding forth to his people thrice a week, the plan of granting power to each adult man was submitted. Then it was that the new method was put in effect, first, by having those that were going on the voyage separate themselves from the others; second, by having these men select their ruler on shipboard. Master Carver who was away at Southampton purchasing supplies, being named and voted in as governor of the Speedwell without a dissent.

"Masters Bradford and Allerton," continued the maiden, "were sent to buy Dutch butter, cheese, salt, and fishing-nets for the planters. Meanwhile Master Reynolds, the English pilot, was overlooking the fitting out of the small vessel at Rotterdam with new masts and sails. Such going back and forth between the houses and gathering together of things to take aboard

ship now took place, that one can not conceive of, unless he was in the midst of the confusion."

Then with a smile the maiden said, "Mother had a brood of chickens which bothered her, almost as much as the caring for the rest of the family. One old hen, she held, was well seasoned and would stand the voyage to the new country better than the others, and insisted that she would have it in the great cabin with the rest of us. Then there were flowers and bushes to be brought, with the earth so dug that it stay firmly around the roots. Mistress Rose can vouch for these labors, for she has her own lilac bush now in her cabin, sleeping safely in its Dutch soil.

"During the month of July everyone was busy. Rumors were flying from lip to lip that this person had decided to stay and that one had determined to go, that Mistress Fuller had finally decided to stay in Leyden, and that Captain Standish would take a linked coat of mail. To add to this confusion came many differing messages from England, so that one was not sure, what was true and what was not. Amidst these various rumors the day of departure was fixed for July twenty-fifth.

"As time went by, the repairs on the ship lagged; and it became evident that a later day must be fixed for our leave taking. After a conference with Captain Reynolds Friday, July thirty-first was finally agreed upon. Some of the people doubted it, but it proved to be true enough.

"Though Friday was the day of our departure, Thursday was given over to fasting and supplications. Early in this day all of the congregation gathered under the roof of Pastor Robinson and there communed with each other. As a farewell message the Pastor discussed upon a text from *Ezra*, viii, 21.

"When the day wasted and the candles were lighted, the people were called from their fasting to a feast which had been prepared as a farewell entertainment. Our people were ever given to this exchange of fellowship and hospitality. Though some were in tears, most of them were in good humor forgetting for the moment the separations of the morrow.

"Early Friday morning, we gathered at Pastor Robinson's house to bid farewell to those who were left behind. With heavy hearts we walked along the Repenburg, until we came to the canal barges on which we were to go. All the people knelt on the paved way whilst the pastor prayed. Many sobbed bitterly. But we made a brave show of our courage and quieted their fears by saying we would soon see each other again. Then the bitterness of the real parting came. Stepping on board the barges, the Dutch laborers cast loose the moorings and we began our journey through the canals to Delfhaven where we were to take our ship.

"On Saturday morning we were driven fast by our fates, for the sun had hardly shown red when our barges approached the docks. Captain Reynolds, our English pilot, was walking back and forth impatiently on the quay. As we came near he shouted that the wind favored sailing and no time must be lost in getting aboard. In a moment all was confusion. I confess I had looked upon our going as a sort of an excursion. Throwing my arms around my sister's neck I wept, but before I had finished my cry, the barges were at their moorings and the people going ashore.

"There was great confusion on deck. Though our heavy furniture and supplies were already packed in the hold, the things we brought with us on the barges

were being piled pell-mell about us. As we were standing watching the sailors clambering up and down the masts, I heard the coarse voice of Captain Reynolds shouting to Master Robinson that he was ready to sail.

"Gathering around our beloved pastor for the last time, he bade us sing a melody. We felt more like crying than singing. Then we knelt together on the deck for the last time. Our pastor with clasped hands and face looking upwards petitioned for our safe carriage across the seas, guidance in our landing, and protection in our settling. By his side knelt Father and close by him Masters Bradford and Winslow, who were comforting their weeping wives. Stealing a look around the deck, I saw the tears streaming down the cheeks of the men and women.

"While we were at prayer, Captain Reynolds moved impatiently among the sailors, as if he would hurry our parting. As our pastor ceased speaking a silence fell upon us, and all stayed fixed upon their knees, unwilling to move, fearing the end. One of the women could stand the strain no longer, throwing her arms around her husband's neck she wept aloud. Then as one people we arose and began our farewells.

"Captain Reynolds, mindful only of the state of the tide and winds hurried all ashore. Leaning over the side of the ship I saw the white faces of the women and the calmness of the men.

"The rasping of a sliding board as it fell on the quay cut off the ship from the shore. The captain gave a command. I saw the cable slacken at the bow, then a Dutch sailor unloosened the end on the quay and, holding it a moment, dropped it heavily into the sea. As the breach between the ship and our friends widened I

felt a pang of sorrow—our worldly ties were breaking. As we drifted away from the pale faces on the dock, we began to sing a psalm, sending this last message across the water, so that even the stolid Dutch people were affected to tears by the melody.

"Captain Reynolds essayed to add to the scene by the discharge of three of his small cannons. When the smoke had drifted away and the air once more cleared, the faces on the quay were whitened blurs but the wavering melody came from their lips as a last farewell message from their loving hearts, and we were at last started on our voyage to Northern Virginia.

"Ere we reached the sea Master Bradford said we were 'Pilgrims' and thus the name was fixed upon us."

During the recital of the maiden's narrative the sun had sunk well down to the tops of the trees along the great clearing, filling the air with the chill of the evening. So I hastened her that she might finish her story ere the men came from their labors ashore.

To my urging she said, "Our voyage down the channel to Southampton was a pleasant one, arriving on Wednesday morning, August fifth. This vessel, the Mayflower, was already at anchor, having come around from London the week before and was now taking on its supplies.

"Everything went well until Saturday. Master Weston, the London merchant, had arrived the day before with an agreement, different from the one that had been settled upon, insisting that it be signed before the two vessels sailed. Master Weston, making this demand on the eve of departure, angered the men so that they refused to sign, saying it was not in accordance with their understanding. Master Weston in great wrath

said, 'Then you must stand by yourselves, for not another penny will be advanced you,' and left the ship.

"Our people were in great distress for they owed the merchants of Southampton one hundred pounds and had not the funds to pay. Master Carver who had been in the town purchasing supplies was puzzled what to do. Master Allerton suggested that a part of the Dutch butter be disposed of. Though this was taking part of the supplies, they decided to do so rather than submit to the injustice. So the butter was taken ashore and sold. On Friday morning, August fourteenth, the two ships set sail for America."

The maiden continued, "If I were to follow the doings of those two vessels it would take me past nightfall, so I will say that apparently Captain Reynolds and his crew on the smaller vessel who were under contract to stay in the new country for a year tired of their bargain, and began to conspire reasons against going. First the captain discovered a leak so that we put into Dartmouth for repairs, so that it was September second before the vessels left that port. A second time the voyage was begun, the 'Pilgrims' as Master Bradford would call us, hoped they were at length safely started.

"Captain Reynolds in the Speedwell could not keep up with the larger vessel and complained that he did not have sufficient provisions for the voyage; little attention was paid to this, until he reported that his vessel was filling and was likely to sink. Some would have it that the captain worked the hull intentionally by carrying too much sail. At all events the two ships turned back to Plymouth, though they were past England by one hundred leagues. Finding that Captain Reynolds would not carry his ship to Virginia, it was decided to

abandon it and all go in the larger one. There were about twenty of the colonists who had become discouraged. These were put on board the Speedwell and sent back to London.

"The Leyden 'Pilgrims' were now placed on the great vessel and Master Carver made governor. Though the stay at Plymouth was made pleasant by entertainment of friends in the town, our people were uneasy lest they be cast ashore in winter time and left to freeze and starve. On September sixteenth, Captain Jones set sail, that being our third departure for America. Master Beaumont, you know the rest better than I do, since you live with the master of the ship."

Mistress Lora had hardly ceased her story when we heard the dipping of oars in the sea; looking up, we saw the shallop filled with Pilgrims coming from their day's tasks. Mistress Rose went to the side of the ship to welcome the toilers, while I lingered by the side of the maiden.

As I gathered my rugs together I said, "Mistress Lora, I thank you," and held out my hand to her. She did not hesitate this time to grasp it in a friendly manner.

Fear of Indian Attack

After the sunny afternoon on deck, when the maiden had given her memories, we were not so distant. Though the weather was bad, the rain and sleet coming out of the dull clouds with greater frequency than I liked, there were few days we did not see each other. As I sat in my alcove I would keep a close watch upon the deck. When I saw her white hood, I would saunter out for an airing. Once upon the deck, I would take the opposite side on which I had seen the Pilgrim maiden, then coming around the end would come upon her as if unexpected, and was surprised at her presence. At such times the maiden's cheeks would grow red and with sparkling eyes she would ask how the day found me.

Though they were simple questions, they pleased me. Then we would walk the deck together or tarry at the side of the ship looking across the bay where the men were at work in the clearing, until her mother called her or the darkness drove us in. The more I saw of this Pilgrim maiden, the more I recognized her rare spirit, and the more anxious I became about the log houses.

From the maiden I learned that though there were twenty-four married men, only eighteen had their wives with them, besides these were fifteen single men. As all could not build houses, the leaders divided the colonists so that they made nineteen households and each

of these were intended to build a house. For the sake of protection, the houses were to be built on both sides of a lane, running parallel to the brook, from the sea up to and including the high mound. Houses on one side of the lane were to have lots running back to the brook, while the others were to face them. As it was manifest the land along the brookside would be more convenient to the water, a dispute arose at once as to who would have them.

This contention was overcome by the casting of lots for the choice plots. Afterward as I watched the colonists play with their fates, I thought surely this new form of government was working wonders with men's characters as well as their ruling; for there sat Governor Carver with power to divide this choice land between himself and his lieutenants, without raising his hand to take this advantage. In England, a nobleman would have said I want this plot, the remainder you can fight over. Here the governor took the names of the nineteen households, writing them on nineteen pieces of paper and cast them in his hat, each man drawing by lot.

The first choice went to Peter Browne, then the name of John Goodman was called out, and after him came Elder Brewster. John Billington was followed in succession by Master Isaac Allerton, Francis Cook, Master Edward Winslow and Captain Standish. In all fairness the men played at the game of locating themselves, so that no one had an advantage over the other.

The drawing of the lots being on Wednesday, I went ashore Thursday morning, January seventh, to see what choice the men made. After looking over the ground, Peter Browne selected his site next to the common-

house, where he was near the sea and the brook; John Goodman who had second choice, fancied the ground alongside Browne. The men went along the bank as the selections were made so that each one knew what he was choosing. The elder having third choice selected a site next to Goodman's.

As the rest went on up the hill, I tarried on the ground selected by the elder, going down to the brook in my examination. There I found that the spring and the willow trees clustered around it had fallen to the elder's lot.

This same evening Captain Standish came into the roundhouse, saying that the ground had been divided and that Mistress Rose would go ashore the next day to view their building site. My heart was filled with the hopes that he would say the maiden was to be of the party, but in this I was disappointed. We had a quiet chat and an exchange of healths from our pewter mugs.

On the morrow I was about the deck early, for the Pilgrims did not tarry long in their beds, being up and away before the break of day. Captain Standish coming out of the cabin, I stopped him and said if he would trust me with the safety of his wife, I would bring her ashore after the sun had taken the chill out of the air. He was not prepared to assent to this arrangement without first considering his wife's wishes. Coming back shortly, he said if I would accept the burden of two women, that Mistress Lora would go ashore as well. Gravely I gave my promise of seeing them ashore and the captain went off contentedly with the men in the shallop.

About nine when the sun broke through the clouds,

I climbed down to the deck, to be confronted by the matron and the maiden ready for their voyage ashore. Since the falling overboard of Mistress Dorothy May Bradford at Cape Cod, the women were not trusted to go down the ladder to the boat, without a rope fastened around their waists. I passed the rope around Mistress Rose with deliberate calmness and held the other end until she stepped into the long boat in safety. For some reason the rope did not act as quickly with the maiden as with the matron, as I was very much longer in adjusting it to my satisfaction.

As we approached the shore I could see the walls of the common-house rising above the tops of the brush, growing along the top of the low cliff facing the sea. We could hear the chopping off in the forest and now and then see the men going to and fro. Half way up the clearing the men were at work on a platform on which to mount the cannon, the dread of the savages being such that with the building of the first house, a fort was raised to protect it. While the sailors held the long boat, I handed the ladies out on the great rock.

The men having already worn a beaten path through the shrubbery of the clearing from the rock up to the common-house, I led the way up this narrow footing with my snap chance loaded and thrown over my shoulder; while the maiden quite naturally fell in behind me, Mistress Rose coming last. In this manner we came up to where the men were laboring, long pine logs strewing the ground, where the men had dragged them.

Governor Carver with his hose and doublet coated with mud was hard at work on the chimney. Some of the men wished to make the chimneys of stone and gathered a small pile for their purpose, but the frost held them in the ground so tightly the plan was aban-

doned, and Master Stephen's clay chimney was adopted instead. The governor was hanging over this pile of sticks and mud, daubing in the clay with both hands. A look of surprise came over his face as he saw us. I fancied that it was a bit of his pride, as it was his habit to be neatly dressed.

Mistress Rose suspecting it otherwise said, "Governor Carver, Master Beaumont under the captain's orders has brought us ashore to view our building plots which were chosen yesterday."

With both hands covered with the clay the governor straightened himself up on the narrow platform, making a dignified picture of an artisan at work. For a moment he stood looking down upon us then replied, "I fear you will not profit much by looking on the land now."

"But we would see how well you have located us," continued Mistress Rose.

"The best we could do, Mistress Standish, was bad enough at this season."

"It will improve with spring," she answered cheerily. The gray haired governor answered, "Truly," then went back to daubing the chimney.

Being anxious to show the maiden her dwelling place, I edged away from the working men, taking both of the women with me, leading them up a path through the brush towards the high hill. Coming opposite the willows that grew around the spring, I came to a standstill; breaking a way through the undergrowth, we came to the top of the bank overlooking the brook. The willows were the largest trees left in the clearing, the savages even in their fight for food respecting the ancient monarchs.

Leading the way down the bank to the stately wil-

lows, we stood over the water as it came from the ground and flowed into a little pool beneath the roots of the trees down to the brook. The trees gave her as much pleasure as the spring, for laying her hand on the rough bark endearingly, she said she trusted they would know each other better. Turning from the willows, the maiden knelt upon the ground and bending over drank deeply of the waters, so worshiping first at this wilderness fountain. Mistress Rose would taste the waters as well, so I laid a stone close to the pool from which we both drank, but only the maiden from the spring.

Having viewed the site of the Brewster home, Mistress Rose would see her own. Leading them back to the path, we made our way through the brush up to the incline where Captain Standish was at work on his platform fort. He was tugging at the end of a pine log; his clothes covered with mud and torn in places. The timber once in place, he struck his hands together to brush the clay from them. The captain was devoted to his wife and was pleased to see her, as well as to show some courtesies to Mistress Lora and myself.

Proudly the captain showed us about his log platform on which he proposed to mount the canon, now lying in the hold of the vessel. This fort was lodged about half way up the incline, overlooking the great clearing in which the houses were to be built. Standing on one end of a log the captain pointed out the land and the sea. This was the first view of the harbor and the wideness of its waters that the women had from the land. As I was silently looking oceanward, Mistress Standish slyly said, "Master Beaumont, see you England?"

Struck by this queer question I answered, "Not so, Mistress Rose."

"You were looking so intently towards the east, it came to me perhaps you were dreaming of your home country."

"'Tis yours as well," I replied hastily.

"Nay, this is our country now," and she looked around her.

"If you would know my thoughts Mistress Rose, they were not of myself but your poor people, when the ship returns to England."

The captain set his jaw and answered, "Our lot has been cast on this shore, and here we must go on."

"At what sacrifice!"

"'Tis no sacrifice, but our duty," he answered.

"And the women?"

The captain's voice softened, "Would that I could take their burden from them."

The cheery voice of Mistress Rose brought us away from our doleful subject, back to the work at hand, so that we were soon interested in the new log fort.

We did not tarry long in the brush as Mistress Rose was satisfied in seeing her home site. With this desire of hers gratified, we turned back to the path and followed it down past the common-house, where the men were working at their tasks. With a word from the governor who was still laboring over the clay chimney, we went on down to the great rock on the beach, where the long boat was awaiting us. The sun was still high in the heavens when we reached the ship. I lingered on deck, hoping Mistress Rose would take herself to the great cabin, but she tarried until I was compelled to say a "Good day" to both of them, instead of to one as I wished.

The day following the trip ashore, I was seated in the

alcove. The heavens being overcast, I did not choose to venture out with my fowling-piece. I was in a surly mood over a base act of Captain Jones. One of the seamen happening to find a herring washed upon the shore seized upon it as a delicacy, which it surely was. Captain Jones shortly came into the boat and spying the fish, immediately took possession of it, sending it to the cook with orders to prepare it for his own table. In spite of his sick sailors and the colonists who needed the juices of fresh foods to nourish their ill bodies, he ate this lone herring himself.

This little act of meanness was still sticking in my throat, as I sat in the alcove ready to flame up at the first opportunity. While in this mind I was looking off over the bay at the far-away forests. Of a sudden my eye caught a peculiar haze in the sky, looking again, to my great astonishment I perceived it to be a column of smoke rising above the tree-tops. Rushing to the window I saw it was dense and was curling from an active fire. Not content with the view, I hurried on deck. There could be no denying that the savages were abroad, signaling an alarm to each other. This message could be none other than the presence of the colonists in the great clearing. I decided not to alarm the women, but carry the discovery quickly to the men ashore.

Hurrying into the roundhouse I plucked my musket and its trappings from its fastenings. Captain Jones was seated over a mug of ale. I called his attention to the smoke, he looked at it dully from the window, but made no move towards the relief of the colonists. Giving him a look of disgust I left the cabin.

Leaping into the long boat, I bade the sailors row me ashore with haste. I was in readiness to leap when the

boat reached the rock, and ran up the bank, coming out of breath to the common-house, where the men were laboring. Seeing my great haste and surmising something was wrong, they dropped their tools, seizing their pieces. Calling the governor, I pointed out the column of smoke which was still rising in a cloud. There was no thought of work now, the men gathered around, looking at the menacing thing.

The gray haired governor lost no time. As we were still idly gazing at the smoke, he set off his musket to call the men from the woods. Those who were working on the hillside came running down the path. To my surprise Captain Standish was not with them. Hurrying up the path I let off my snap chance. Several men came running from the forests, leading them was the captain holding his gun ready for the fray. Seeing me on the hillside with the smoke still coming from the throat of my piece, he turned towards me. Without waiting for him to speak I pointed to the column of smoke.

He took one glance exclaiming, "Savages!"

Without stopping to explain, Standish turned and ran towards the common-house with me following at his heels. There we found the men in confusion, some of them pale and scared, while others were nervous and restless not knowing which way to go or what to do. This was not surprising, for how could you expect farmers to take on the ways of experienced soldiers in the presence of danger. Captain Standish took command, ordering the men to get within the walls of the common-house, there he instructed each man to push out the mud from between the logs making an opening for the muzzle of his gun. Within the log fortress the

men made ready for the attack with surprising willingness. All day long we lingered within the common-house, expecting each moment that the savages would come from the forests.

As night came on, sentinels were posted and the fire on the hearth stones was covered, so that we sat in the darkness, broken here and there by the red spark of burning gun matches. The men being tired and weary from their labors of the day, I suggested to the captain that he send them to their rugs, while we stood guard.

Standing in the shadows of the half finished house, Captain Standish opened up a question which was on his mind and that was my duel with La Valle in Devonshire Hall. He was not sly or artful in questioning, but bluntly asked me of the combat. With our ears pricked for the least noise, I quietly told him the beginning and ending of the difficulty.

When I came to the part where the man endeavored to blind me by lowering his candle, the captain laid his hand on my knee saying, "'Twas most unfair, Master Beaumont."

As the dull light of the beginning of a gray winter's day ended our night watch, the captain and I aroused the men from their hard beds. Though the column of smoke had disappeared, the colonists were fearful of the woods, staying in the common-house. This fear caused Governor Carver to decide on a bold plan, and that was to seek the savages, finding out quickly whether they were bent on peace or war. As it was to be an expedition of adventure I at once declared myself ready to go with them. Without further ado, we set off in the direction of the smoke with Captain Standish leading the way.

Many times we stopped at sounds in the forests which we fancied were footsteps of the wild men. Then we came upon an overgrown clearing, on the farther side of which we could see the tops of bark houses. Taking a final look at our guns, we advanced boldly towards the huts only to find them unoccupied. Though we ranged the woods all the rest of the day we did not see another house nor a sign of the savages.

I am free to confess that we were disappointed, it being the desire of all that fear of the savages be confirmed or dispelled. At night we returned to the great clearing, where we found the men still in the common-house anxiously awaiting our return. Feeling that there was nothing more to do, I decided to return to the ship, leaving the colonists alert and active against surprise.

The next day it rained hard so that I was content to stay within my dry cabin on the ship, but I was still uneasy about the men on shore, and from time to time looked out the window to see that all was well.

Happening out on deck shortly before twilight I met the maiden; without waiting, she said, "Master Beaumont, why did you not tell us of the smoke?"

I was somewhat abashed at her unexpected question but made haste to reply, "Mistress Lora, I would not frighten you unnecessarily."

"We have come through too much to be fearful now. What of the savages? Did you find them?"

"Nay not one," I answered.

"Do you think we will be at peace or war with them?"

"Truly, I do not know, neither can I fancy. 'Tis always wise to be ready for an attack; with Captain Standish on guard, you may be sure that the savages will not come upon the colonists unawares."

"But will they attack?" she insisted.

Then I blurted out, "Surely, they will," speaking the truth as I felt it.

It was a cruel thing to say, and I saw my mistake before the words had left my lips. Her face grew grave as she looked off where the men were working with feverish activity in completing the common-house. From where we were standing, I showed her the light reflecting from the new yellow thatched roof, which was now almost spread over the whole house. Then I tried to allay her fears by saying, "When the common-house is completed the arrows of the savages can not penetrate its walls."

She replied anxiously, "But the men can not live within the walls always."

When she pushed the matter of the danger of the savages, I fended it off as best I could; but I could not encourage her in the belief that the men were dwelling in safety ashore. I was in constant fear myself and wondered why the savages had not already attacked. Feeling as I did, I could not conceal my uneasiness and I think the maiden left me with a heavy heart, though I did my uttermost to relieve it.

Now it was that a great fear of the savages came upon the colonists. The incident that stirred this dread occurred several days after we had seen the column of smoke. My entrance into the affair was entirely through the solicitation of Mistress Lora. One afternoon as I was gazing out the window of the cabin, exceedingly tired from the exertions of a morning's fowling in the marshes, I was startled by the door being thrown wide open and Mistress Lora rushing in exclaiming excitedly, "Oh, Master Beaumont, the savages have carried off John Goodman and Peter Browne."

"What!" I answered.

Again she repeated, "The savages have carried off John Goodman and Peter Browne, and I would have you know it."

Before I could speak she began to excuse her coming by saying, "Perhaps I came too quickly, but I thought Captain Jones and you would like to know."

"Nay, Mistress Lora, await my coming on deck."

Scurrying around I buckled on my armor. With musket in hand, I hastened to the deck. There was great confusion. The women and children, ranged along the side of the ship, stood with fear and trembling.

The maiden was among them with pale face but perfectly calm. Seeing me in my armor she came to me quickly, plucking nervously at my sleeve she whispered, "You will protect Father?"

"With my life," I answered as I went down into the small boat.

The sailors lost no time rowing ashore. Hastening to the common-house, I found the colonists drawn up in battle formation. Advancing to Captain Standish, I asked, "Where are the savages?"

"Indeed, we have not seen them."

"What of John Goodman and Peter Browne, and why this preparation?" I asked hurriedly.

"Four men," replied the captain, "went forth this morning armed with sickles to cut wild grass for thatching. Mid-morning John Goodman and Peter Browne went on to discover a new place, bidding the other men to follow; when the two had bound the cut grass, they proceeded to the place where Goodman and Browne were to be but failed to find them. After vainly shouting and searching for their missing companions, the men came running back with the report that they had

been taken by the savages. Governor Carver with several men is now searching for them, and we are standing at arms ready to go to their aid in case of need."

Not seeing the elder I asked, "Where is Elder Brewster?"

"With the governor."

"Pray, how many are in the party?"

"Four, besides the governor."

"Five men, alone in a forest filled with savages!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"That was all we could send."

I felt that my pledge had been given to the maiden for the safety of her father, and as a Beaumont it was now dependent upon me to fulfill the promise, even at the sacrifice of my own life. "Captain Standish," I exclaimed, "send me forth with others for their relief, for they will surely perish."

He did not answer at once but walked back and forth with his long sword dragging at his heels, while his men looked at him wonderingly. After he had made a turn or two, he said in his quick decisive way, "Master Beaumont, if you will go after the party, you may have two or three men."

"As many as you please," was my reply.

The captain then asked for two volunteers; these came quickly, for the colonists were anxious now to bring the savages to close quarters. Tightening my powder and shot-belt, I started with my two men on the path of the governor's party. Coming to the spot where Goodman and Browne were last known to be, I examined the ground carefully and found where the brush had been broken down as if the men had fought man-

fully for their lives. This evidence seemed to confirm our suspicions that the two had been carried away by the savages.

With this feeling we again took up our march, stopping to listen from time to time if we might hear sounds of savages or of the governor's party. The dread of the wild men was upon me, as well as on the others, for I did not know their way of fighting, nor could I forget the terrible stories of the sufferings of some of the Englishmen in Virginia, who had fallen into their hands. If they had been men of valor and fought in the open, my mind would have been at ease; but this leaping from tree to tree and shooting arrows into one made me quail.

In the daylight we followed the governor's party by broken bushes and markings of their feet in the wet soil. But the sun set, leaving us in darkness surrounded by high hills. It was useless to go farther, nor could we return. Leading the way up to the crown of a high hill, I bade the men prepare for the night. While I was bending over tinder preparing to strike a spark I was startled by the report of a musket. Springing to my feet I listened for another, not hearing it I seized my gun; calling over my shoulder for my men to follow me, I started off on a run in the direction of the report.

All I could think of was that disaster had overwhelmed the governor's party and perhaps we had heard the last shot of the tragedy. As we hastened along over the rough ground, there was another gunshot, this time nearer than before, so that I had hopes of coming to the rescue. A great hill was in front of us, the top of which was clear of trees. As we came out of the forests I thought I observed something unusual at

its crown. I kept on at a rapid pace until I stumbled over a timber. As I rose to my feet I caught a glimpse of a half finished house.

While I was standing dazed at my discovery, there was a flash and roar of musket down by the common-house, then I knew that we had traveled in a circle and the guns we had been following were signals for us. Taking our leisure we went down the path hesitating whether to smile or get angry. We forgot these differing moods, when we found that the governor and his party had returned in safety. Walking over to a log in front of the fire, I stood my gun against it and began munching a stale piece of bread, which I found in the pocket of my greatcoat.

Though darkness hung over the trees making it impossible for the men to see, still some of them set forth to seek their companions. I stayed back resting under the new thatched roof of the common-house. Master Bradford a few days before had been suddenly and grievously stricken. He was lying now upon his thin bed, watching with anxious eyes the preparations of the men who were going forth to the rescue. Though he was weak and trembling, he urged the men to be on constant guard against surprise, giving what cautious advice he could. One of the men, who was going into the woods, loaned me his sleeping-rug; stealing into one corner of the fireplace, I lay down on the stones and was soon asleep.

I was awakened during the night by the men returning from their search. The wind was blowing cold, pinching the hands of the colonists. The morning was brighter, but the dead grass was covered with hoar frost, and the ground was like iron. All work had

ceased, the men devoting themselves to searching for the savages. Captain Standish, marshaling his little army of ten, prepared to lead them in pursuit of the elusive savages; only the strongest men were chosen, for the party was to go far and fight if necessary. Governor Carver was unable to leave his rugs, on account of his exposure the night before, so that the men were without the advice of their governor and Master Bradford.

The members of the army of ten having been selected, being assembled in martial order, without drum or bugle, yea, without even a flag, marched off determined to storm a savage fortress if necessary to release their companions.

All day long we ranged over hill and dale. The men were in a dangerous mood and I am fain to say it would have been ill with the savages had they fallen foul of us. Abandoning all ideas of secrecy, we strode on dead sticks and kicked the leaves about recklessly. Though well beaten tracks were followed long distances not a savage was seen nor signs of the missing men. At night we returned to the common-house faint from fatigue and lack of food. Feeling the need of sleep and rest, I left the colonists preparing their rugs and returned to the ship with the comforting thought of a warm bed and safety.

It seemed but a moment since I had said a praise to the man who invented the bed, when I was aroused by great shouting of, "The savages! The savages!"

Leaping from under my rugs, I hurried to the window. There I saw flames enveloping the common-house, and lighting up the surrounding forests. I could see figures running to and fro and fancied they were the savages dancing around the funeral pyre of the col-

onists. Governor Carver and Master Bradford I knew were lying helpless in their beds, though the others might have escaped. Stunned by the tragedy, I stood looking helplessly at the leaping flames until I was aroused by the cries of the women.

Dressing quickly I went out on deck. The women were walking back and forth, wringing their hands and crying as if their hearts would break. I could see the flames clearly and now and then hear the report of a musket; with each report the cries of the women would increase.

Mistress Standish was standing at the side of the ship looking helplessly shoreward. As soon as she saw me she came to me; grasping my arm she turned her pale face up into mine making a silent plea for aid. Her voice trembled with emotion as she said, "My husband! My poor husband!"

"Perhaps he has escaped."

"Not from these savages, for they see by night as well as by day."

"As for Governor Carver and Master Bradford," I said, "I am not so sure, both being ill; but Captain Standish was in good health yesterday, perhaps he will fight his way out." Just then there came the sound of several musket shots in rapid succession.

With a shudder she put her hands to her ears, turning her back to the burning house, to shut out the sounds as well as the sight of the tragedy. I touched her arm gently to let her know she had my sympathy. Looking up she said confidently, "Oh, Master Beaumont, can't you do something?"

Fool that I was, I had been standing watching this cruel thing without a thought of going to the relief of

the men in danger. Without stopping to answer, I ran into my cabin; seizing my musket, I hurried back on deck. Hastening to the side of the ship with others to go down into the long boat, a sailor held us back saying the tide was out, making it impossible to reach the shore. The long shaft of light from the burning house lighting up the muddy meadows, confirmed the words of the sailor.

Mistress Standish having followed me to the side of the ship heard the sailor's words, which she felt was a sentence of death passed upon the men ashore. Drying her tears she stood at the side of the vessel with a silent prayer to wait for the tide to turn. The flames grew lower and lower and finally died out, leaving the shore in darkness and the ship in desolation.

When the flood came in from the sea, the men who were on the vessel came upon deck in their armor. With heavy hearts they prepared to go ashore. The time coming for me to go down into the boat, Mistress Lora came close to my side and whispered the Pilgrims' hope, "Be strong and of good courage."

In the dim light of the early dawn I turned and, looking into her pallid face, replied, "Your courage is beyond belief," and went down into the long boat feeling that my bravery was an empty shadow compared with the Pilgrim maiden's.

Approaching the landing we could see figures running back and forth; but in the uncertain morning light we could not tell whether they were friends or foes. Sitting in the stern of the boat, I had a full view of the land. The fear of the sailors caused them to stand off, until one of them said that an arrow would not carry above sixty paces. With this assurance they pulled the

boat in closer until the tall hats of the colonists were plainly seen. We gave a shout of joy which was answered with a "Well! Well!" from shore.

Whether this call was to urge us to hurry or come at our leisure we did not know. As the dread of the savages still was uppermost in our minds, we took it that they were crying for help.

The tide would not permit us to land at the rock; waiting until the keel of the boat struck, we leaped overboard, holding our pieces above our heads to keep the powder in order. Captain Standish who perceived our alarm held up his hand to stay us, at the same time shouting something which we could not understand. This only urged us to greater efforts, splashing the water on all sides we came ashore out of breath.

Then we learned the cause of our alarm. The captain said one of the men arose early and built a big fire. In his desire to warm the room, the man piled on pieces of pine, sparks from which were carried up the chimney lodging in the thatching. Before the men could rise to beat it out, the flames spread over the whole grass roof, leaping upward like a signal fire.

Governor Carver and Master Bradford being unable to move quickly had narrow escapes from the explosion of loose powder, which was in a keg between them. Sparks were dropping onto the clay floor before they could drag themselves out of the burning building; and they were barely out when the keg exploded with a loud report. The fire spreading rapidly prevented the men from rescuing their muskets, which being set off by sparks we mistook for a combat.

Our minds being at ease, Captain Standish bade Mate Clark to row back and relieve the alarms of the women

and children. Those of us who came from the ship went on up the bank. The ground in front of the house was littered with rugs, chairs, and tools, thrown around in confusion. Governor Carver was sitting in his own great chair, the rungs and legs of which were charred, too sick to be interested in what was going on. Master Bradford was half lying and half reclining on his rugs with his back against a log, feeble and exhausted. The other men stopped preparing breakfast to tell how the accident happened.

To my utter surprise the fire had only burnt off the straw thatching, leaving the rafters and sides unharmed. Glowing ashes still clung smouldering here and there on the beams, sending up little ringlets of smoke, while the clay floor was covered with the burnt wisps sifted down from above. The green roof timbers though badly scarred were in good order; all that was necessary to make the common-house whole again was new straw.

I had hardly stepped in the house when I heard a great shout. Running to the doorway I saw two men dragging themselves across the clearing at a snail's pace, recognizing them at once as the two lost men. They were in a pitiful plight. Goodman's feet were frozen and swollen so badly his shoes had to be cut off; while Browne was almost in as bad a condition but was still able to walk. For two days and nights they had wandered through the forests without food or shelter. As soon as they could talk, they told of hearing after nightfall roaring lions and other great beasts, though they saw nothing larger than a gray wolf. In all their wanderings they declared they had not seen a savage, nor signs of their habitation.

As soon as the excitement over the return of the lost

men had subsided, the colonists began to consider their own condition and to prepare for the Sabbath service. While I was viewing the wreck of the roof, I heard one of the men say, "'Twill be another Sabbath ere we worship ashore."

Promptly Elder Brewster spoke up, "Not so, for we worshiped in Scrooby with only the sky over us, so we may do likewise here."

Men with whisks of coarse grass and small pine brush swept the floor clean of the gray ashes and half burnt straw, while others brought in the chairs, guns, and other things from the path, making room for the rugs of the feeble near the fireplace. Order coming out of confusion, everything was made ready for the coming of the women and children from the ship.

The chill of winter was in the air, but the sea within the harbor was undisturbed except for a gust of wind which now and then sweeping in from the ocean, lost itself in a swirl of pine trees on the shore. The dark shadows of the unlimited forests moved me with reverence, and the spirit of the unknown land filled me with awe. Into this picture of the wilderness came the shallop floating in from the sea with its touch of color from the white, grays, and blacks of the hoods and dresses of the women and children.

The men on shore were crowded around the rock awaiting the coming of the boat, showing the effects of their struggles in the country; the mud of the brook had stained their coats and stockings with blotches of yellow. The buckles on their shoes were the only bright spots, the leather being sadly worn. Though their clothing was rough and the worse for wear, under the tall hats the faces had been made clean by the waters of the brook.

As the shallop came on slowly, I could see the women and children were still laboring under the impression of their scare. In silence the shallop approached until it touched the rock, then as the women and children stepped forth, they tearfully embraced the grave faced men.

Now that all were ashore the men with their guns on their shoulders led the way with their wives and children following closely after them. At the door of the common-house the line of colonists halted at the same time crowding close up to it, that they might see the damage done by the flames. Some looked at the scorched wood and silently marveled, while others said, "'Tis the Lord's will." Then one of the men fell to telling the story of the disaster, showing the blackened floor where the half keg of powder stood that came so near ending the existence of Governor Carver and Master Bradford. So they sauntered around and conversed, until the elder standing in the doorway called them to service.

It was a strange scene that greeted my eyes as I came to the door; the women and children were seated on boxes, bales, and benches made from half cut logs. Each wore a shawl thrown loosely around her shoulders, varying from the red of the child to the white one of the maiden; though they were pale and careworn, there were comely faces among them.

The most pleasing sight to me was the Pilgrim maiden. This day she wore a white woolen hood with a soft frill of Dutch texture around its edge, setting off her face with its delicacy. Her brown hair was combed back from her forehead, leaving a few stray tresses falling down over the temples covering her cheek in their silky folds. If you would, call her eyes blue or gray, I would not dispute which color they were, for both col-

ors played in them and won you to her. A white woolen cape caught at her throat by a loop of silk thread, she wore over a dress of modest gray broken by cuffs of white, thus relieving the primness. If an artist had placed her there in her colors of gray and white, he could not have added a whit to her beauty; for she was all grace and loveliness, as she sat under the shadows of the half burnt beams, with the sun showing her beauty more fully than it would have been possible for the dull shades of the stained glass windows of an English cathedral.

The women and children having found their places, the men entered. Captain Standish did not give over his caution, ordering the men to take their guns with them with matches in a glow. Having given the boxes and benches to the women, the men stood with the stocks of their weapons resting on the floor, steadying them with a firm grasp on the muzzles. Governor Carver was seated in his chair, while Master Bradford occupied the elder's, both of which were blackened by the fire. Captain Standish motioned me to enter. Taking off my cap I stepped inside taking my stand near the door.

Once within the forest cathedral there came a hush over the worshipers, which caused even me to bow my head in reverence. The calmness that came over them was from no earthly power and under its benediction they sat and smiled as if they were in the midst of peace and plenty. This reverential silence was broken by the shrill notes of a pitch pipe, as the leader sounded to catch the opening notes of a psalm. It was the twenty-third psalm as set to music by Ainsworth, beginning with these hopeful words, "The Lord is my shepherd, I

shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." It was one which all knew and the melody dedicated the wilderness of New England to their worship.

When the last notes of the psalm had ceased, Elder Brewster arose and opening his Bible began reading. His text has gone from me, for I confess I was not familiar enough with the book to know it, however, it was a message of hope and good cheer, for so these people interpreted even their disasters. Doctor Fuller, Governor Carver, and Stephen Hopkins arose and prophesied, giving their own versions of the meaning of the verses read. Another psalm was sung, then the elder took his text for his sermon, which was not of my knowing. All I remember is seeing the tall thin form of Elder Brewster standing in front of the broad fireplace, with a kindly smile lighting up his face, telling the people to be unmindful of their privations, unheeding of their sorrows, but ever holding steadfast in their trust in Him who would preserve them even in this wilderness.

Now that I think of it, this first service was a singular one, with the grave faced men standing along the wall of rough logs, holding their guns in readiness, and with the sun reflecting upon their steel armor. Now and then a little particle of ashes would sift down from the burnt wisps of thatching, as a reminder of the disaster of the night. The kind faced women already showed their cares upon their foreheads, and the children watched with curious and even envious eyes the strength and faith of their fathers. Then there was the courage of the elder in standing in the presence of the overshadowing forests and uttering words of cheer. Truly the

faith of these people alone held them on this side of the sea, for without it they would have fled back to their native land.

I must admit I did not profit much from the sermon, for I was too busy watching the color come and go in the Pilgrim maiden's cheeks to be interested in anything else. As she sat in the sunshine it came to me of a sudden that her face was paler than usual, and what I had taken for a healthful glow was a flush of fever. I said a hearty "Amen," when the service came to an end.

I tarried at my station as the people went out, hoping to have a word with Mistress Lora, but her mother was at her side, so that my only reward was a look. The roofless house affording little protection, the people found seats on the logs and boxes outside, there they tarried eating of their dried meat, Holland cheese, and hard bread.

Though I endeavored to see the maiden alone or sit close by her, the father and mother blocked my approaches, besides some of the young men grew familiar, so that I was compelled to sit at a distance. Now that my suspicions of ill health were aroused, I could see that she was not herself.

When the time for the return to the ship came, I had become desperate and determined to speak to her at all hazards. The women and children were to go single file, guarded by the men. As the line formed, seeing the maiden take her position back of her mother, I pushed my way in so that I was next to her as her guard. For this piece of audacity I was rewarded with a smile. As the maiden stooped over to pluck a handful of wild grass I said, "Mistress Lora, last night's scare has ailed you?"

"Why so?" she asked, still holding the wisps of grass.

The procession taking up its line of march, she could not reply further. Once she looked over her shoulder as if to make an answer to my solicitations but changing her mind went on. As I trained alongside the shallop to aid the maiden, the mother artfully came between us. Backing away, I stood upon the beach. Watching her face, I was sure I read signs of coming sickness. As the shallop pushed away, the women and children waved a farewell. A few strokes of the oars and they were gone, but the face of the maiden lingered with me. I could see the gaunt spectre of fever fastening its grip upon her, and I felt my helplessness at the same time.

Progress of the Plantation

Doctor Fuller did not return to the ship and as my one great desire was to know the character of the fever, that I fancied was threatening the maiden, I left my cabin for a cold bed ashore. He was so attentive to the governor and Master Bradford, I did not have an opportunity to speak to him. In the evening while sitting with Captain Standish in front of a blazing fire, I casually asked him what manner of disease was ailing the colonists. His answer was, "Coughs and colds from exposure."

"But the women," I said artfully, "have not been from the ship, still many are down with fevers."

A queer look came across my face, as the captain said, "We will consult Doctor Fuller, for I have no knowledge of such matters."

Then he called the doctor to us and we three sat down on a timber facing the fire, while he told us of the various maladies which were attacking the colonists. Of the men he said the cold days and nights they had spent in the forests, wading ashore at Cape Cod as well as their diet of salt meat, brought on their complaints. The women he said, like the men, were suffering from scurvy on account of the lack of the sweetness of fresh meat and vegetables.

I at once saw hopes for the maiden and asked, "If those who are ailing could have wild duck's flesh, would that restore them?"

"Truly," replied the doctor, "but fresh vegetables will work a more speedy cure."

This was all the information I desired. Rising from the log, I went out into the night and walked up the path until I stood on the mount overlooking the harbor. I could see lights on the distant ship, and in my enthusiasm I made a secret vow that the maiden should not die.

Before daybreak it began to rain, driving us from the roofless house. Stumbling through the dark we found what shelter we could under the shed, which had been hurriedly thrown up over the provisions and tools.

With the coming of the daylight, I betook myself to the brook, hoping to find a chance duck; it was still raining so that I was soon wet through, having the greatest difficulty in keeping the powder in the gun pan dry. The great flocks of ducks and geese which I had seen at the first landing had now gone south, so that my only hope was to decoy a stray one into my hands. Though I heard the chatter of fowls from time to time, and stole along quietly, still the end of the day found me without a single one in my provender bag.

Wet and muddy from my day's labor in the marshes, I returned to the clearing, only to find the men huddled together under the shed, with the sick men occupying the dry places under the board roof. The fire smoked much but burned little, owing to the wet wood; but I had no desire to return to the ship.

Disappointed in not finding ducks, I decided to try my fortune in the plains along the river, which were some distance to the right of the clearing. Crossing a swamp, in which grew a low vine with red berries, I picked a handful, hoping in my desperation that these might have some virtue of relief for the maiden. I had

just dropped the last berry in my pocket, when I was startled by a great bird flying out of the bush. It was not a goose, neither was it an eagle, nor did it stop for me to examine its worth or beauty, but went off with great flapping of its broad wings into the neighboring forests. Fancying that its companion was near by, I walked along slowly holding my gun in readiness; coming up to a clump of shrubs, there was a rustling in the grass and beating of wings as another great bird mounted from the earth. Though it was a rule not to shoot a gun for fear of attracting the savages, I forgot this regulation and, taking hasty aim, fired. The bird stopped in mid-flight and with a whirl fell heavily to the ground; dropping my gun and unmindful of the bushes, I ran at utmost speed and seized it by the legs for fear it might escape.

It was a beautiful bird, with a thick armor of bronze feathers tipped with black and white, red head, and a bunch of long silky feathers like hair hanging from its breast. The tail was long and heavy, as I spread it out in fan shape I thought of the peacocks of France. The bird was a strange one to me, so that I did not know whether its flesh was good to eat or not.

Picking the fowl up, I found it weighed upwards of twenty pounds and as I held it, its head touched the ground. Dragging it back to where I had dropped my gun, I tied the legs of the bird together with a snatch of grass and hung it over the barrel of my gun. My joy was that of a famishing man coming suddenly upon a spring of cool water in a desert. A song of gladness was in my heart, as I came up to where the long boat was swinging with the tide close by the rock. The seamen were all anxious to see my prize and asked me

where I shot it and all about it. Mate Clark was ashore the sailors said, so I started up the path in search of him.

Ere I was half way up the bank I thought of Governor Carver and Master Bradford and their sickness, fancying they would look with longing eyes upon my fowl, I turned back to the boat and threw the bird in the bottom of the boat. Throwing my coat over it I sat like a miser over his gold, waiting for Mate Clark to return. A colonist happening down to the boat, I put my foot on the coat and glared like an ogre for fear he might ask what was beneath it. I was surly enough when the mate came back to the boat empty handed. When he had pushed off, I uncovered my prize and asked him if he had ever seen its like.

Master Clark gave one glance and said, "A turkey."

"Pray, what of it?" I asked as I gripped his sleeve. "Is it good to eat?"

Picking up a clawed foot of the fowl, he replied, "Its flesh exceeds that of a duck."

I could have shouted with joy. The boat was too slow in reaching the ship to suit me, now that I knew the value of the bird. Captain Jones was on deck and spied my "turkey," as Mate Clark called it, as soon as we came alongside. I could see his bead-like eyes snapping with anticipation of a feast, so I decided I would trust no one with the fowl but myself. As I came over the side he asked to relieve me of my burden, but I held on to it firmly.

Feeling its flesh the captain asked, "Shall we have it roasted at once, Master Beaumont?"

Having in mind his devouring the lone herring, I was determined that he should never have a taste of this fowl in his throat. Turning on him I said, "Captain, this is not for us, but for the colonists."

"Since when have you joined the Separatists?" he asked sarcastically.

"Captain Jones," I replied, "I have not gone over to them nor do I ever intend to; but when men and women are lying in their rugs sick unto death for the want of the flesh of this fowl, neither you, myself, nor any other man is going to touch it. These people are of our flesh and blood and though you and I do not agree with them, we must respect their sufferings." It was a long speech, but the man nettled me and I wanted him to know that I was ready to support the needy because it was only human kindness to do so.

When the captain heard me through he said, "As you will," in a disappointed air and went off, leaving me holding the fowl.

I was greatly puzzled what to do next. I could not take it with me into the round-house, as I had declared I was going to give it to the colonists; nor could I take and give it to the maiden, though I longed to do so. As the presence of the strange bird caused the women and children to come out of the cabin, I was in hopes the maiden would come too. Mistress Rose was among the first to marvel at the bigness of the bird; from her I learned the maiden was not so well and was confined to her cabin. This made me more anxious than ever that she should have the fowl. While I was standing over the great bird, one of the Brewster boys came along the deck.

Before he could ask any questions I handed it to him saying, "This is for you, now make way and see that it is in the pot quickly."

The boy stood holding the bird with his mouth wide open in amazement, while I went on into the round-

house, pleased that I had gotten the fowl into the family, even though I failed to give it to the maiden herself.

I was glad to be back on the ship. My hunger was such that I could hardly wait for the evening meal to be prepared, so that when the serving-men brought on the meat I gave little heed to it. It was so delicate, I asked the captain whence it came. He declared to be a fowl made sweet from feeding on acorns. Its tenderness found favor with me, and its daintiness was such that I wondered a wild goose had not pleased my taste so fully before. The captain pronounced his opinion of the flesh by eating heartily of it and calling for more. Between us we sang the glories of the dish, until I felt ashamed of myself for being such a gourmand.

On the morrow, I met the maiden face to face on deck. She was pale and thin and I felt that after all I was too late. With a smile she said, "Master Beaumont, why gave you the great fowl to us?"

The truth was now on my tongue so I replied, "Mistress Lora, if you would know I gave the fowl to no one but yourself."

"But the sick?" she answered in her generous way.

"Nay, but you are ill and I sought the bird for you alone."

"My feebleness is but of a moment and of little importance. Though you gave us the fowl there were many of our people and the poor sailors who needed its nourishment more than we did, so we divided the flesh, sending part to our sick and the rest to the forecastle."

"And you did not partake of it?" I gasped.

With a gentle smile she said, "It was not meet that I should, when others needed it so much more."

"You gave it all away?"

"All, to those who felt the want of it."

Like a flash there came into my mind the delicacy of the meat which had been served in the round-house the evening before. "To whom gave you the fowl?" I asked as calmly as I could.

"To Captain Jones," she assured me frankly.

My face grew black, and she drew back from me as she had never seen me in temper before. Gently touching my sleeve she said, "Master Beaumont, why this anger?"

I hotly exclaimed, "Do you not know, that my heart was set on the flesh of this fowl nourishing your failing strength? It was by merest chance that it came my way, and I brought it to you and you alone. Know you not, that Captain Jones betrayed your trust, and that he and I ate this fowl while you who needed it went without?"

As she looked up into my face and said, "Perhaps Captain Jones is ailing," I felt my hatred leaving me.

"Nay, he is not ailing, but he should be."

"What mean you, Master Beaumont?"

Plucking me by the sleeve the maiden talked me out of my passion. But for her the captain and I would have come to blows over this act of meanness. Having been calmed down by her gentleness I went back to the roundhouse, feeling guilty of having deprived the maiden of her own. Though my anger was softened, I could not let Captain Jones think that I did not have knowledge of his deceit, so when he came in I said, "Our turkey feast was a surprise to me."

"Truly," he replied, feigning the use of a favorite expression of the colonists.

"Nay, not truly, but surely," was my sour reply. If I had multiplied words with him, we would have come

to blows; feeling he was not my match or equal, I sat in silence in my wrath.

The common-house being completed, the colonists began building a small house to be used as a storeroom for their tools and provisions. Under the spell of many hands the second structure was soon ready. Though it was cold and the waters of the harbor exceedingly rough, the men began to take the goods ashore at once and pile them in the storehouse. Hogsheads of oatmeal, barrels of bread, and casks of pickled meat were lowered into the shallop and rowed ashore. The sailors, who were hoping for an early sailing, did not complain of the going of the firkins of butter, pickled salted eggs, and bags of dried codfish, that littered the deck.

If I were to enumerate the bags of salt bacon, salt beef, and pork that the colonists now took ashore, one would think they fared well. So they would, but for the fact that these meats were so poorly cured, they were mostly tainted. While I was on deck watching the unloading, the hoops of a barrel of beef broke, emptying its contents on the deck. As it was spoiled, Captain Jones shouted to his sailors to throw it overboard. Richard Warren who was near by stopped this "waste," as he called it, saying poor as the meat was, the colonists must use it.

"But Master Warren," I urged, "'Tis not fit to cook, saying nothing of eating it."

"Master Beaumont, we have counted on every pound of this meat being proper; if it is not we must use it or starve, ere another harvest comes."

"Surely, you would not have your people eat this tainted stuff."

"I would not have them, but they must."

So the spoiled meat was gathered off the deck and sent to the pots of the colonists, though its odor was such that the sailors handled it at arm's length. The only delicacy I spied in the whole cargo was a hogshead of dried cows' tongues. That it might not bring too much relief to the colonists in some manner it slipped into the sea, which of course did not add to the sweetness of the contents.

Captain Jones permitted the sailors to aid in getting the stores up on deck and into the shallop, but the colonists must row or sail the boat ashore and handle the goods as best they could. On fair days the boat would be ladened deep with bundles of hoes, spades, axes, cooking spits, iron kettles, and frying pans, with a small table now and then on top of the cargo. On rough days the unloading went on just the same, but the quantity of goods taken was much less.

The landing of the supplies could only be done when the tide was in, so that the men worked on the buildings part of the day, bringing the stores ashore when they could. Rowing and sailing the shallop was the easiest task connected with this work, the real labor was getting the provisions up the bank into the storehouse. It was located on the banks of the inlet, so that the boat with its cargo was floated into the mouth of the brook and made fast near the house. Unloading the light utensils was not difficult, but the hogheads of oatmeal and casks of meat were like so much lead, requiring every well man to lift them. Saplings were laid down on which to roll the barrels, but I have seen them toil half a day on one hogshead of oatmeal, for it was of great weight, being trampled in the cask so hard it required a sharp adz to cut it out.

As soon as the storehouse was filled with provisions and supplies, the colonists devoted all of their time to building their own houses. As many of the men were sick, it was thought best that a separate building be erected for them, thus taking them from the common-house, where the sleep of those who labored daily, was broken by the cries of the feeble. The sick-house was the last one built in common; the reason being that some of the men worked beyond their strength, whilst others held back savoring of laziness.

This shirking soon came to the eyes of the head men, so that they decided that those who would live in their own houses must take off their fanciful ideas and do their own building.

As I have stated before, the single men were distributed among the households, so that there were four or five men to each house. Some of the industrious households were ambitious for sixteen feet residences but as the timbers had to be pulled by hand long distances, most of them were content with huts fourteen by twelve feet or even smaller.

Elder Brewster with the others began laying foundation timbers for his hut on the bank of the brook above the spring. I found fault with his site as it was nearer the path than the brook. But the elder did not consult me, and went on cutting and dragging timbers for a house, which, as I stepped it, was to be about sixteen by twelve feet.

For the first time I conceived what was to be the lot of the colonists in these mean log huts, for they were nothing else. With clay floors, damp and cold from winter's rains, without light and little heat, men, women, and children were to be huddled together like so many

cattle. But as I was not to live in them I went on my way to a marsh a short distance from the clearing.

From time to time, I peered over the tufts of grass hoping to catch sight of something to shoot, but the marshes and forests seemed to be deserted by every living thing. Though I was uncomfortably cold I decided to linger on in my grassy covert. Hearing a rustling, I made ready for wild men or beasts. Fearing savages, I lay quietly as the footsteps approached. A twig snapped close by me, then a red deer with spreading antlers stalked in front of me, larger than I had ever seen in England. Taking aim, I let off my piece. Through the cloud of smoke I saw the buck stagger and then fall in a heap. Finding it was too heavy for me to carry alone, I lifted the animal into the branches of a tree to keep it out of reach of the wolves, while I went back to the clearing for help.

"'Tis lean sport to-day," said the elder, seeing me returning empty-handed.

"Only a red deer," I replied calmly.

"A deer, say you?" exclaimed the man who was helping the elder.

"Yes, and it is so large, I must have your aid to bring it in." The man dropped his lever at once, making ready to go with me.

The elder stopped him by saying, "John, though this fresh deer's meat would be a relish, we must console ourselves with our barreled meat for the present. Unless we get the logs up and the thatching on these bright days, we will be out of doors when it rains."

"But the sick men," I said, "this deer's meat will do them good."

"Truly, Master Beaumont! Go, John, but return with haste."

Between us we brought in the red deer and threw it on the ground in front of the common-house. Master Bradford who was still ailing came to the door, and stood looking longingly down at the buck. Though I did not fancy him, nor was he overly fond of me, still in his need I put aside my dislike and said, "Master Bradford, this deer except one quarter is for the colonists."

Elder Brewster was still at work when I threw my shoulder of venison at his feet. Looking at me in astonishment he asked, "Why bestow this upon me?"

"For the use of your man," I answered.

"Nay, that was a simple thing, and not worthy of reward."

"Without your assistance I could not have brought in the deer."

After looking at me, then the venison, the elder finally said, "Master Beaumont, this is very fair of you."

Then a thought came to me and I replied, "As I am returning to the vessel, perhaps you would like to send this meat to your family at once."

He looked at me saying, "Master Beaumont, if you will, they shall receive it that much the sooner."

Leaping at the opportunity, I lifted the haunch of venison on my shoulder and was off with it, lest the elder would change his mind. Picking up my musket at the common-house, I went on down to the boat thoroughly satisfied with myself at my cleverness.

I clambered over the side of the ship and for the first time made straight for the cabin door, knocked bravely on it, and asked loudly for Mistress Brewster. Giving the matron the venison I said, "This comes from the

elder, since he was at work and could not bring it, he bade me do so."

"That was a kindly thing, Master Beaumont."

"I believe he said he fancied a broth," having in mind this would most fit the case of the maiden.

The mother looked up in surprise, "Then he must be ailing, for usually he has no choice of cooking."

Then I had to explain, "Perhaps, Mistress Brewster, I was hasty about the broth," and for fear that I might say something more that would put me at fault, I left with a civil bow.

Captain Jones, who happened to see me take the venison to the common-house and also seeing me come away without it, was inclined to chide me. "So you have been feeding the colonists," he said as I entered the round-house empty-handed.

"Is there a king's law against it?"

"Not so, Master Beaumont; but why feed them?"

"Because my fancy prompts me to, Captain Jones."

"Then, Master Beaumont, your fancy is well established since Mistress Lora is a fair maiden," he answered impudently.

The insolence of the man in playing with the name of Lora was more than I could stand. Clenching my fists I made a stride towards him, when I seemed to hear her saying, "Slowly, Master Beaumont, slowly." To my own surprise I turned on my heel and strode to the alcove on the other side of the ship, where I sat and cooled my anger.

I was glad that I did not have words with the captain, for the next day he, too, began to feed the colonists, for as it happened he came on a flock of wild geese and killed a number, giving a part of them to the passengers.

Besides he found a deer that the savages had just killed, which he gave to the men ashore; so that the generosity of the captain made me think well of him again.

My kindly feeling towards Captain Jones was short lived, however. As we sat at the table the next day with our mugs of beer filled and plenty in the hold, there was a knock at the door and one of the colonists entered. The man explained that Master Bradford desired a small portion of beer. As the captain listened to the simple request there came a scowl over his face, and bringing his clenched hand down on the table, he shouted, "Not a drop, not a drop; even if he were my own brother, I would not give him a drop."

I sat in perfect amazement at his action, while the man with red face and bowed head left the cabin with his empty bucket. Captain Jones was beyond my understanding. One day he was all goodness towards the colonists and the next day would come forth such baseness I could have throttled him with pleasure. So mottled was he that I could not judge whether the fair or foul was going to be to the fore most of the time.

I might say that Master Bradford got his beer, for the same day I sent him a little citron cask that was liquid tight; there was no citron in it, but if one cared to listen he would have heard the wash of its contents, when the seaman put it on his shoulder to deliver the cask.

Much to my surprise, one day, I found Mistress Lora Brewster on deck seated in a great chair, wrapped in rugs and mufflers. I could tell by her pale wan face that she was coming down with the sickness that had attacked the colonists. I could do no less than ask her what ailed her. She answered a weakness seemed to be

coming over her which she could not throw off. Looking up plaintively she said, "Master Beaumont, I am so tired of the ship, if I could only go ashore."

"Mistress Lora, it is colder on land than on the ship."

"True, but we have been on board so long I am tired of it. Sick as I am, I had them carry me forth on deck, that I might once more see the land and breathe the fresh air. I feel sure were I once ashore, I could throw off the fever."

"Think you so?" I asked.

"I am sure I would."

Taking up her thin hand I said, "Lora, your wish shall be granted."

"I shall go ashore soon?" she said, her voice in a quiver.

Seeing the maiden was tired, I picked up the chair and carried her to the door of the cabin. When I lifted her into the room, such a nauseating smell greeted me, I did not wonder that the maiden was anxious to escape from it. Coming back into the sweet air, I made a vow that Mistress Lora would go ashore soon, if I had to turn laborer to hasten her going.

Life on the ship was tiresome. I had nothing to entertain me but hunting water-fowls. I dared not go far from the clearing for fear of the savages. So I went back and forth to the nearby marshes, watching the progress of the buildings as I did so. Through the cold and ice the men labored as best they could. One day happening up the beaten path that ran between the huts, I found the elder putting on the grass thatched roof. Climbing the rough ladder to see how the straw was bound in place, I noticed he was using a poor quality of grass. As I stood on the top of the ladder I could

also see that the elder's fingers were raw, from pushing the thatching needle.

With the thought of the sick maiden urging me on, I made bold to say, "Elder Brewster, your straw is both coarse and short, and I am fearful will not shed the rain."

"'Tis the best we could find, Master Beaumont," he replied, at the same time tying a knot in his binding cord.

"If you will but send your man with me, I will lead him to where the wild grass is long and fine."

The elder stopped his work and looked at me as if inquiring what interest I had in the roof. I began to think he was going to resent my interference when he curtly said, "John, go with Master Beaumont."

Leading the way we shortly came to a grassy plain where there was a quantity of fine roofing straw. Setting the man to cutting it with his sickle, I bound it in bundles. My companion seeing the size of the sheaves, shook his head and said he could not carry such weight. I bade him cut on while I swung two of the bundles on my back making for the clearing.

Before reaching the brook my breath came fast and my arms were tired from holding the bundles. When I staggered up the hill under the burden, the elder stopped, looking at me in amazement. Throwing down my load at the foot of the ladder I kicked the short thatching to one side. "Where is John?" asked the elder.

"Cutting grass," I replied, catching my breath as best I could.

"What do you intend to do?" he now asked curiously.

"To carry it," I replied as I went off after another burden of thatching.

I kept the man busy cutting while I carried the straw, so that by night we had a quantity of fine thatching lying under the eaves of the hut. I did not go back to the ship but went to my bed on the floor of the common-house tired, but happy under the first labor I had ever done.

There was more room in the common-house, now that the sick men had been removed to their own shed. I lay in a corner and from my rugs watched the fire curl up against the chimney back and fancied looking into my own fireside. My fatigue soon carried me off and I slept soundly on the hard clay floor.

I made neither explanation nor offered excuses this day as I cut and carried in the straw. When there was a good store on the ground, I made the man stay and assist the elder on the roof.

At noonday the elder coming down from the roof said, "Master Beaumont, I have naught to offer you but codfish and hard bread."

"That suffices me," I replied, and sitting down on a log, I ate with a relish food that I would have thrown to the hounds in England. Clouds began to gather in the dull sky, promising foul weather. I did not tarry long at my food, but crunched the dry salt fish as I made my way to the grassy fields. I felt that by incessant labor the roof might be finished, keeping the rain off the clay floor of the hut. At every trip from the field with sheaves of straw, I saw the thatching growing closer and closer to the combing.

Night coming on, the elder's man gave me a look as if seeking encouragement from me to quit work. I did not even glance at him, but went back for more straw. As the twilight descended I gathered up my last bits of grass, binding together such a bundle as I had not car-

ried before, determined that it should not only be sufficient, but there would be some to spare. My labors in the field being at an end, I mounted the ladder to see what manner of roofing the grass was making.

The elder and his man were on the last row of thatching, though the night was coming on apace, I felt that with a brave effort the roof could be completed. The man, instead of bending to his work, now stood up straight endeavoring to blow the cold out of his fingers. The elder spoke to him sharply, but he answered that he could no longer hold the needle. Crawling over the thatching, I took the steel, bidding him serve us with straw. Though thatching was new to me, I conceived it to be easier than being a beast of burden. In the faint light I gathered a handful of straw, bound the thick ends to a beam, bending the long ends over. Running the needle back and forth I sewed and tied the thatching until my fingers grew stiff and cold.

As we worked the clouds grew heavier overhead. This only caused us to labor the faster. Side by side we kept to our work though the light of day had completely failed. Neither of us had spoken a word. I had no thought but that of finishing the thatching, and I think he was so perplexed by my action that he did not know what to say. My fingers were so cold, that all I could feel was the stiff straw and I went on blindly binding it. A drop of rain fell on my hand. I shook it of and went on tying and bending the grass. The helper said he could not see. Neither of us spoke to him. Several drops of rain came in quick succession, but I only strove the harder.

Ten minutes of daylight would have sufficed, but in

the cold and darkness we stumbled along awkwardly and slowly. The pattering of the rain on the thatching made us gird ourselves more firmly to the task. The wet grass grew like ice; still we labored on with our hearts set on finishing the roof.

In the darkness and rain, the elder and I labored in silence. At length I picked up a great handful of straw. Fitting it into a narrow space I bound the stems with the hempen string; bending over the heads of grass, I filled the closing gap, and thus finished the thatching.

Wet, cold, my fingers worn to soreness, with an ache in my back, I descended the ladder. Going around to the door of the house, I stepped within and stood upon the earthen floor, listening to the rain beat upon the thatching. Surely, I thought this was an ill habitation, the smell of the new floor and the dampness of the green logs pervading the darkness.

I was so tired I am sure the elder must have thought me surly, as I left him without as much as saying "Good even." I went back to the ship so completely exhausted, I could hardly drag myself on deck.

Looking out of the alcove window the next morning the rain coming out of the leaden sky, my heart warmed with gratitude for I knew one colonist's hut that was dry. By noon time the rain ceased so I could go on deck. The shallop was alongside being loaded with cooking utensils, small tables, a spinning wheel, big and little chairs and such other domestic articles as would come from an English home. As I stood idly by I wondered who was going ashore.

My thoughts were so taken up with the speculation that I did not hear footsteps approaching, and did not

know of anyone's presence until I heard Mistress Lora saying, "Master Beaumont, I have come to bid thee farewell."

"But, Mistress Lora, you are not well enough to make the journey."

"I am so anxious to leave the ship, I am even willing to go in a snowstorm."

Somehow I had never realized before that her leaving the ship meant that she was going from me, and from thenceforth if I was to see her, I must go to her. There were to be no more casual meetings on the deck, nor little surprises at our coming upon each other. While I toiled at thatching, my thoughts were to get the maiden ashore quickly, but she looked so pale and thin now, I half wished I had not been so willing.

Seeing my sore and scratched hands, "What ails your hands, Master Beaumont?" she asked sympathetically.

"It is the cold," I replied at the same time putting my right hand which was the worst in the pocket of my greatcoat.

"Nay, the cold cracks them open, but does not prick them."

"But Mistress Lora, this New England cold is different from other country's," endeavoring to laugh off the subject.

"That does not come from the frost, I am sure," she persisted.

I could not bear to see her sad, so with a cheery face I said, we should see each other from time to time, until the sailing of the ship for England.

While I was speaking, the elder, his wife, and his two lads came from the great cabin. The mother bore a crate within which was the Dutch hen which she had

brought from Leyden; so careful was she of this fowl, that she would not trust it to other hands. The matron and the lads went down into the shallop first, followed by the maiden. While her father fastened the rope around her waist, she gave me a look, which I answered with a smile.

I peered over the side as they sat in the shallop ready to push off. I should have said looked at the maiden. With one hand laid in her mother's, she sat in the stern of the boat looking up at me. She seemed so feeble, I could not dispel the thought that perhaps this was her last journey. The word coming to cast off, the men sank their oars deep into the sea and Elder Brewster and his family bade farewell to the ship that had carried them safely across the great waters.

During the night I woke with a start, as if an impending mishap was hovering over me. Leaping from my rugs I rushed to the window, stumbling over a chair on my way, and looked shoreward. The blackness of the night held full sway. I heard the winds whistling dolefully through the rigging, and the sound of the ship's timbers creaking as it rolled in the sea. Half awake I felt these things casting a gloom upon my spirits. Then it came to me that the heart of the ship had departed.

With the coming of the day, I fancied my cares would go with the night. This was not to be. I sat so glum at breakfast, Captain Jones ventured to say I was sour company. I did not reply for I was not interested. The food stuck in my throat. Turning away from the cabin I came out on deck. Everything was as it was the day before, there was the same pile of garden hoes, fishing nets, hewing axes, and hempen ropes, littering

the deck just as I last saw them. A half dozen sailors were loading the shallop, exchanging oaths and small talk over their work, while a row of children hung over the side of the vessel watching them.

The whole scene around me was disjointed and the ugliness of the things caused me to turn from them. It seemed strange that but a few hours before, these same sights were so acceptable to me and now were so disagreeable. Though I endeavored to free myself from their dullness, it clung to me in spite of my efforts until I returned to the roundhouse and threw myself on my rugs. As I lay thinking it came to me what little real interest I had in the colonists. Though I had gone in the frost and ice with them, it was love of adventure that prompted me to it. My apparent aid was due to sympathy of a suffering people. Personally I disliked Masters Bradford and Allerton. As to the rank and file, I did not care for them at all. With the exception of Captain Standish and his wife and Mistress Lora I had made no effort to be more than passing friendly with the others.

I saw the virtues of the gray haired governor, the sturdiness of purpose of Master Bradford and the elder, and admired the courage that held the colonists to their designs. The entering of a friendly communion with them never entered my mind, and I am sure did not occur to them. So far as they were concerned my attitude now was the same as it always had been, one of human sympathy.

The next day I determined to go ashore at once and see how well the maiden fitted in her new thatched home. Putting on a new waistcoat, I took down my snap chance, making believe I was going on a fowling

expedition. The cargo being removed, the ship was high out of the water, so that reaching the small boat was becoming difficult. But I succeeded in gaining my seat without wetting my new waistcoat, which was a very important matter to me just then.

The landing rock seemed more friendly than ever. Though it had been my stepping-stone many times before, I never appreciated how well it kept my feet out of the sea. The narrow path had been both broadened and hardened under the tramping of many feet, until it was fairly good highway to the top of the bank.

The common-house, storehouse and sick-house were all under cover. There were also four family huts completed, including the elder's and Captain Standish's. Many of the colonists had made beginnings but sickness prevented them from finishing their tasks. The path was littered with big and little timbers, dragged with infinite toil by feeble men from the forests. These lay where the men had dropped them, many of them never to be moved again by the hands that had brought them so far. Master Bradford had made a drawing in the order the houses were to stand on both sides of what he called the "street." In a manner the houses along the brook were to face those on the other side of the street, so that there was a broad lane between them. This roadway was now a wide stretch, overgrown with brush. Through the undergrowth ran a path down which the logs were dragged and the people walked in going from house to house.

Standing at the foot of the street I could see the rude houses of logs with their crowns of golden thatching. The half dozen log huts, clinging to the hillside of the clearing, was the beginning of the plantation and

habitations which these same yeomen would have scoffed at in England.

Passing the house of Peter Browne, I saw he had it almost ready for the roof timbers. For a week or more he had been in the sick-house and work was at a standstill. Next to Browne, John Goodman was laboring as best he could with his frozen feet and hands. But he was chopping away, as I passed by, determined to get his thatching on as quickly as possible. Next to Goodman's was the elder's with its new straw roof.

I was walking up the path with my head bowed low in thought, when I was hailed by John Billington. His house, which was now ready for the roof, was just beyond the elder's, so that I was still dreaming when he called to me. As I did not respond at the first call, Billington shouted a second time, "Master Beaumont! Master Beaumont!"

Big John was thatching his roof and, as I could clearly see, was making a bad job of it. Climbing down the ladder he came to where I stood, saying, "Master Beaumont, I am making out poorly with my thatching, and ask your aid."

"My aid! John, nay! nay!" I answered taking his asking me in good nature.

"But you are a thatcher and worked for Elder Brewster," he went on stupidly, "no man ever worked after night in the rain and cold unless he was well paid for it." The fellow now became so aggressive, I did not deign to reply but started on my way.

"Master Beaumont," he shouted after me, "I will pay you well."

I turned on him with a sneer, saying, "John Billington, if all the things in your house were pure gold and

you would offer them to me, I would not hire myself to labor for you, or any other living man." I left him scratching his head dully and with a puzzled look upon his face.

As I have said before, Captain Standish had finished his log house and Mistress Rose was at home. Turning to my right a few paces I was on the log step, rapping for entrance. Mistress Rose's cheery voice welcomed me. Entering I found the matron in front of the chimney place, piling chips on the fire to dry out the clay floor. Seeing me, she quickly cried, "Welcome! Master Beaumont."

"Mistress Standish," I replied gallantly, "I salute you, and wish you a happy life in your new house."

She looked up at me curiously to see whether I was jesting or in earnest. Seeing I was serious she replied, "Master Beaumont, this is but a small space to live in."

"Yes, but it will grow larger when the captain can have leisure to build another."

"'Tis far better, than being shut in on the ship," she said hopefully.

Before I could be seated Mistress Rose showed me her miniature house. It was without windows and unless the door was open there was no light except what came from the fire or the tallow candles. Making the best of her lowly quarters, Mistress Rose would show me the rude shelf on which stood a half dozen or more books. Taking down Cæsar's *Commentaries*, I opened the volume to find it thumb worn and well read. Then there was a book on artillery tactics, and the rest were the lives of soldiers or military subjects.

"This," she said, "is the captain's pride."

"Pray, what is yours, Mistress Rose?"

Turning to the chimney-corner, which was filled with cooking spits, ash pans, pot hooks, and baking kettles, she said, "This is my kingdom."

Having finished the survey of Standish Hall, as she mirthfully called it, Mistress Rose asked, "Master Beaumont, what say you as to our comfort?"

Looking around at the bark of the rafters, the coarse logs and earthen floor, I replied, "Mistress Standish, I think your roof will turn rain."

It was unkind of me I know, but how could I truthfully praise a mean hut, which was so small that there was barely room for three persons to move around and so low that I could touch the rafters. Mistress Rose, reading my mind, smiled at me in such a manner I made haste to say, "This is but a makeshift, which will soon give away to better things."

She did not answer me but changed our conversation by saying, "The elder and his family moved yesterday."

This gave me an opportunity to ask, "How fares Mistress Lora?"

"The journey fatigued her."

"What says Doctor Fuller?"

"He says little except that she is in a fever, and must be watched carefully."

From the Standish hut I went directly to the door of the Brewster house and rapped on the door. The mother's voice bade me enter. Somehow I could not open the door but stood like a yokel, until Mistress Brewster came. She was so surprised at seeing me that she did not offer to let me in.

As we stood facing each other I heard the maiden coughing, which alarmed me.

"Mistress Lora, is not so well to-day?" I asked.

"The journey tired her," replied the mother.

"Does she want for anything?"

"She neither eats nor sleeps."

"What says Doctor Fuller?"

"He has little to say, more than that she must be watched closely." Just then the maiden began coughing again.

I turned from the door with the knowledge that Lora was at length in the throes of the fever which had been fatal to several of the colonists and bid fair to end the worldly labors of many more. With a sense of my helplessness and her weakness I went down to the spring. Standing close to one of the willows I looked down into the clear water. The loneliness of the ship again came over me, making me feel that I was adrift with little hope of relief.

I did not have the heart to tarry long with Mistress Rose. When she asked me about Lora, I replied, "I am fearful for her," and went down the path with a heavy heart. Once within the ship's cabin, I sat in the little alcove looking towards the Brewster hut, with the feeling that my sun was fast setting in the grey west.

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